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THE

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A Magazine for Highlanders.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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DEDICATED

TO

NICOL MACNEILL, Esq., Argentine Republic,

A Native of Colonsay,

who, although resident for many years in a foreign land, has been a generous supporter of all objects intended to further the interests of his fellow Highlanders, and to preserve the Gaelic Language.

"Suas leis a' Ghàidhlig."

John Mackay,

Editor.

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Sir ROBERT MENZIES, of Menzies, Bart.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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SIR ROBERT MENZIES, OF MENZIES, BARONET.

SIR ROBERT MENZIES, Baronet of Menzies, *Nam Meinnrigh*—"The Menzies"—is the oldest Highland chief alive. He belongs to and is the last of the old school of Highland chiefs, and worthily represents their noblest traits of character. His courtesy and kindly consideration for all who come in contact with him are well known, indeed "The kind heart and open hand of Sir Robert" has become a proverb, not only over the Menzies district, but throughout the Highlands generally. The patriarchal and fatherly interest he takes in his clan and tenants, and in his fellow Highlanders, has won for him the appellation "The grand old Chief of the Highlands," and an English paper recently described him as "The grand old man of Scotland." Even now, at the age of 85 years, there are few associated with him in the numerous public bodies with which he is connected, who have so practical an aptitude for business, or who look so well after the well-being of the mass of the people as he does.

The Chief received his early training at Edinburgh University and completed his studies at Oxford. In those days he and his brother, Fletcher, were among the best athletes at Oxford, the two young Highlanders on many occasions winning renown for their University. As a pedestrian the chief has always been famous. On one occasion being in Perth and finding the Aberfeldy coach already quite full, he started to walk over the Grampian mountains by roads which are a little shorter than going by the public road, and succeeded in getting to Aberfeldy just as the stage coach arrived. Needless to say in all his great walks he wore the Highland dress which becomes his stalwart figure so well. As Colonel of the 5th V. B. Black Watch, during his long period of command, he did much to foster the ancient martial reputation of *Am Freiceadan Dubh*. His challenge to the War Office showed the splendid spirit of the aged Chief. When he was 70 years of age the War Office requested him to resign his command, as he was over the age limit. Sir Robert's reply was characteristic. He said that if they would send a detachment of picked soldiers, fully armed, in marching order, he would don the same kit, and starting

THE CHIEF IN WALKING DRESS.

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ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF SIR ROBERT MENZIES OF MENZIES, BART.

at six in the morning they would see who was furthest on the road by six in the evening. This challenge was unanswerable, so he was left in command of his Highlanders. He is now the Hon. Col. of the Battalion.

The Chief always wears the kilt. Summer or winter, sunshine or snow, he is always to be found in the dear old Highland dress. All meetings of Parish and County Councils, Highland Societies, J. P. Courts, Clan Gatherings, etc., are attended by him in the ancient costume, and he jocularly explains that he would get cold if he put on "the trews." In 1842, when the late Queen visited the Highlands, he attracted her admiration; he was then six feet four inches in height.

As a Highland laird Sir Robert is beloved by his tenants; the slightest distress or trouble among them brings him to their assistance. Many on his estates never pay rent, and he has cancelled thousands of pounds of arrears. His first duty after forenoon service at Weem, is to visit the houses of the sick. He has greatly improved the condition of his tenants by building them new houses, steadings, draining, fencing, adding to the extent of arable land, and planting large areas with trees. He is ever foremost in any scheme which will benefit the Highlands. Sir Robert took a leading part in bringing the railway to Aberfeldy, and in getting the bridge built across the Tay at Comrie Castle.

The chief has always been a great curler, his "Castle Menzies Club" being considered one of the best in the Highlands. In it there were seven persons of the name Robert Menzies, of whom he was one, who for years beat the seven Roberts of all other names. On one occasion the chief went to Carsbreck, for the Caledonian Match, but on arriving there found the bridge broken down, preventing any from crossing the river. He, however, mounted the broken parapet, curling stones in hand, but finding it difficult to walk on the edge of a beam, he plunged into the river and forced his way across against the great force of the stream to the other side, where he was received with cheers.

The Clan Menzies Society is greatly indebted to the chief for the success which has attended it since its inception. Sir Robert has presided at all the Annual Gatherings of the Clan at Weem, which are arranged to be held on, or near his birthday, 26th September, each year. The earnest wish of his clansmen is that he will continue to do so until he is a hundred years of age at least.

Menzieston,
Perthshire. D. P. MENZIES, F.S.A. SCOT.

KING EDWARD'S CORONATION.

IN A NEW "CORONATION" STANZA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN MACGREGOR, M.D.

YE tuneful sons and daughters
Of music, sweetly sing,
Until the viewless echoes wake,
To greet our gracious King;
Your clarion voices loudly raise
In praise of his renown,
Who comes to-day in such array
As best behoves his potent sway,
To claim our country's crown.

Through near and distant regions,
Where'er the breezes blow,
Let all our Empire, heart and soul,
With loyal gladness glow;
No matter what your speech may be,
Your features, dark or fair,
Nor what the clime in which you chime
Your lofty theme—for prose or rhyme
Sublime beyond compare.

With peerless pomp and pageant,
Shrill pipes and merry drums,
Through seething crowds' loud shouts of joy,
Lo, here our Sovereign comes;
Escorted by his gorgeous train,
Of fair and gallant mien,
While by his side, like blushing bride,
Behold, with meek and modest pride,
Our kind and gracious Queen.

Thy portals open widely,
Thou Time's most honoured fane,
Whose precincts, since the days of old,
Our noblest dead contain;
Where dwells our proud Palladium,
The sacred Stone of Scone,
Than which is found no more renowned
A relic—on which kings were crowned
For countless ages gone.

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By all his court surrounded,
Our Monarch mounts the throne,
In virtue of his right to reign,
Which none can dare disown;
Nor e'er a king, on stone or chair,
Was crowned in days of yore,
More blest by fate with greater state,
Of all the princes proud and great
That ever reigned before.

Hark! hearken with devotion
To those deep vows he takes,
The solemn compact before God,
Before the world, he makes;
And may the Light of Heaven shine,
To guide him on his way,
His life to lead with right good heed
To rich and poor, as they may need
His favour, day by day.

Hail, hail! Imperial Ruler,
King of the Britains all,
Supreme of India's wide domains,
We hail thee, great and small;
Ten thousand thousand tongues, and more,
Of loyal lieges true,
Aloud proclaim thy glorious name,
So great alike in power and fame,
With faithful homage due.

Thy people's countless numbers
Comprise each diverse creed,
Some bend the knee to God, and some
To other gods give heed;
They vary, too, in race and grade,
Through every region known,
Yet all agree, where'er they be,
In loyalty and love to thee,
To thine Imperial Throne.

Of grace a princely portion
Be poured from God above,
On King and Consort, whom He joined
In bonds of mutual love;
That so the Throne of Empire shall
Be stablished more and more,
The fabric round which we are bound
To be for ever faithful found,
By sea and sounding shore.

Oh, may the magic mantle,
The charming spell of one,
So long and well who graced our Throne,
Repose upon her son;
Let her example be thine aim,
Her fervent love of home,
That hand in hand, at thy command,
Thy people shall united stand,
However far they roam.

Now peal, ye bells, your loudest,
Ye guns, your bellows blow,
Speed forth, ye magic messengers,
That all the world may know—
How gladly to the winds away
Our private cares we fling,
That no annoy should mar our joy,
While welcoming without alloy,
The Lord's anointed King!

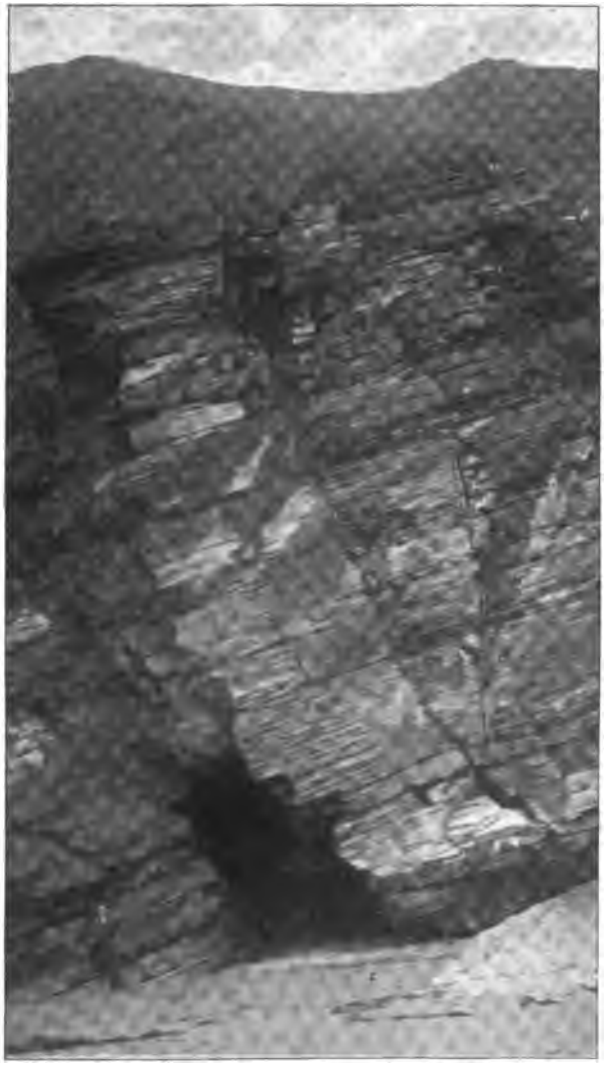
CAPTAIN IVORY'S CAVE.

A Tale of the Reay Country.

THE last Laird of Strathy, who lived about the end of the eighteenth century, was considered a great man in his time. When he would go out for a drive in his carriage, if any person happened to be on the road, the coachman would shout out, "Clear the road for the Laird's carriage." When he was in London on one occasion, he was driving through a crowded thoroughfare and the coachman as usual cried out, "Clear the road for the Laird's carriage," but the Laird put his head out of the carriage window and said, "John, hold your tongue; the people here don't know me."

The Laird was very vain of his greatness. When in London it was his custom to have his horses shod with silver shoes. It is said that he had a habit, sometimes, of having the horses rather loosely shod so that they occasionally lost a shoe. He would then advertise that one of the horses of the Laird of Strathy had lost a silver shoe in such a street, and that the finder on bringing it to his house or hotel would be handsomely rewarded. The Laird was also noted for his hospitality. On one occasion a strange gentleman arrived at Strathy House. He confided to the Laird that he was an outlaw fleeing from justice and he begged protection. The Laird generously welcomed the stranger and promised to help him. He was welcome to stay as long as he liked in Strathy, where there was little fear that the arm of the law would reach him. Captain Ivory (for that was the gentleman's name) remained at Strathy for a considerable time, but on one occasion as he was walking with the Laird in the grounds of Strathy House he observed a party of men approaching by the river side. The Captain at once suspected that the party was in pursuit of him. "I am caught," he exclaimed, "there are my pursuers." "No," said the Laird, "you are not caught yet; we can easily find a place of concealment for you here." They hurried to the house and the Laird called for one of his faithful Highland servants named Sutherland Mackay, whom he sent off in haste with Captain Ivory to hide among the rocks along the shore. The pursuers observed them and made after them in great haste. Captain Ivory and his attendant were soon close upon the shore, where the Captain discovered a large cave into which he withdrew. He penetrated a considerable distance and found the sides of the cave were shelving rocks rising one above the other. He climbed up on these high shelves intending to lie flat upon one of them for concealment, when he discovered another recess the entrance to

which was a round dark hole just large enough to allow a man's body to get through. He let himself down several feet into this recess or dungeon, where he made himself as comfortable as circumstances allowed. Meanwhile his attendant, Sutherland Mackay, had returned towards Strathy House, and soon met the search party. "Where is Captain Ivory?" said they. The man believing it hopeless for the Captain to escape, simply pointed to the shore and said, "You have him there in front of you." The Captain's pursuers then approached the cave



From Photo kindly sent by] *[Dr. P. B. H. Macleod, New Deer.*

CAPTAIN IVORY'S CAVE, STRATHY, SUTHERLAND.

but looked in vain for any trace of him. The tide was now rising fast, and as the mouth of the cave was well within the tidal limit they concluded that Captain Ivory must have been drowned by the rising tide. The result was that his pursuers left Strathy and never returned.

Next morning the Laird of Strathy, accompanied by the faithful Sutherland Mackay, paid a visit to the cave into which Captain Ivory had retired. They resolved to find him dead or alive, but, alas, they could find no trace of him. Next evening, however, who should come to Strathy House but Captain Ivory. He received a hearty welcome from the Laird and his Lady,

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who were delighted to have him once more back with them. The Captain told them how he had been able to conceal himself in the cave, and they all resolved to pay a visit to the wonderful dungeon in the bowels of the earth. Owing to the pitchy darkness of the inner cave the Captain was at first unable properly to explore it, but now after having had his wants fully supplied at Strathy House he returned to it, accompanied by the Laird and Lady Strathy as well as by the faithful Sutherland Mackay, who brought a burden of bedding and other comforts along with him. They made a more careful examination of the cave and prepared it for a lengthened stay on the part of the Captain. He was now provided with a footstool and cushion as it was impossible for a chair to be conveyed into the dungeon. He had resolved to remain in his hiding place for a considerable time, in case the search party should return to Strathy to arrest him. He was still attended by Sutherland Mackay, who brought him a daily supply of food and regularly provided whatever else he required. Captain Ivory's cave was one of the most solitary places that a human being could live in. He was half a mile away from any human being, and would always hear the roar of the sea, particularly at the time of high tides when the waters splashed about the outside of the cave. It may have been a year or two after the time when the Captain took up his abode in the cave that a vessel was observed one day to cast anchor in the Bay of Strathy, and a small boat approach the rocks from the vessel. Captain Ivory departed in this boat, and that was the end of his stay at Strathy.

Not long afterwards a box arrived at Strathy House from Captain Ivory. This was a present of silver plate for the Laird of Strathy, and a silk gown and jewellery for his Lady, on account of their kindness to the fugitive Captain. But the Laird did not long enjoy his silver plate. Being a man of very extravagant habits he had become deeply involved in debt, and ere long was compelled to part with his ancestral home. Relating to this there is a remarkable tale. Sutherland Mackay had married and settled down in the district, where a numerous family grew up around him, but the faithful Highlander never disclosed to any one the secret hiding place of Captain Ivory. On his death-bed, however, he confided to his son where the dungeon could be found, so the young man along with some companions went to explore the wonderful cave. They found it and soon gathered all the young lads and girls in the neighbourhood, who went to the cave in a procession headed with pipers, where they danced all night and held great festivities. They found the inner dungeon to be a chamber as large as an ordinary dining room with a well sanded floor, a square rock serving as a table on the middle of the floor, and on this table there were found writing materials, candles, wafers, and numerous other articles left by Captain Ivory. For many years after that it became quite a custom in the neighbourhood for the younger people to pay an occasional visit to Captain Ivory's retreat and hold festivities there, but now all this is a thing of the past and few have heard anything about the place for the last forty or fifty years, but in my own young days I have been with others at the cave. I believe the entrance to the inner cavern is now closed up by a fall of large stones, and it is impossible to penetrate to Captain Ivory's strange hiding place.

Strathy House,
New Deer.

CATHERINE MACLEOD.

THE HIGHLANDS.

PROUD land of hills and mountains,
Of waters dark and deep;
In mem'ry I behold thee—
Remembering, I weep;

I weep, an exile lonely,
Far from the hills and glens,
The cataracts white and foaming,
The towering snow-clad Bens.

I hear again the surging
Of the wild western seas;
I feel again the freshness
Of the salt-laden breeze.

I see again the islands
With rocky pillars high,
Like unto vast cathedrals
Set clear against the sky.

Where ever there is pealing
The organ of the waves,
In deep and mighty music
Resounding through the caves.

I see the sweeping moorlands;
I hear the wild birds call;
I hear the rippling hill-burns,
The rushing waterfall.

I call again to mem'ry
The tales by bards oft told,
Of noble men, fair maidens
Who trod those hills of old;

Strange legends wild and wond'rous
Of spectres weird and pale;
Of kindly deeds of fairies,
Of voices in the gale.

And there are voices ringing
For ever in mine ears,
Of sea and loch and mountain—
They haunt me through the years.

M. T. MACGREGOR.

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The Fairy Man, or

THE CLAN DONALD'S LAST STRUGGLE.

(Continued from page 225).

YOUNG Sir James Macdonald had already been a prisoner there for six years. He had again attempted his escape, but had fallen and broken his leg, and was from henceforth heavily ironed. His affectionate parents now gave evidence against him for his filial conduct in attempting to burn them in their house at Askomill, near Campbelton; and, Sir James, on this charge, and also for his attempts at prison-breaking, was condemned to be beheaded as a traitor, with the forfeiture to the Crown of all his lands and possessions. But, it seems that this condemnation was but a farcical proceeding, and that there was a secret understanding between the prisoner and his sovereign, who had formerly sent him a letter approving of his conduct towards his father, and who now did not wish that this letter should be made public. Sir James, doubtless, received a hint as to the part that he should play; he judiciously held his tongue; was condemned to death; and "the royal prerogative of mercy," had a fine opportunity for its display. The condemned culprit was respited, and remained in prison at Edinburgh for six more years. The other chiefs, who had been entrapped to hear the sermon on board the "Moon," were more lucky, for they were released under certain conditions, and were made to accompany the militant Bishop of the Isles on his survey and commission, which resulted in the promulgation of the "Statutes of Icolmkill," and was followed by a temporary freedom from the ordinary chronic state of feud and bloodshed in the Western Highlands and Isles.

But the Bishop was not allowed a lengthened time of tranquility. Although old Sir Angus was dead, his kinsman, Sir Ranald Macdonald (afterwards first Earl of Antrim), son of Sorley Buie, had a lease of the island. of which Angus Og, a younger son of Sir Angus, would not suffer him to retain peaceable possession; and, by stratagem, had even succeeded in the capture of Dunyveg, which had been garrisoned by the bishop for the Crown, compelling the bishop to enter into a treaty with him, and to leave his son and nephew as hostages in his hands. The Earl of Argyll, with the ascendency of the Campbells in view, appears to have pulled the wires that directed the motives of Angus Og, who, before long, seems to have had a suspicion that he was working under a double dealer for the subversion of his own clan. The militant bishop was of the same opinion, for, when Sir James Campbell, of Calder (whose sister was married to the prisoner, Sir James Macdonald), prayed the king to grant him artillery and ammunition for the battering down of Dunyveg, the bishop remonstrated thus:—"Neither can I, nor any man who knows the estate of that country (the South Isles), think it either good or profitable to His Majesty, or this realm, to make the name of Campbell greater in the Isles than they are already, nor yet to root out one pestiferous clan and plant in another little better." So the bishop advised that "a new plantation of honest men," protected by a military force, should be established in the Macdonalds' dominions.

But the Clan Donald's last struggle was not yet ended, although during the next twelve months (1614) they were sorely dealt with by the king's forces, under Sir James Campbell, of Calder; Sir Oliver Lambert, commander of the Irish forces; and Archibald Campbell, Bailie of Cantire. The castles of Dunyveg and Lochgorm were taken. The Macdonalds, being pressed on all sides, were taking to piracy, and the Lords of the Council were adopting measures for their repression, when a fresh turn was given to the events of the campaign by the sudden appearance of Sir James Macdonald, who, on May 24th, 1615, had escaped from his Edinburgh prison, after a detention of eleven years. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm by his clan. Not one pirate or marauder of their company would have betrayed their chief for the two thousand pounds set upon his head, nor yet for the five thousand which were shortly after offered. They hailed him as their chief and liege lord, and flocked to his banner. He at

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once re-captured Dunyveg, and sent half his force, under Coll Mac Gillespick, to Cantire, to encourage the ancient followers of his family to rise and assist him. Argyll was recalled from Court that he might look to his new acquisitions in Cantire and Islay. Campbell of Auchinbreck was appointed to head the forces; and Angus Og Macdonald was put out of the way, by being beheaded, together with several of his followers. The men of Cantire began to rise in favour of Sir James, when the king's proclamation was issued, that all they who assisted the rebels (as the Macdonalds were now called), should forfeit their possessions to Argyll. So that now it was really a struggle of supremacy in Cantire between the Macdonalds and the Campbells, and we can hardly be surprised that the letters of Sir James, written at this time to his friends in Edinburgh, should breathe a spirit of implacable hostility against the Campbells, whom he characterises as a race that "craves ever to fish in drumlie (muddy) waters," and he repeatedly declares that he would die sooner than see them possess his lands. Sir James was both a reader and a writer, had improved his leisure time in prison, carried a small library with him, and was superior to most of his compeers in natural abilities.

It therefore behoved the Clan Donald to use every exertion, for it was evident that their last chance had come. And, to do Sir James justice, he neither spared ability nor courage in the undertaking. He put himself at the head of four hundred of his followers, and crossed over to Cantire, where he took possession of the King's castle at Kinloch (Campbelton) and sent the fiery cross through the peninsula, bidding Argyll's vassals come and take new charters of their lands from him. Many received him well; and he marched through Cantire towards Tarbert, where Sir Dougal Campbell of Auchinbreck had only three hundred men to oppose him. Sir James might easily have routed them, and have overrun Argyllshire, but, his followers were undisciplined, and, for some unaccountable reason, he chose to confine his army to the boundaries of Cantire for a whole month, so that, by the beginning of September, 1615, the Earl of Argyll had been allowed sufficient time to come to the spot with a force strong enough to repress the rebellion.

It was ascertained that Sir James had fixed his camp of one thousand men at Dunskeig Hill, by Clachan, ten miles south of Tarbert, on the west coast of Cantire, and at Largie, opposite to the small island of Cara, where the greater part of his vessels were at anchor. Argyll detached a force of seven to eight hundred men to seize the vessels at Cara, and fall on the western coast; a similar force was sent round to the eastern coast, and he himself advanced with the main body through Tarbert. Sir James was surrounded and driven from point to point, until he was forced to fly, first to the Isle of Rathlin, and then to Islay, where, with 500 followers, he endeavoured to make a final stand in the Rinns. He then tried to treat with Argyll, and being greatly straitened, escaped by night with some of the Macallasters and Mackays, and forty of his clan, to the Island of Inchdaholl, on the coast of Ireland. And thus he left his possessions, never to return to them.

When Argyll had made all secure in Islay, he crossed over to Cantire to crush out the sparks of the rebellion. His severe measures were effectual in furthering his purpose, and the Clan Donald's last struggle in Cantire was over. The Campbells from thenceforth reigned in their stead.

Sir James Macdonald was first sheltered by the Jesuits in Galway, and by their means effected his escape to Spain. But the strange vicissitudes of the career of this last great chief of the Clan Donald were not yet at an end, and the mutability of human affairs is strikingly displayed in the conclusion of his history, and of that of his opponent. The Earl of Argyll had married, for his second wife, Dame Anna Cornwallis, and on their son, James Campbell, was the Lordship of Cantire settled. This second wife was a Romanist, and she won her husband over to her own views. They went to Spain, where he entered into dealings with his old enemy, Sir James Macdonald. When this reached his sovereign's ears, Argyll was ordered to appear before the Council in February, 1619, under the pain of treason, and as he failed to appear, he was proclaimed a traitor. Sureties were taken by the king that "the barons and gentlemen of Argyll" should be answerable for the good rule of the Earldom. For Cantire, Campbell of Kilberry was required to answer; and Macdonald of Largie, the Macallasters of Loupe and Tarbert, Hector Macneill of Taynish, and Hector Macneill of Carskay were to assist him.

Upon Argyll's disgrace, Sir James Macdonald was recalled to England, taken back to royal favour, and granted a pension of one thousand merks sterling. He never returned to the Western Highlands, but remained five years in London. He died in the year 1626, without leaving any son who should renew his struggle with the Campbells. The Earl of Argyll also returned to London after the death of the king, and died there in the year 1638, having distinguished himself in the military service of Philip III. of Spain. Although Sir Alastair Macdonald (the celebrated *Mac Cholla Chiotaich*), who was Lieutenant-General to the Marquis of Montrose

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—whose cause he greatly injured through serving his own private feuds—did something towards reviving the strife for ascendancy between the Macdonalds and Campbells, yet his efforts were fruitless. The Clan Donald's last struggle was over, and the principal house of the once powerful clan Iain Mhòir, was totally ruined.

" Many a year of rage and grief,
The Islesman strove against that fall,
To reinstate the attainted chief,
True heir of Ross and Innisgall.
Most fiercely they, Clan Ivor Vor,
Sprung from that son to whom his sire,
Lord of the Isles, consigned of yore
The chieftain of Cantire.
Ay! restless, proud Clan Ian Vor,
Kept the old bearing of the Isles,
While closer each Mac Calein Mor
Drew round the net work of State wiles;
As hunters wear a herd of deer
From windy peaks and bare hillsides,
Down to a pass where every rock
A deadly ambush hides.
He watched their temper, bode the hour
For his long-brooded plan,
Then, backed with all the kingdom's power,
Let slip his straining clan.
Relentless as unleashed bloodhounds,
They plied with sword and fire,
And hunted from their ancient grounds
Of Islay and Cantire
The outlawed Macdonalds—wildly rang
Their conflict—down these mountain shores
The fiery cross flew—then the clang
Of slogans and claymore;
Nor ceased the slaughtering till Argyll
His long-sought purpose surely gained—
This mainland and that kingly isle,
Where erst Clandonald reigned."*

(Concluded.)

*Kilmahoe, p. 73-4.

OUMHA RUIARIDH, AN SIOSALACH.

THIS Lament for Roderick, "The Chisholm"—the last chief in the male line of the clan—was composed by the late Mrs. Mackintosh, Erchless. At the age of twenty-five the promising career of this young Highland chief was cut short by Death, to the great grief of his family, friends, and clan. He was buried in the beautiful and romantic burying-ground of the family—*Cnoc-an-taigh-mhòir*, beside Erchless Burn—*An t-allt mòr*.

'S ann an diugh tha 'n sgeul deurach ri leughadh aig sluagh,
Ceannard òg nam fir threubhach 'bhi sìnte 's an uaigh—
A' chraobh àrd bha de'n t-seòrsa a ghiùlaineadh bàrr,
Anns an t-samhradh chiùin bhlàthmhor 'bhi air tuiteam gu làr.

Tha 'n t-Allt-mòr gu ceòlmhor a' crònan ri 'thaobh,
'Us a' ghaoith le guth brònach a sèinn feadh nan craobh;
Ach cha dhùisgear le 'n ceòl 'san deadh Ruairidh bho shuain,
Na le nì ach an trombaid a chrathas fonn agus cuan.

'S luath a b'eiginn dha trialladh 'us cùl chuir ri 'chòir,
'S a bhi leantainn a shinnsreadh gu Cnoc-an-taigh-mhoir,
Ach 's e dùrachd an t-sluaigh, a tha ciùrrta le'n call,
Gum bi rioghachd 'us crùn a bhios buan aige thall.

Tha 'chinneadh ainmeal 'sa thuath, 's cha 'n iognadh, fo sprochd,
'Nuair tha'n ceannard 's an Uachdaran, òg, suirce fo 'n leac,
Tha 'pheathraichean a'giùlain trom uallach de bhròn,
'Us a bhan-tighearna, 'mhàthair goirt, cruaidh, air a leòn.

Ach tha Comhairteir làmh riu tha saoibhir 'an treòir,
An deadh Bhràthair a shuathas bho 'n gruaidhean na deòir;
Tha na sgàil anns an fhàsach bho làn-theas na grèin',
'S a' measg gainmheach neo-stéidhicht 'na creag d'a chuid féin.

TRANSLATION.

'Tis a tale full of woe that to-day shall be read,
That the chief of the brave has been laid with the dead;
That in summer's bright morn a tree lofty and fair,
To the earth has been thrown, ere its fruit it could bear.

The Ault-More ever sings by his wreath-covered bed,
And the wind softly sighs 'mongst the pines overhead;
But those sounds, from his sleep, shall not Ruari awake,
Nor aught else, but the trump that Creation will shake.

In full manhood's bright morn he had all to forego,
And to Cnoc-an-taigh-mhoir to be borne, to our woe;
But we hope all the Land of the Bless'd he may share,
And a crown everlasting be his over there.

'Tis no wonder his clansmen bowed down are with grief,
As they think of their late beloved landlord and chief,
That his gentle fond mother and sisters all mourn
For the son, and the brother, that shall not return.

But there's One ever near them whose strength is their stay,
The kind Brother whose hand shall the tears wipe away—
The Shade from the heat of the sun that would burn,
The Rock amid sand that no storm can o'erturn.

A. G. M.

CLAN MACLEAN.—The Annual Social Gathering takes place in the Waterloo Rooms, on Friday, 31st October,—Captain A. H. Maclean, of Pennycross, in the chair. An attractive programme has been arranged, and we hope to see a large attendance.

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BARON-BAILIE COURT OF LUDE.

LUDE is a landed property in the parish of Blair Atholl, Perthshire, and was for upwards of five centuries in the possession of a branch of the Clan Donnachaidh (Robertson). The progenitor of the family was Patrick, son of Duncan de Atholia, and he is mentioned by Winton in 1392, as one of the chieftains and leaders of the clan. The lands, comprehending the two old parishes of Lude and Kilmaveonaig, within the thanedom of Glentilt and Earldom of Atholl, were erected into a barony by charter under the Great Seal in 1448. A right of barony was hereditary and involved a civil and criminal jurisdiction to which, in theory at least, all the inhabitants of the barony lands were amenable. The clause in Crown charters, erecting baronies, became obsolete on the abolition of heritable jurisdictions in 1747. It is needless to say that the Lude territory abounds in historic scenes, and is rich in historic associations. The following is a transcript of the composition and constitution, as well as of the proceedings, of the first diet or sitting of the baron-bailie Court of Lude. The statutory enactments and ordinances are interesting as throwing much light on the customs prevailing, and the regulations observed in respect to estate management in the olden time.

The statutes, it will be seen, are simply worded, rendering explanatory comments unnecessary. It may, however, be explained that "Belnagrew" —or properly "Balnagrew" the *locale* of the Court, is the old name of the ground or terrace where the mansion house of Lude now stands.

Minute of Meeting.

The Court of the barronny of luid halden upon the ground theirof at Belnagrew the twentie seven day of Merche, the yeir of god Javy and twentie twa (1622) yeirs be Alexr. Stewart of bonskeid, bailyie to Alexr. Robertsone heretable proprietar of the said barronny, James Morgan noter clark and Thomas M'Innes, officere, the suitis callit and the Count lawlie fensit and affirmet.

The Assise

Alexr. Stewart of Uriordbeg.
Neill Stewart of Uriordmore.
Jhone Stewart of Sheirglas.
George Nesmyt, chalmerlane of Atholl
Alexr. Stewart of Achagoull.
John Stewart of Belnakelzie.
Jhone M'Alaster vc. homas in Urquhill.
Alexr. M'Condachie in Monzeis.
Alex. Kynach in Urquhill beg.
Jhone Campbell in Urqllmore.
Finley Cuthberd in Achnahyill.
Alexr. Stewart in Pethmaisie.
William Stewart in Jnnerslanie.

Qlk day It is statuit and ordanit that ilk ane within the barronny of luid and all uthers duelland upon the said Alexr. Robertsone's landis theirabout put thair haill guidis (bestial) to the schealis yeirlie upon twentie fyve day of May and to remain yeiron to the twentie fyve day July under the paine of fyve pundis *toties quoties.*

Item. It is statuit and ordanit that na muiris nor hethere be burnt at na tyme heirefter within the boundis of the haill barronny under the paine of five pundis *toties quoties.*

Item. It is statuit and ordanit that within ilk merk land within the said ground, the occupearis yeirof sall sett and plant yeirlie within thair keall and corn yeardis six young treyis (trees) for policie and planting of the ground under the said paine of five pundis *toties quoties.*

And that ilk labourer of ane pleuch (plough) vtin the said ground saw twa pekis (pecks) of pes (peas) yeirlie (except Monzeis and Luid) under the said paine of fyve pundis.

Item. That nane within the ground cast nathere feall nor devats within dykes and hainet (saved) girs (grass) under the lyke paine of fyve pundis.

It is statuit and ordanet (for the better keiping of the cornis in tyme cuming) that quqasa ever vithin the ground eatis and distroyis thair nyboris (neighbours') cornis wt thair guidis sall pay the quantatie of the skaith (damage) to ye owner of the cornis, and the lyke quantatie to the said Alexr. Robertsone thair maistere.

Item. That ilk ane that apprehendis guidis in thair cornis sall retein them qll they geit ane pund (poinding) or elis (else) caution for the skaith, they makand the awners due warning. If the awners failyie efter the warning, the apprehenders to be free and of the skaith of the said guidis, albeit they did na incur ony uthere hurt or skaith yeir throw.

Item. That ilk calf that beis apprehendit in cornis but (without) hirdis (or in case they brak the tethere) sall pay to the awner of the cornis they are fund in twelf penyis *toties quoties* by and attoure [above] ye payment of the skaith of the cornis).

Item. That ye haill Induellers within the thirll and suckin of the myln of Kandroyhit do thair dewties to the said myln for bring and hame of the mylstanes, the slooce, the mylhouse, watterwall and dam wt uther servis usit and wonit, under the paine of fourtie schillings of unlaw by and attour the payment of the skaith the myller susteins in thair defaultis, and that the mylleris warning be also sufficient as the officeris.

Item. It is statuit and ordanet that ilk tenant wtin the ground sall be ansrable, and haine (save) the woodis growand upon thair roumis and meallingis under the paine of fyve pundis to be uplift frae ilk ane quha failzeis.

Item. That quqasa ever brakis the comone dykis wtin the ground sall big the samen sufficientlie againne, and sall pay the skaith of the cornis and girs (grass) done throu braking yeirof, and also that ye browsteris in the said suckin uphauld the watter wall of the said mylen, and in lyke maner ye said browsteris sall carie the sled and the myln wand to bring hame the mylnstanes under the said paine of fourtie schillings of unlaw by and attour the payment of the persone that failzie to carie the samen throu thair defaultis.

Jacobus Morgan, Scriba curial
(Clerk of Court).

Logierait. A. Meldrum.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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OCTOBER, 1902.

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HIGHLAND MOD AT DUNDEE.

MUSICAL COMPETITION WINNERS.

THE GAELIC MOD was held in Dundee on 25th ult., and was by far the most successful gathering ever held under the auspices of *An Comunn Gaidhealach*. The Concert in the evening was a record both in regard to number of competitors and attendance. The Duke of Argyll presided at both functions and made an excellent chairman. The local committee deserve to be heartily congratulated on the success of their labours, particularly the Hon. Secretary, Mr. John Abrach Mackay, whose services are worthy of the heartiest recognition. The following are the prize-winners in the musical competitions :—

Choral Singing, open only to Choirs who have not formerly competed at the Mod—1, Inverness Choir; 2, Oban Choir. Choral Singing, open only to Ladies' Choirs—Dundee Choir. Choral Singing for Juniors under 16 years of age—1, Logierait Junior Choir; 2, Morven Junior Choir. Solo Singing for Juniors under 16 years of age (female voices)—1, Miss A. C. Whyte, Glasgow; 2, Miss Maggie Kennedy, Morven; 3, Miss Maggie Dewar, Easdale. Male Voices—1, John Kennedy, Logierait; 2, John Reid, Logierait; 3, Ronald Gillies, Morven. For the Best Gaelic Solo (female voices)—1, Jemima Gardner, Edinburgh; 2, Mrs. Bisset, Perth; 3, Miss Rogers, Dundee. Male Voices—1, John Mackenzie, Inverness; 2, Alexander MacLeod, Inverness; 3, Joseph Grant, Ballinluig; G. MacLennan, Edinburgh, and D. W. M'Intyre, Easdale, equal. Solo Singing, open to Professionals, former Gold Medallists and Prize-Winners (male voices)—John MacLeod, Glasgow. Female Voices—Mrs. Bisset, Perth. Solo Singing—for the best rendering of any of Rob Donn Mackay's Songs—1, Miss K. MacColl, Oban; 2, G. MacLennan, Edinburgh; 3, Miss Thorburn, Dundee. Solo Singing, confined to Perthshire (female voices)—1, Mrs. Bisset, Perth; 2, Miss MacRae, Perth. Male Voices—1, Joseph Grant; 2, R. M'Leod, Perth. Solo Singing for children under 16, confined to Perthshire (female voices)—1, Miss Crissy Morrison, Ballinluig; 2, Miss Mary Campbell, Ballinluig; 3, Miss Bella Campbell, Port of Tummel. Male Voices—1, John Kennedy: 2, James Scott, Logierait; 3, Charles M'Queen, Logierait. Duet Singing—1, Mrs. Bisset and Miss Stewart, Perth; 2, Miss J. Ross and Miss Mary M'Neil, Inverness; 3. Misses L. and A. Macpherson, Dundee. For the best rendering of a Gaelic Song with Clarsach accompaniment—Miss Murray, New York. Gaelic Airs on Clarsach—Miss Jessie MacBride, Glasgow. Choral Singing in four-part harmony —1, Dundee Gaelic Choir; 2, Perth Gaelic Choir; 3, Inverness Gaelic Choir. Best Air, Strathspey or Reel, on the violin—1, J. Mackenzie, Dundee; 2, A. Lawson, Perth. Quartette singing—1, Inverness Quartette; 2, Ballinluig Quartette. Quartette Singing (for male voices only)—Inverness Quartette. Solo Singing (confined to Forfarshire and Perthshire) —1, Mrs. Bisset, Perth; 2, Miss K. S. Macgregor, Dundee, and Miss MacRae, Perth (equal). Solo Singing (female voices)—1, Miss Thorburn; 2, Miss MacRae. Male Voices—1, R. Matheson, Inverness; 2, John Mackenzie, Inverness. Solo Singing (confined to Dundee)—1, Miss Thorburn; 2, Miss L. Macpherson; 3, Miss M'Callum. International Solo Competition—Roderick MacLeod, Inverness. Best rendering of a Gaelic Song composed by an Argyllshire bard (female voices)—Mrs. Sime, Edinburgh. Male Voices—D. W. M'Intyre, Easdale; 2, Malcolm Campbell, Dalmally; 3, Hugh Livingstone, Easdale.

MISS AMY MURRAY, NEW YORK.
Winner of Prize for Gaelic Singing with Clarsach Accompaniment.

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XII.—The Munros and the Chisholms.

THE Clan Munro is one of the oldest in Ross-shire. In Gaelic they are called *Na Rothaich*, but the individual such as James Munro, is simply, as in English, Seumas Munro. The possessions of the Munros lie on the north side of the Cromarty Firth, "and are known in the Highlands," says Skene, "by the name of Fearann Donuill, a name derived from the progenitor Donald." Robert de Monro is the first assured chief by charter evidence* (1341-1372). The March of the Clan is known as "*Bealach-na-Bròige*," and if composed at the time at which the incident happened which gives it its name, it must be one of our oldest bagpipe tunes.

About the year 1452 a desperate skirmish occurred at a place called *Bealach-na-Bròige*, "betwixt the heights of Fearann Donald and Loch-broom,"† which was brought about by some of Kintail's vassals, instigated by Donald Garbh Maciver, who attempted to seize the Earl of Ross. The plot, however, was discovered, and Maciver was seized by the Lord of the Isles' followers, and imprisoned in the Castle of Dingwall. He was soon released, however, by his undaunted countrymen from Kinlochewe, consisting of Macivers, Maclennans, Macaulays and Macleays, who by way of reprisal pursued and seized the Earl's relative, Alexander Ross of Balnagown and carried him along with them. The Earl at once apprised Lord Lovat, who was then His Majesty's Lieutenant in the North, of the illegal seizure of Balnagown, and his lordship dispatched northward two hundred men, who, joined by Ross's vassals, the Munros of Fowlis, and the Dingwalls of Kildun, pursued and overtook the western tribes at *Bealach-na-Bròige*, where they were resting themselves. A sanguinary conflict ensued, aggravated and more than usually exasperated by a keen and bitter recollection of ancient feuds and animosities. The Kinlochewe men seem to have been almost extirpated. The race of Dingwall were actually extinguished, one hundred and forty of their men having been slain, while the family of Fowlis lost eleven members of their house alone, with many of the leading men of the clan.‡ The tune which commemorates this conflict is called "*Bealach na bròige*" and will be found in "*Ceòl Mór*."

The Salute of the Clan is called "*Fàilte nan Rothach*." It was

FOWLIS CASTLE, ROSS-SHIRE.

*Note by Dr. MacBain to "Skene's Highlanders," new edition, 1902.

†"Conflicts of the Clans," 1780, p. 4.

‡See MacKenzie's "History of the Clan MacKenzie," p. 78-79.

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ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF SIR HECTOR MUNRO, OF FOWLIS, BART.

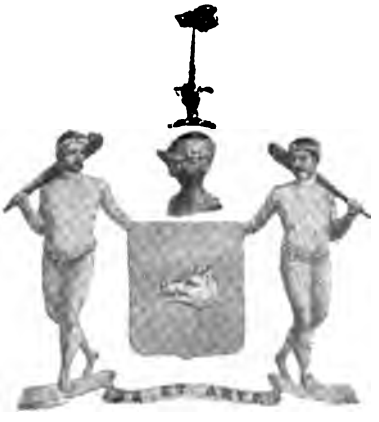
composed by John Dall Mackay, piper to Mackenzie of Gairloch, who being a favourite with the Munros, was a frequent guest at Fearann Donald, the seat of the chief, where he was treated with particular kindness, and composed this Salute in compliment to his hospitable friends. It will be found in Mackay's Collection of Piobaireachd.

Another well-known Munro tune is "*Fear Chul-chàrn*," Culcairn's Strathspey, found in MacDonald's "Collection of the Martial Music of Caledonia." It was to this tune that Rev. William Dunbar, D.D. (1780-1861), composed the popular song, entitled "The Maid of Islay"—the heroine being Miss Minnie Campbell, daughter of Coll Campbell, Sannaig, Islay. There is a pathetic story attached to the song.

The Chisholms.

The Chisholms have been so long resident in the Highlands that they have come to be regarded as a Highland Clan. The chief hailed from Roxburgh on the Borders, where the estate of Chisholm still retains its ancient name. The first of the "de Chisholms" came north in the 14th century and became Constable of Urquhart Castle. Erchless Castle, the family seat, is an old baronial mansion situated in a picturesque locality in Strathglass. There does not seem to be much martial music associated with the clan. We have two Salutes—"*Fàilte an t-Siosalaich*" The Chisholm's Salute, and "*Fàilte Siosalach Srath-ghlais*," Chisholm of Strathglass' Salute. These are to be found in "*Ceòl Mór*," and in David Glen's "Collection of Ancient Piobaireachd." There is a Quickstep called "Chisholm's Castle" (Erchless) in David Glen's Bagpipe Music. Like some other Highland families the Chisholms possess a "charmed" chanter. This relic, we are told*, which has been long in the family, is the chanter of a bagpipe to which there is attached a degree of importance from a supposed supernatural power which it is alleged to possess. In whatever way it was acquired this instrument is said to indicate the death of the chief by spontaneously bursting, and after each successive fracture, it is carefully repaired by a silver fillet, being an improvement on the primitive mode of firmly binding it with a leathern thong, which from a fancied resemblance to the lacing of the *cuaran*, or buskin, procured it the designation of *Maide a' chuarain*—the stick of the *cuaran*, or bandage. The family piper having on one occasion been from home at a wedding, heard his chanter crack, and perceiving it rent, started up, and observed that he must return, for Chisholm was no more! and it was found to be so.

Kenneth Chisholm, the last family piper, was taught by John *beg* Macrae, piper to the late Lord Seaforth. He went to America, where he was accidentally killed by the fall of a tree.



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE CHISHOLMS.

*Angus Mackay's "Collection of Ancient Piobaireachd or Highland Pipe Music."

Highlanders in Prince Edward Island.—A correspondent in Canada writes, "It may interest your readers to know that on 4th August next year a centenary celebration is to be held at my old home in Prince Edward Island, of the landing of the "Polly," with 800 Highland emigrants, on that date a hundred years ago. They were sent out by Lord Selkirk. The Rev. A. Maclean-Sinclair, our minister, who contributes frequently to the *Celtic*, will doubtless be sending you some particulars of the interesting event." We shall be delighted to hear from our esteemed contributor on the subject.

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HIGHLAND SCENERY AND CLIMATE IN RELATION TO NATIONAL MUSIC AND POETRY.

BY A. MACAONGHUIS.

(Continued from page 240.)

"Mu 'n cuairt do bhruaichaibh àrd mo ghlinn,
Biodh a' lùbadh géuga' 's orra blàth ;
'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
Do chreagaibh aosd' le oran gràidh."

which, translated, means :—

"O place me near the brooks, which slowly move with gentle steps ; under the shade of the shooting branches lay my head, and be thou, O sun, in kindness with me."

"At ease lay my side on the grass, upon the bank of flowers and soft zephyrs—my feet bathed in the wandering stream that slowly winds along the plain.'

"Let the primrose pale, of grateful hue, and the little daisy surround my hillock, greenest when bedewed ; my hand gently inclined, and the **ealbhuidh* at my ear in its freshness."

"Around the lofty brow of my glen let there be bending boughs in full bloom, and the children of the bushes making the aged rock re-echo their songs of love."

These have been taken from "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry"—pages 14-16—to which we would direct the curious for even more beautiful sentiments than we have quoted, and indeed for what is altogether an expression of Nature poetry second perhaps to nothing in existence. The poem is unique and pretty much without a parallel in either the poetry of the ancient or that of the modern world ; for while we find in those enough evidence of man's desire for communion with Nature in life, there is not much of a positive desire to be

With Nature in Death.

Yet this feeling is characteristic of Scottish Highlanders, with whom the experience of a parting is one of the most painful. Highlanders would go anywhere and face anything, if they were to get their world with them, and it is well known that they have always preferred dying and being buried in certain places ; a sentiment which is true of them to the present day, where the spirit of the ancient Celtic nationality has not been frightened away by the influence of a more modern thought ; which is not so much a cosmopolitanism as the work of the force and necessity of altered circumstances.

Passing over, by a simple reference, "Oran na Comhachaig" (The Hunter's Dialogue with the Owl)—which bears the impress of being a mediæval production, touched up at a later time, and which contains not a few interesting Nature sketches—we come to authentic modern Gaelic poetry. This begins, we should say, with Mary MacLeod, the Skye poetess, (circa 1569-1665) already quoted from. There is not, however, much, if any, real Nature poetry in Mary MacLeod's works. She was typically one of the bards fostered under the Clan system, and naturally the great volume of her poetry deals with the family history and magnanimous deeds of the

MacLeods of Dunvegan

—whose retainer she was—and the Clan MacLeod generally. Family bardship must be considered a very different thing from Nature poetry, and this puts all such productions as "The Albanic Duan," the works of the MacVurichs, and much similar versification, the whole way down, entirely outside the field we are gleaning from. Iain Lom, the renowned Jacobite bard of Lochaber, (circa 1620-1710), was also pre-eminently a Clan bard, and his poems partake very little of the spirit that sings with the wind and dances with the sun. But contemporary with him was Archibald MacDonald, an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander MacDonald, sixteenth baron of Sleat, who in his "B' annsa codal air fraoch" ('Twould be preferable to sleep on the heather), composed while in Edinburgh, gives touching expression to his love for the scenery and pastimes of his native isle, with here and there some very pleasant descriptive flashes by the way.

If we except certain symbolical references undoubtedly traceable to the influence of scenery and climate—such as the frequent introduction of "Mac Talla" (The Echo), into Gaelic poetry, and the grand rolling swing of its rythmical movements, there is not much landscape or delineation of the physical in it till we come to the end of the seventeenth century. About that time

John Mackay,

"Am Piobaire Dall" (The Blind Piper), who succeeded his father as family piper to the Laird of Gairloch (1666-1754), composed his beautiful pastoral "Coire 'n Easain" (The Corry of the Little Falls), inspired by a visit to Lord Reay's country, of which he was a native. The poem is one in which human feeling and wild Nature become blended, to form a magnificent poetic conception. None other than one imbued deeply with a love for, and an appreciation of, the scenery and climate of his native country could conceive or indite such a splendid production of poetic art. We refrain from quoting from this masterpiece, as such as we have space for would do but meagre justice to the poem as a whole.

We now come to Alexander MacDonald, "Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair,"

The Greatest Gaelic Poet

in the field of Nature description as in others.

*St. John's Wort.

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Macdonald could compose eloquently and freely on most subjects that came within the range of a great poet's mind; but we think he is at his best when describing the scenery and climate of his native hills and glens. We question whether there is anything in any language to compare with the manner in which he dealt with the infinite variety of field, flower, foliage and featherage in the Highlands. His "Praise of Mòrag" contains Nature etchings of rare beauty; but in his great poems on "Summer," "Winter," "Allt'-an-t-Siùcair" (The Sugar Brook) and "Fàilte na Mòr-thir" (Back to the Mainland), his descriptive poetry is beautiful beyond praise. He invests every object he touches with a living interest to the reader. It is not only poetry: it is painting; it is not only poetic music: it is Nature singing "one grand sweet song," in sheen and in shade; or, as in the "Ode to Winter," it is living gloom. Another piece of lovely Nature poetry is his "Bhanarach Dhonn" (The brown-haired Dairymaid)—a pastoral that none but a lover of the misty shieling could conceive or write. We think it best to give no quotations from MacDonald's works. It would be vain to attempt to convey to any reader in broken specimens—however well translated—a conception of the poetry. It is clearly a case for the interested of going to the pure fountain to drink from.

DUGALD BUCHANAN (1716-1768)

next claims our attention. In his "Day of Judgment" he rises to a conception of poetry which gives him a place among the highest-class poets of the Highlands. It displays a force of imagination which reminds one, so far as it goes, of the great Dante. In his other poems, particularly his "Ode to Winter" he touches Nature with interesting delicacy and effect.

ROB DONN, THE REAY BARD,

(1714-1778) shows in his "Iseabail Nic-Aoidh" (Isobel Mackay), and still more pointedly in his "Oran an ainm dithis nighean" (A Song as if by two young ladies) how much he appreciated the native scenery of his home country. Of the latter the editor of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" says—"The beauties of the bard's own native strath are delineated in strains so sweet that we have only to regret that he did not more frequently indulge his muse in descriptive poetry."

About contemporary with Rob Donn was a greater genius, Duncan Ban MacIntyre (1724-1812), who, as a Highland Nature-poet, had perhaps no equal except Alexander MacDonald. His "Praise of Ben Doran" is a uniquely gorgeous and luxuriant production, in which he sets forth, in minutest detail, the prolific beauties of his favourite ben. In his "Coire-Cheathaich" (The Misty Corry), the influence of scenery and climate upon a poetic mind is shown to excellent purpose, and in his "Cumha Choire Cheathaich" (Lament for the Misty Corry," and "Cead dheireannach nam Beann" (Farewell forever to the Bens) and "Oran an t-Samhraidh" (Song to Summer), he rises to a oneness with Nature in physical aspect and spiritual inspiration which contributes a very beautiful chapter to the already numerous and radiant pages of Celtic Nature poetry.

While we do not by any means subscribe unconditionally to the iconoclastic spirit that has, within recent years, so effectively demolished the Macphersonic edifice of Ossianic ballad literature, we think this the place to introduce

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATIONS,

in their relation to our subject. Whether they are authentic or not does not concern us here. But we must give them a place of first-rate importance as Highland poetry of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries; and as such we claim that they embody the influence of scenery and climate to an exceptionally individual and important degree.

(To be continued).

CONCERNING AUNT BETSY AND SOME OTHERS.

BY AILEEN DONNAN.

(Continued from page 239, Vol. X.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

BUT the most exciting experience of that memorable week was when we were cast, or rather we cast ourselves, upon

A DESERT ISLAND.

The island in question was situated about a couple of miles further down Loch Evart, out of sight of our house, and being one day seized with a passionate desire to pose as castaways, we rowed to this delectable spot, and having landed ourselves and our provisions, we sent the boat adrift and had the satisfaction of seeing it being borne merrily away towards the Atlantic. Our plan was to explore the island for blackberries, and amuse ourselves generally until dusk when we proposed to hail one of the village boats which we knew would be passing about that time on their way out to fish. Our first thought was to provide ourselves with a meal, so while Morag and I collected sticks and made a fire, the boys went prowling about the rocks in quest of various kinds of shell-fish, and

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very soon we were happily discussing a sumptuous if somewhat mixed repast of cold potatoes, boiled mussels, hard-boiled eggs, oatcakes and cheese, with "billy tea" to finish up with. The latter, I may add, had a fishy taste, consequent on its being boiled in the "skillet" in which we cooked our shellfish, but in our opinion this improved the excellence of its flavour. After partaking of our refreshments, we set about decorating our corner of the island with various articles of apparel which we stuck on the ends of poles by way of simulating flags of distress. A large red shawl as being a conspicuous object was put in the most prominent place, while a Maclean tartan rug, my gingham pinafore, and Ian's blue tam-'o-shanter were all pressed into the service, until the island presented quite a gay and festive appearance. These decorations completed, we sallied forth on exploration bent, when suddenly an angry bellow greeted our ears. Alas! it was not until then we realized the ugly fact that this was the island which a neighbouring farmer used as a grazing ground for his wild Lewis cattle. The bellow emanated from an angry-looking bull, who in his perambulations round the island suddenly came upon the rather aggressive sight of a scarlet garment fluttering in the breeze. He rushed at it with fury, and in an instant the shipwrecked mariners turned and made for the shore yelling for their lives. There was no boat in sight, and it seemed as if the ferocious animal after having disposed of the flags to his satisfaction, would soon be playing pitch and toss with us. But succour was at hand from quite an unexpected quarter, for just then a pleasure yacht hove in sight, and came steaming close by us. The people on board perceiving the commotion on the island, and hearing our cries of distress sent a

BOAT TO OUR RESCUE.

At the time, we were far too conscious of the proximity of the bull to think of anything else, but on reviewing the situation afterwards, we decided that our rescue could not possibly have been effected in a more thrilling or romantic fashion.

In those days, before the beauties of lovely Loch Evart were made known to the outside world, the visits of a steam yacht were as rare as those of the sea serpent, therefore we were pleased and proud to make the acquaintance of such a curiosity. They were very kind to us on board, and we were royally treated to unlimited cake and ginger cordial. Ian's tale, told with the utmost gravity, of our having been cast on a desert island and pursued by wild beasts, excited a good deal of amusement among the company. They agreed to send us ashore on their return from the head of the loch whither they were bound, and when we steamed past our house we were almost bursting with pride, as we frantically shouted and waved our hands in order to attract the attention of Duncan Ruadh, whom we espied walking leisurely along the road with his dogs at his heels. That individual stopped and regarded the yacht with evident astonishment, and then, apparently recognizing us, he walked hurriedly towards the house, doubtless to acquaint its inmates with the amazing fact that we were being borne towards the head of the loch—a matter of eight miles distant—in a steam yacht.

On the return journey Duncan Ruadh and the ploughboy came alongside the yacht (in a boat borrowed from the village, we presumed, for our own must have been by then on the rolling main) and as the former came on board, bustling with wrath we could see, we heard him mutter something about "these teffles of shildren." Colin accosted him with:—"Ach, man, Duncan, we have had a splendid time; you ought to have been with us boy," but the observation only elicited a grunt of disapproval from the irate shepherd.

"Wass you the peoples that took aweh the poat, and what het you done wis him?" he demanded solemnly.

"Oh, I'll tell you about it afterwards," was Colin's somewhat evasive reply.

Meanwhile a whisky bottle had been produced, the sight of which seemed to have a very mollifying effect upon Duncan, and the two men having been treated to a couple of 'drams' apiece we took our departure from the yacht. We all descanted in glowing terms on the very satisfactory manner in which we had spent our day, but we carefully kept in the background the incident of the bull, and the fact that we had been reluctantly compelled to leave some of our wardrobe in his possession.

We were greatly comforted by the information that Aunt Betsy was as yet in blissful ignorance of our escapade, and as, by the time we reached the house, the soothing influence of the "Talisker" imbibed by the two men on board the yacht was beginning to have a happy effect, it was not difficult to bind them over to silence.

Our boat was brought back a couple of days later, in rather a damaged condition it must be admitted, but the good Duncan managed to get the necessary repairs executed without anyone being the wiser.

"UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS."—We regret that in our last issue the article by Mr. H. H. Robertson was headed "United England Loyalists" instead of above. The title was intended "to put a mark of honour upon the families who had adhered to the Unity of the Empire, and joined the Royal Standard in America, before the Treaty of Separation in 1783."

DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

VISITING Greyfriar's Churchyard one afternoon a week or two ago, I found myself, a few minutes after passing through the entrance-gate, standing beside the grave of Duncan Bàn MacIntyre. The grave lies at the foot of the slope, at the north end of the ground, and is marked by a handsome stone monument, erected, as the inscription on the stone says, by a "few admirers of his genius." In no other churchyard in the land do the remains of so many of Scotland's most gifted lie. George Buchanan, the Latin scholar and poet, Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd," William Robertson, the historian, Henry MacKenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," to mention but a few, lie buried in Greyfriars; and fitting it is that the churchyard which numbers among its sleepers such eminent names as these should afford a last resting-place to him who has been called the "Burns of the Highlands."

But though his grave lies in old Greyfriar's, Edinburgh, in the heart of one of the most densely populated districts of the city, it was, as every Highlander knows, at Druimliaghart, on the borders of the Monadh Dhu, at the head of Glenorchy, one of the loveliest of Highland glens, that Duncan first saw the light. The son of poor parents, he was born in 1724; and if his long life of eighty-eight years was a somewhat chequered one, it was, however, neither a misspent nor an idle one. As forester, first in the employment of Lord Breadalbane, then in the employment of the Duke of Argyll, he spent many happy and peaceful years—years which in one respect at least may be looked upon as being the best and the most important years of his life. For it was during those years that some of his finest poems were produced; when he went about his daily work on the hill and in the corrie, these, as it has been said, were his best hours of inspiration. When the rising of the clans in the '45 broke out, Duncan, who was living on the lands of Breadalbane, was obliged, though his heart was with the Stuarts, to serve with the Royalist forces as a substitute for a neighbouring taxman, and took part in the battle of Falkirk. In 1793, when his foresting and deerstalking days were over, he joined a volunteer regiment, the Breadalbane Fencibles, which was disbanded six years later. After the disbandment of the Fencibles, Duncan, who was then an old man of seventy-five, entered the City Guard of Edinburgh, which Scott has described in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." In 1804, a third edition of his poems was published, and this sold so well that in 1806 he was able to retire from the City Guard, and the few remaining years of his life were spent in ease and quiet.

Recognised as being the foremost of the Highland bards, who, it has been said, are as numerous as leaves in Vallombrosa, Duncan occupies an honoured place in the ranks of British authors. Yet he never went to school, we are told; never learned to read or write. Indeed, it is possible his poems might have been lost to us had they not been committed to writing by a young minister who took them down from the bard's recital. English of course was not his native tongue, and he never learned to speak it; he knew but one language—his own native Gaelic. If ever poet was a pure son of Nature, Duncan was. His only school, it has been said, was the deer forest in which he spent his boyhood; his lessons were catching trout and salmon with his fishing-rod, shooting grouse and stalking deer with his gun; and his mental food was the songs of the mountains, especially the great oral literature of the Ossianic minstrelsy.

But if Duncan had no teaching save that which is to be got in Nature's school, Nature after all, as Carlyle says, is still the grand agent in making poets. And a poet of Nature's own making Duncan shows himself at least to be. He sang because he must, gave utterance to what was in him because his heart was full, and he could not be silent. And as he drew at first hand only, from his own experience of life, he has the merit of sincerity which, as Russell Lowell says, is the chief one in all art. Thus it is that there is nothing of the artificial in his poetry; it is always natural and true. That he could be satirical when he liked, we know. But there was no touch of sourness in him, nor had he any of the "spirit of the revolutionary." Always humble, wholly without ambition, Duncan, who was born poor, and born also to continue poor, was not one of those who have a grudge against Fortune's inequalities. His sweet, sunny, guileless nature is reflected in his verse; and for grace of language and beauty of thought he is not surpassed by any other Gaelic bard.

Of all his poems, that on Ben Doran, a beautiful hill at the head of Glenorchy, on which he served for a time as forester, is unquestionably his best. It is a long poem, consisting of five hundred and fifty-five lines; and, adapted to a pipe tune, is, in its plan and construction, like no other poem in the Gaelic language. In a lecture on "Modern Gaelic Bards," delivered at Oxford, the late Principal Campbell Shairp in speaking of this poem said that the bard dwelt with the "most loving minuteness on all the varied features and the ever-changing aspects of the mountain which he loved, as if it were a living creature and a friend;" and that in no other poem one ever heard of "have all the looks, haunts, habits, and manners of the deer

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been pictured so accurately and so lovingly." The following lines are from the Principal's beautiful translation of the poem :—

" Honour o'er all Bens
On Bendoran be !
Of all hills the sun kens,
Beautifullest he ;
Mountain long and sweeping,
Nooks the red deer keeping,
Light on braesides sleeping ;
There I've watched delightedly.
Branchy copses cool,
Woods of sweet grass full,
Deer herds beautiful,
There are dwelling aye.
Oh ! blithe to hunting go,
Where white hipped stag and hind,
Upward in long row,
Snuff the mountain wind.
Jaunty fellows sprightly,
With bright burnished hide,
Dressed in fashion rightly,
Yet all free from pride.

. . . . . .

Ah ! mighty Bendoran !
How hard 'twere to tell
How many proud stags
In thy fastnesses dwell.
How many thy slim hinds,
With wee calves attending,
And their white-twinkling tails
Up the ballooh ascending,
To where Corrie Chreetar
Its bield is extending."

Coire Ceathaich, a corrie in the Maam-lorn, at the head of Glenlochy, in which he also served for a time as forester, is the subject of another of his poems. This poem—a very beautiful one with its minute and vivid description—has been rendered into English by the late Robert Buchanan, the poet. Here are some of his lines :—

" My beauteous corrie ! where cattle wander,
My misty corrie ! my darling dell,
Mighty, verdant, and covered over
With tender wild flowers of sweetest smell ;
Dark is the green of thy grassy clothing,
Soft swell thy hillocks, most green and deep,
The cannach flowing, the darnel growing,
While the deer troop past to the misty steep."

In his seventy-ninth year he composed his "Farewell to the Hills." Full of true feeling, and of genuine poetic vigour and fire, this poem is not only one of his best known, but is also one of his most admired. The following verses are from a translation of the poem by a modern poet:—

" Oh, wildly as the bright day gleamed I climbed the mountain breast,
And when I to my home returned the sun was in the West,
'Twas health and strength, 'twas life and joy to wander freely there,
To drink at the fresh mountain stream, to breathe the mountain air.

. . . . . .

Farewell, ye forests of the North hills, where the bright day gleams,
Farewell, ye grassy dells, farewell, ye springs and leaping streams,
Farewell, ye mighty solitudes, where once I loved to dwell,
Scenes of my springtime and its joys, for ever fare ye well."

Another of his poems of which mention must be made—indeed, to omit mention of it in a biographical sketch of the bard would be unpardonable—is his "Mairi Bhan òg," the beautiful song in which he tells how he wooed and won his wife. She was the daughter of well-to-do parents, her father being a baron bailiff and a freeholder. Duncan and she lived near each other ; but the fact that she was of somewhat higher station than himself was not encouraging to the young man's hope of being able to win her for his wife, and for long he despaired. However, love was strong, and youth was daring. He tells in the poem how he used to stand at his door and watch her as she went about her household work, and how, when at last he ventured to address her, she did not treat him with the disdain he had feared she might treat him with, but was so gentle and kind that he took courage and grew hopeful. He praises her beauty, but says that what impressed him most was her goodness and her womanliness. It is one of the sweetest of love-stories—the love-story of Duncan Bàn and his Mairi Bhan òg. And loving her as he did, and worthy of that love as she seems to have been, is it any wonder that the sweetest strains of his muse should be her praises ?

Nearly one hundred years have gone by since his body was laid in old Greyfriar's. And though it needs no " sculptured stone " to keep alive his name—for is he not one of those " On Fame's eternal beadroll worthie to be fyled ?"—yet his countrymen have not forgotten to honour his memory. At the foot of Glenlochy, stands a circular granite monument, raised to the memory of the bard. Beloved in life, and honoured after death, "of him," to quote the words of one who wrote of the bard with loving appreciation, and who was himself a poet, " we may say more than of most of the Sons of Song—that 'he sleeps well.'"

Edinburgh. AGNES WALKER.

THE CLAN MACKAY TOUR IN THE REAY COUNTRY has been the most successful yet held. The deputation consisted of eleven members, who visited the various districts and were received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm. The usual Gaelic competitions, sports, children's races, concerts and dances were held in each parish, and were attended by large gatherings. The new crofting settlements on Strathnaver were also visited, where the clansmen were loyally welcomed, and had to pay a special visit to each house. We hope to be able to give a detailed account in next issue.

EMIGRATIONS FROM THE HIGHLANDS DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE emigration from the Highlands to America was so pronounced that the Scottish papers, notably the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," the "Caledonian Mercury," and the "Scots Magazine," made frequent reference and bemoaned its prevalence. It was even felt in London, for the "Gentleman's Magazine" was also forced to record it. While all these details may not be of great interest, yet to obtain a fair idea of this movement, some record will be of service.

The "Scots Magazine," for September 1769, records that the ship Molly sailed from Islay on August 21st of that year full of passengers to settle in North Carolina; which was the third emigration from Argyle "since the close of the late war." A subsequent issue of the same paper states that fifty-four vessels full of emigrants from the Western Islands and other parts of the Highlands sailed for North Carolina, between April and July 1770, conveying twelve hundred emigrants. Early in 1771, according to the "Scots Magazine," there were five hundred emigrants from Islay, and the adjacent Islands, preparing to sail in the following summer for America "under the conduct of a gentleman of wealth and merit whose predecessors resided in Islay for many centuries past." The paper farther notes that "there is a large colony of the most wealthy and substantial people in Skye making ready to follow the example of the Argathelians in going to the fertile and cheap lands on the other side of the Atlantic ocean. It is to be dreaded that these migrations will prove hurtful to the mother country; and therefore its friends ought to use every proper method to prevent them." These Skye men to the number of three hundred and seventy, in due time left for America. The September issue states that "several of them are people of property who intend making purchases of land in America. The late great rise of the rents in the Western Islands of Scotland is said to be the reason of this emigration.

The "Scots Magazine" states that the ship Adventure sailed from Loch Erribol, Sunday August 17, 1772, with upwards of two hundred emigrants from Sutherlandshire for North Carolina. There were several emigrations from Sutherlandshire that year. In June eight families arrived in Greenock, and two other contingents —one of one hundred and the other of ninety souls—were making their way to the same place en route to America. "The cause of this emigration they assign to be want of the means of livlihood at home, through the opulent graziers engrossing the farms, and turning them into pasture. Several contributions have been made for these poor people in towns through which they passed.

During the year 1773, emigrants from all parts of the Highlands sailed for America. The "Courant" of April 3, 1773, reports that "the unlucky spirit of emigration" had not diminished, and that several of the inhabitants of Skye, Lewis, and other places were preparing to emigrate to America during the coming summer "and seek for the sustenance abroad which they allege they cannot find at home." In its issue for July 3, 1773, the same paper states that eight hundred people from Skye were then preparing to go to North Carolina and that they had engaged a vessel to carry them across the Atlantic. In the issue of the same paper for September 15th, same year, appears the gloomy statement that the people of Badenoch and Lochaber were in "a most pitiful situation for want of meal. They were reduced to live on blood which they draw from their cattle by repeated bleedings. Need we wonder to hear of emigrations from such a country." On September 1, 1773, according to the "Courant," a ship sailed from Fort-William for America with four hundred and twenty-five men, women, and children, all from Knoydart, Lochaber, Appin, Mamore, and Fort-William. "They were the finest set of fellows in the Highlands. It is allowed they carried at least £6000 sterling in ready cash with them; so that by this emigration the country is not only deprived of its men, but likewise of its wealth. The extravagant rents started by the landlords is the sole cause given for this spirit of emigration which seems to be only in its infancy." On September 29, 1773, the "Courant," after stating that there were from eight to ten vessels chartered to convey Highland emigrants during that season across the Atlantic, adds:—"Eight hundred and forty people sailed from Lewis in July. Alarmed with this Lord Fortrose, their master, came down from London about five weeks ago to treat with the remainder of his tenants. What are the terms they asked of him, think you? 'The land at old rents; the augmentation paid for three years backward to be refunded; and his factor to be immediately dismissed.'" The "Courant" added that unless these terms were conceded the island of Lewis would soon be an uninhabited waste. Notwithstanding the visit of Lord Fortrose, emigration went on. The ship Neptune with one hundred and fifty emigrants from Lewis arrived in New York on August 23, 1773; and, according to the "Scots Magazine," between seven hundred and eight hundred emigrants sailed from Stornoway for America on June 23rd, of the same year.

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The "Courant" for September 25, 1773, in a

communication from Dornoch, states that on the 16th of that month there sailed from Dornoch Firth, the ship Nancy, with two hundred and fifty emigrants from Sutherlandshire for New York. The freight exceeded 650 guineas. In the previous year a ship from Sutherlandshire paid a freight of 650 guineas.

In October 1773, three vessels with seven hundred and seventy-five emigrants from Moray, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, sailed from Stromness for America.

The "Courant" for November 10, 1773, records that fifteen hundred people had left the county of Sutherland for America within the two preceding years. The passage money cost £3 10s. each, and it was computed that on an average every emigrant brought £4 with him. "This amounts to £7,500, which exceeds a year's rent of the whole county."

The "Gentleman's Magazine" for June 30, 1775, states that "four vessels, containing about seven hundred emigrants, have sailed for America from Port Glasgow and Greenock, in the course of the present month, most of them from the north Highlands." The same journal for September 23rd, same year, says, "The ship Jupiter from Dunstaffnage Bay, with two hundred emigrants on board, chiefly from Argyleshire, set sail for North Carolina. They declare the oppressions of their landlords are such that they can no longer submit to them."

The perils of the sea did not deter them. Tales of suffering must have been heard in the glens. Some idea of these sufferings and what the emigrants were sometimes called upon to endure may be inferred from the following:

"In December (1773), a brig from Dornock, in Scotland, arrived at New York, with about 200 passengers, and lost about 100 on the passage."*

Ohio, U.S.A. J. P. MACLEAN.

*Holmes' Annals of America, Vol. II, p. 183.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACLEAN OF DOCHGARROCH.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. A. MacDougall, Jr., in the September issue of the *Celtic*, still claims for his clan, (I quote his original words) "the MacDougalls alone having the right in heraldom to the motto 'Vincere vel mori,' the arms and crosscrosslet, and the galley of Lorn," thereby implying that the MacLeans had no right in "Heraldom" to the use of the motto, and the heraldic devices which he mentions, as reproduced by you in the bookplate showing the arms of the MacLeans of Dochgarroch in the May issue of your valued magazine. Now in the last issue he proceeds to enumerate under separate paragraphs various errors into which he thinks I have fallen. Any student of heraldry knows that no Clan possesses the right to use the arms, or armorial bearings of the chief or heads of a Clan. Arms are granted to individuals, and whilst the Clan MacDougall *may* use the crest, they have no right to use the arms of the chief or heads of the house and their successors to whom the respective arms were granted.

I presume your correspondent is not versed in heraldry, otherwise he would not claim for the MacDougalls the motto and the devices in question. Although mottoes are of a very early period, their general use may be said to date from the institution of the Garter—"Mottoes may be taken, changed or relinquished, when and as often as the bearer thinks fit, and may be exactly the same as those of other persons."—*Burke*. As I shall show later on, by authentic evidence, the motto of the MacDougalls was changed at various times.

I distinctly noted in my letter that the MacDowalls were septs, but that does not preclude them from the right to the arms granted and registered by the Lyon King of arms. Your correspondent admits that the Macdonalds "possess the right to use these emblems," so that in this respect his contention fails. "A very ancient tract" is no authority historically or heraldically which adduces *the* motto of the MacLeans as "Virtue mine honour." In the illuminated heraldic MSS. of Lindsay, Lyon King of Arms, circa, A.D. 1603-5, the motto of MacLean of Dowart is shown above the arms as "I am ready," Sir Bernard Burke gives the motto of MacLaine of Lochbuie, MacLaine of Kyneton, and MacLean of Westfield (the latter descendents of the Dochgarroch family), as "Vincere vel mori" (trans. To conquer or die). MacLeans of Ardgour have for their motto "Altera merces," and the house of Morvern, under the arms "Virtue mine honour"; above the crest, "Altera merces."

The term "Galley of Lorn" as applied by your correspondent to the galley on one of the quarterings of the MacLean arms has no heraldic sanction, and is merely a local appellation, and the arm and "crosscrosslet" is a term applied to a particular device in heraldry.

In the Illuminated Heraldic MSS. the Armorial de Berry, circa A.D. 1450-55, in the *Bibliotheque Nationale* in France, which contains the earliest authentic Scottish arms, the galley is shown on the second and third quarterings of the arms of the Earl of Angus; and on the first and fourth quarterings of arms of the Earl of Orkney. The same MSS. give the arms of Ceulx de Mandrel, MacDowal, on a shield proper azure a lion rampant, argent; that of Le or de Grain, Lord Graham, galley gules, on or.

Forman's Roll which was compiled by the Lyon King of Arms, circa, A.D. 1562, the galley is one of the quarterings of the arms of the Stewarts of Garnetullie. In the same MSS. the arms of "MackDowell of Garthland" are, argent on a chief sable a mullet on a dexter side, or. In Workman's Illuminated Heraldic MSS. circa A.D. 1565-6, the only entry under the name is that of "MacDoual or MakDougall of yt Ilke"; argent, a lion rampant, argent, crowned with an antique crown, or. In the Lindsay MSS. ascribed to Sir David Lindsay, Lyon King of Arms, circa A.D. 1603-5, the arms of MakDougal of Makairstoun are matriculated, a lion rampant, argent, armed and langued, gules, gorged with an antique crown or. These three entries are the only ones under the name MacDougall in the old-

est Scottish Heraldic MSS. and show that a lion rampant was registered as the chief device of the arms. In the Sunderland Hall Illuminated Heraldic MSS. of the time of James VI., before his accession to the English crown, there are arms of the Kings of Scotland, the Lord of the Isles, the Lord of Lorne, MacLeod, Lord of Lewis, and others of the nobility of Scotland—the arms in this MSS. are quaint and curious. Those of the Lord of the Isles (Macdonald) shows a galley sable with fire issuing from masthead, Eagle displayed gules, dexter hand argent, with supporters, and the motto "Deid schav to ye Lord"; that of the Lord of Lorne, galley sable, with fire at masthead in chief, dexter, (left hand) argent, with motto "A tovt power." Bow and arrows form a part of the arms and arrows are impaled on an esquires helmet. Workman's Heraldic MSS. circa, A.D. 1565, show the arms of the Lord of Lorne as, galley sable with fire at masthead, right hand argent, dexter on shield, and the motto the same as that of the Lord of the Isles in the Sunderland Hall MSS.

In Workman's Heraldic MSS. the arms of the MacDonalds are quarterly, 1st, a lion rampant; 2nd, a dexter hand couped fessways holding a cross fitchée; 3rd, a lymphad (galley), without sails, fire at the masthead, two paddles with the broad end elevated; 4th, a fish floating on the surface of water in front of a rock. *Crest*, a lion's head. In the Lindsay Heraldic MSS. circa A.D. 1603-5, the *seals* of Ranald, son of Somerled and of Angus son of Donald, A.D. 1292, have a ship filled with armed men; that of Alexander, son of Angus has the lymphad only, and another the lymphad with two men.

These few references to the oldest Scottish Heraldic MSS. in existence, compiled by some of the greatest experts in the science of Heraldry, prove that the mottoes of the Lord of Lorne, or MacDougall, have been altered at various times; that the galley was not in earliest use on arms of the Lord of Lorne, but was used by others before the MacDougalls. The principal ordinary in arms may be said to be all derived from the device of the cross, and which was displayed on the Imperial Standard of Rome as early as the 14th century. The "arms and cross-crosslet" is no part of the quarterings of the MacDougalls, but is used for the *crest*, viz:—An arm in armour embowed fessways couped proper, holding a cross-crosslet fitchée, erect, azure, and quite a different device from the 3rd quartering of the arms of MacLean of Dochgarroch, viz.:—or, a dexter arm couped in fess, gules, the hand holding a cross-crosslet fitchée, azure.

I trust these notes may prove of interest to your readers who have followed the correspondence, and may help to convince Mr. A. MacDougall, Jr., that his claim is illogical.

Glasgow. W. MACDONALD MACKAY.

CLAN FRASER TESTIMONIAL TO LORD LOVAT.—In addition to recognitions received by Lord Lovat from his tenantry and neighbours, in respect of his raising and commanding Lovat's Scouts during the War in South Africa, a general Clan Testimonial is being organised. It is hoped that all members of the Clan Fraser will send donations, with their full names and addresses, to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Hugh Fraser, Elm Park, Inverness.

PEACE.

PEACE on the hills where the night-clouds are wailing,
Peace on the loch where the moon-beams are sailing,
Peace o'er the heather where the moor-hen is lying,
Peace in the wind-breath which softly is sighing;
Over all, peace.

Peace in the cot where the lamp-light is gleaming,
Peace though the window with rain-tears is streaming,
Peace though thro' the darkness the curfew is calling,
Peace though in the corries the shadows are falling;
Over all, peace.

Peace where the peat-reek so faintly is stealing,
Peace where the gudeman o'er Bible is kneeling,
Peace o'er the cradle where the infant is sleeping,
Peace o'er the mother who her lone watch is keeping;
Over all, peace.

Peace in the heart where love-thoughts are dreaming,
Peace—though the future so gloomy is seeming,
Peace, on the hills where the night-clouds are trailing,
Peace on the loch where the moonbeams are sailing;
Over all, peace.

London. COINNEACH DUBH.

WHY I LOVE THEE.

IT is not for the golden hair,
The eye so blue, the brow so fair,
The outward sweetness everywhere—
That I love thee.

Nor for the lips of rosy hue,
Nor for the pearls—just peeping through—
But for the heart—so fond, so true,
That I love thee.

Sweden. A. STEWART MACGREGOR.

AN OLD GAELIC SAYING.

Mr. D. MACDOUGALL, York, sends us the following interesting note regarding the old Kintail saying—

"Tha laoigh bheaga Chinn-t-sàile
'Mòthchainn fàile a' chaineal."
The little calves of Kintail
Are smelling the cinnamon.

Once upon a time one of the Mackenzie of Kintail ladies was so extravagant in her habits that she had a fire of cinnamon bark *(caineal)* burning in her room. The rent collector on the estate, on a visit to Mackenzie's residence at Edinburgh, was entertained by her ladyship in her own room. She drew his attention to the fire of cinnamon bark, and enquired if he did not like the fragrance. "Oh, yes," he replied—

"Tha laoigh bheaga Chinn-t-sàile
'Mòthchainn fàile a' chaineal."

The tenants of Kintail were so rack-rented that they were obliged to put the calves on short rations in order that they themselves might get a share of the milk—and all for the purpose of keeping a cinnamon fire to the Mackenzie lady in Edinburgh, so that even the calves were smelling the odour of the cinnamon.

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Major DUNCAN MATHESON.

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Lieut. JAMES S. M. MATHESON.

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Mrs. DUNCAN MATHESON.

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MATHESON OF SHINESS, ACHANY AND THE LEWS.

MAJOR DUNCAN MATHESON.
OF ACHANY AND THE LEWS.

MAJOR DUNCAN MATHESON of Achany and the Lews, J.P. and D.L. for Ross and Cromarty, and D.L. for the County of Sutherland, is now the head of this branch of the Matheson Clan, the *Siol Mathoin*, or Mathesons of Sutherland.

The Mathesons, in ancient Gaelic, Mathgamna, Mackamal and MacMathan, were a fairly powerful clan in the West Highlands, and there can be little doubt that Skene is correct in saying that they and the Mackenzies have the same ancestor and that both are descended from the old Earls of Ross, from whom they obtained a grant of lands in the West Highlands.

The details of the story as to how the Sutherland branch first settled in that county vary, but the chroniclers agree in the main fact that somewhere about 1270 Ian, son of Kenneth, fled from the West and settled in Sutherland.

In 1427, however, we have the definite historical fact that "Alastair MakMaken (that is MacMahon or Matheson of Lochalsh) leader of one thousand men" (Gregory's Highlands and Islands) was summoned to Inverness by James I., taken prisoner and sent to Edinburgh, where he was subsequently executed on Castle Hill.

This Alastair had two sons, John and Donald. From John came the branch from which the Mathesons of Bennetsfield, Iomaire, Glas-na-mulach, Lochalsh, and Perth, Canada, are all off-shoots; from Donald came the Mathesons of Shiness. Since that time the two lines, West and East, have been distinct families with no connection between them.

While John remained in the West, Donald fled to Sutherland and settled at Shiness on the shores of Loch Shin, and we find his great-grandson chief of the Sutherland Mathesons in 1616, and described in Sir Robert Gordon's "Earldom of Sutherland" as "Ian Mak-ean Mak-Conald wain that dwelleth now in Cinenes (Shiness) and is at this day cheiff of the tryb of Siol Mathon in Sutherland."

Ian's son, George Matheson of Shiness, accompanied Lord Reay in 1626 to the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, rose to the rank of Colonel, and on his return to this country matriculated his arms in the Lyon Office, Edinburgh, on 5th October, 1639. They were—Gyrony of eight sable and gules, a lion rampant or armed and langued argent within a bordure of the third, charged with 8 cross crosslets fitchèe of the second; with crest, an armed hand holding a sword all proper, motto "Hearte in Hand." These therefore became the arms of the Shiness Mathesons and are borne to-day by his direct descendant, Major Matheson of the Lews, and each eldest son in succession.

Sir James Matheson being a second son his arms (granted 1842) were "differenced" by the charges in the bordure being altered from eight cross crosslets to 3 bears heads and 3 hands holding daggers. These are the charges on the Mackay Coat, his mother being a Mackay.

The fifth in descent from Colonel George was Donald Matheson of Shiness, who at the age of sixteen was gazetted Ensign in the Sutherland Regiment in 1762; served with it till the Peace

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of 1763 and in 1779 was gazetted Captain-Lieutenant (see Scots Magazine, 1779, Vol. 41, p. 400), and in 1781 Captain (Scots Magazine, 1781, Vol. 43, p. 448). Captain Matheson died in 1810, and the fortunes of the family having declined Shiness was parted with, after being held by the family for probably six, and certainly four hundred years. The eldest son Duncan went to the Scottish Bar and became Sheriff of the County of Edinburgh, the second son, James was put into business and became Sir James Matheson, First Baronet of Achany and the Lews, the third son, Thomas, entered the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers as Ensign and rose to the rank of General, dying unmarried at Achany, 1874.

Duncan died in 1838, and his eldest son Donald became head of the family and succeeded by entail under Sir James Matheson's will, to the estates of Achany and the Lews on the death of Lady Matheson in 1896. He died on 19th February, 1901, and was succeeded by his eldest son Duncan, the subject of the present sketch.

Major Matheson was born in 1850 and was educated at Harrow, being in the house of the Rev. B. F. Wescott (afterwards Bishop of Durham). Among his companions in the house were Graham Murray, now Lord Advocate, Randall Davidson, now Bishop of Winchester, the late Marquis of Bute, and Lord Gifford, who won the Victoria Cross in Ashantee. Leaving Harrow in '70 he was for a short time in the Highland Rifle Militia, now the Seaforths, and in 1872 joined the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons then stationed in Ireland. In 1875 he married Clara, daughter of Sir Erasmus Borrowes, Ninth Baronet of Barretstown Castle, Co. Kildare, sister of Sir Kildare, the present Baronet. In 1879 he became a Deputy-Lieutenant of Ross-shire, Davidson of Tulloch being then Lord-Lieutenant. From '81 to '85 he was Adjutant of the Royal North Devon Hussars and lived at Bideford, in the beautiful west-country of Devonshire. In '85 he was appointed A.D.C. to the Inspector General of Cavalry in Ireland, Major-General the Hon. Charles Thesiger, and remained in Ireland till 1889, when he retired from the service. In 1899 he took over from his father the family estates, and Mr. Donald Matheson died in 1901. Major Matheson's eldest son, Lieutenant James Sutherland Mackay Matheson, has also followed the drum and was gazetted to the Cameron Highlanders in October, 1900. He followed the regiment to South Africa and was at once appointed to the Mounted Infantry Company, with which he was continually in action till the close of the war, serving in all parts of the Transvaal, the Magaliesberg in the West, Pietersburg in the North, Carolina and Ermelo in the East and Klerksdorp in the South, and finally taking part in Ian Hamilton's great drive from Klerksdorp to the Mafeking line. A real Highland welcome awaits him on his return home with the regiment. Major Matheson resides all the year round in his island home, to which he is much attached. Devoted from his boyhood to the pursuit of grouse and salmon, and specially to deerstalking, he has now little time to enjoy them, the claims of so large a property giving little leisure. Besides the 474,000 acres of the

MAJOR DUNCAN MATHESON.

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It was always a mystery to a later generation why Sir James Matheson had the names "James *Nicholas Sutherland.*" The *Scots Magazine*, 1779, (Vol. 41, p. 400) seems to clear this up, as it reads:

War Office, July 24, 1779.
Sutherland Regiment
To be Lt.-Colonel:—Lt.-Col. Nicholas Sutherland of 47th Foot.
To be Capt.-Lieut. :—Donald Matheson.

And in *Scots Magazine*, 1781, (Vol. 43, p. 448) :—

War Office, Aug. 14.
Sutherland Regiment.
To be Lt.-Colonel. :—Major James Sutherland, *vice* Nicholas Sutherland.
To be Captain :—Capt.-Lieut. Donald Matheson.

Captain Matheson evidently gave to his second son the names of the Colonel of his regiment.

Lews including Rhona in the North Atlantic, the Flannen Isles on the West, and the Shiants on the East, there are Ullapool in Lochbroom, Dingwall, and Achany, Gruids, and Sallachy stretching along the whole of the Western shores of Loch Shin. Besides Lieut. Matheson, Major Matheson has two other sons, Kildare, born in 1892, and Ian Alastair, born in 1899.

Perhaps the greatest day in the history of the Mathesons of Achany and the Lews was the 2nd September of this year (1902), when the King and Queen honoured them by visiting Lews Castle. Their Majesties came in the Royal yacht and after driving round the beautiful and romantic grounds of the Castle had tea in the library, and were conducted by Mrs. Matheson round the conservatories amd gardens where they graciously planted two trees in memory of the occasion. They asked to see the rooms in the Castle and especially that occupied by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1882, and the King presented Major Matheson with a beautiful engraving of the Duke to be placed by His Majesty's desire in that room. Major Matheson was honoured by a command to dine with Their Majesties on the Royal yacht, and received from the King a signed engraving of himself, which will ever be a treasured heirloom in the family.

It is interesting to add that Major Matheson is a strong supporter of the Highland dress, and wears it always—summer and winter—and in all weathers. His example is one that many of our Highland lairds would do well to copy.

SERGEANT JIM OF THE GORDONS.

BY MAVOR ALLAN.

IT was a great surprise to the little Fifeshire village and a decided triumph to Lucy Glyn, when Sergeant Jim Lamont of the Gordons asked her to be his wife.

Lucy Glyn was the daughter of the under-viewer at the collieries, the youngest of a large family, and had lived since childhood with a favourite aunt in London; but now, brothers and sisters being severally settled in life and gone from the old home, Lucy had returned, a bright, laughing maid of eighteen, to cheer the old folks in their solitude. Her's was just the sort of temperament to charm the staid lover who had come to be looked upon as a confirmed bachelor; her frivolous, young vivacity held the power to carry everything before it, and while more than one wiseacre shook their heads and prophesied disaster, Sergeant Jim, for the first time in his thirty years, found himself passionately in love.

His wooing had been brief and intense as it was his nature to be. Lucy, conscious of the happiness in store for her, would have sought to dally with it ere she plighted her freedom away, but Sergeant Jim was the stronger. It was a matter of "yes" or "no," quick, decisive, final, and almost before she was aware, Lucy was bound by solemn promises, given all too lightly at the time, and realised, perhaps, less patiently in days to come.

Much as they loved him, few of his comrades would have cared or dared to arouse the Sergeant's displeasure, or play with his feelings, yet this was what Lucy had been doing more or less since the beginning of their engagement three months ago. The proud lover, strong in his trust in her plighted word, condoned her little vagaries as one would forgive an unconsciously erring child. For in years he felt she was so little more than a child beside himself; but at length even the patience of his large-hearted love was strained beyond its bounds, and this night he knew the hour had come when to keep silence longer would be fatal both to his happiness and hers.

He walked quickly down the country road; a stile and a by-path led mid-way across the stretching fields to the moorland. Two figures, which had been discernible at some distance off, were coming slowly towards him along the path. Jim went to the stile and stood waiting their approach. Lucy's voice—he knew it was Lucy's—came singing through the silence, and a smile rose on Jim's lips, for every tone of hers found an echo in his own heart. Then her companion, the man who should *not* have been there, laughed, and Jim's smile gave place to a smothered imprecation.

The man vaulted the stile, waiting with outstretched hands for Lucy to follow. Somehow the Sergeant's big form came between them and her; it was his arms lifted the girl down the high barrier.

"Ye can awa' hame," he said, speaking to, but with never a glance at the man he had pushed aside; to his sweetheart Jim added more softly, "Lucy, I want a word wi' ye," and drawing her hand tightly within his arm, he led her away unresisting.

It was only when the affianced lovers were far down the road and her former companion had retreated sheepishly out of sight, Lucy recovered from her confusion and surprise to rebel against this masterful authority to which she had been subjected; she tried to snatch her hand away.

"You were very rude just now!" she began, petulantly. "You've no right to take such liberties with me; time enough when I'm your wife, Sergeant Jim!"

Her voice was sweet and southern in accent, but for once its music smote harshly on Jim's ear.

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"I'm thinkin' there's twa opinions aboot that. An' I'm real sure o' ae thing—ye've nae richt ava tae tak' liberties wi' my hairt!"

The unusual brusque severity of his answer brought Lucy to glance at her lover timidly and in astonishment. She was so used all her life to having her own way, to being petted and allowed to believe everything she did was perfect, this new experience of rebuke nearly brought tears to her eyes. Then her emotion gave place to a blush of coquettish triumph.

"So Jim, you are jealous!" she laughed.

Jim's cheek whitened with suppressed rage.

"Jealous!" he repeated, contemptuously, "O' yon lad! I'm no a fule, Lucy. I ken fine, lassies will be lassies. I havena minded ye haeing your bit fling. But why sud ye hae telt me this forenoon ye were owre wearied tae meet me the nicht an' then gang gallivantin' wi' yon feckless lad ye havena kent twa weeks? No as ye wad be putten muckle up or doon gin ye kent him langer. Lucy, I'm shamed for ye!" broke off Lucy's lover passionately.

Poor Lucy's foolish pride was stung to the quick at his evident superiority to her thoughtless indiscretion. In her own innocent heart she could have confessed this evening walk had been but the impromptu outcome of a girlish desire for novelty and the flatteries of her whilom companion had proved too seductive to resist. But a sudden overpowering wish to crush her accuser with the fear of a possible rival over-ruled her better feelings, and the fact that this handsome Sergeant, in his tartan trews and scarlet doublet, held a fascination for her no other could ever equal.

"And how do you know Harry Leslie was not an old friend of mine in London, and you may have good cause to be jealous of him?" demanded she. "O," went on Lucy, warming to her ruthless falsehoods, "I should think I have been as well employed as you have to-night, for *I* have not been thanking Heaven like the Pharisee that I was made better than other people." She pulled her hand away now and stood apart panting.

"Lucy!" Jim's voice was low, tremulous with passion and pain. "I dinna ken gin ye're in earnest; but I'm thinkin' ye sud hae telt me this lang syne. I'm no wantin' ony lassie again' her will; an' nae lassie can loe a man tae say tae him what ye hae said tae me the noo. Ye ken hoo I loe ye, Lucy," and now there was a break in Jim's deep tones; then proudly he added with some spirit, "but *my* girl maun be *my* girl an' no ony ither man's as weel!"

"Then go and find her where you please!" cried Lucy, who was too much out of temper to know what she said or did. And so these two, who both were dearer to each other than either knew, walked apart, and no word was spoken between them until the miners' cottages and her father's house were reached and Lucy stopped at the gate.

"Good-night," she said, demurely, "and I hope when I see you next you'll not be so 'dour,' as you Scotch folk say."

Already she regretted the quarrel, but custom had never taught her to confess her faults, and Jim little guessed what deep feeling lay beneath her flippant speech. He had been waiting for some little word or glance of contrition from her to pave the way for his own ready pardon, but her seemingly callous indifference stung him to the quick

"Disappointment maks mony a douce man dour" was what he answered, curtly. To him that moment meant the end; the end of hope and happiness and all that made life worth living, and as Lucy lifted her blue eyes to her lover's pale face, some knowledge of the truth burst upon her. Yet much as she longed to entreat forgiveness, pride would not let the words come.

"Good-night," she said again. In place of her pretty lips she coyly proffered him her hand.

But Jim sought to claim neither it nor her kisses. "Guidbye," he said simply.

"O! well" she drew back flushing and offended, "if *you* don't care, *I* don't!" She flung from him; an instant later the little gate was shut in his face, and Jim turned from it, knowing it had closed upon his dearest treasure on earth; and out there in the chill night his hot heart broke.

II

A wild cry rent the air—a cry that was taken up and re-echoed again and again, as distracted men and women rushed hither and thither, to return, rooted with horror, to the pit's mouth, to join in the one wail of grief which rose anon: "My man's doon! Have ye seen my man? O! my lad, my lad; my puir, bonny lad!"—for the great underground reservoir in an abandoned colliery hard by had burst its bounds, and down there in the mine their beloved ones were battling with the wild waters, or perhaps already lying still and cold in the flood which had arisen and overtaken them, without warning, as they worked at their posts.

Lucy's mother was one of those whose worn steps haunted the pit-bank every time a relief cage went down or came up the shaft bringing with it fresh hope or deeper despair, for her old husband, so hale and hearty despite his seventy years, was yet among the missing, though some of his comrades who had escaped by means of clambering an air-shaft to the level, knew him to have been of their number.

And Lucy too, watched and waited, but tearless and motionless, in a corner of the engine-

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house. In those moments of anguish *her* thoughts were all for the man from whom she had last parted with a petulant untruth upon her lips, and whose forgiveness she longed for now more than life. What though along that fatal pit-bank there was soon to come another cry—a shout of joy from those few who were to have their dear ones restored to them after well-nigh abandoned hope? What though again and again she heard the tale which was to weave a wreath of glory around Sergeant Jim's name for all time? Of how he toiled, the bravest of the brave rescuers down in that living tomb; how his had been the eyes to seek and discern her aged father on a dip whither the old man had crept in despair to die; his the arms which had borne his burden hundreds of yards through torrent and falling debris to the bottom of the distant shaft where helping hands awaited. With Jim's hand locked in her own, what a glow of pride would have burned in Lucy's breast to know it was she this hero had chosen out of all women to honour with his love! How humble would have been her entreaty to be taken back into that great heart and sheltered for ever!

But there was no pride nor hope within her. Sergeant Jim was known to have returned to the flooded seam in answer to a cry for help. A sudden fall of roof had severed him from the band of helpers, and though the pumping-engine never ceased working, the water was rising, rising, till it began to be whispered all chance of reaching the men imprisoned there was futile. So Lucy sat on in her stony silence, refusing alike the comfort or food tender-hearted neighbours pressed upon her. "*He* has neither meat nor drink," she spoke once, "can I not fast with him *one* day?" O! but to look upon her lover's face again and know he had forgiven her, was the one prayer now which filled her heart. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" long years ago she had learnt at her mother's knee, but never until now had she realised the solemnity of that prophetic warning.

III.

And down there in that dark abyss of death who shall say an unseen Power was not working that her prayer might be answered, when Sergeant Jim, with no fear for self, but tender pity in his heart for her, pencilled his last farewell on a page torn from his note-book to place it within his lamp, that perchance some day it might reach unsullied the eyes of her he loved so well? For he knew the end was not far off; that the water which already surged about his shoulders must sweep him at length from the high level to which he had swum. And as a brave man meets death, though not desiring to die, he who had given his life so freely for his fellows, could prove true to the Gordons' glorious watch-word '*Bydand*' when he was called upon to pay the penalty of death himself.

And in her dark corner in the engine-house Lucy never moved, dead to sympathy or need of sustenance, conscious only of one thing, her resolve to wait there till Jim should be restored to her. In vain as the day wore on they besought her to return home, some with coaxing words, others with attempted force, but to one and all she had the same answer of grave persistence: "I am waiting for Jim."

As afternoon gave place to evening her thoughts wandered. She was walking with her lover through the harvest-fields, she was pulling to pieces a marguerite, murmuring shyly, "He loves me, he loves me not." In more lucid moments she would start up to cry out wildly, "Jim! Jim! I never meant it! Jim! come back to me!"

But Jim came not.

It was long afterwards they put into her hands a scrap of paper with writing all blurred and nigh indistinguishable upon it. It was the loving farewell Sergeant Jim had scrawled in the dark, water-bound seam, and as Lucy read the peace of happiness filled her heart.

"She"ll greet her fill the noo," those about her told each other, pitifully; but Lucy hid the sacred mission in her bosom and stood up with only the wild light of love in her eyes, "I must go to him!" she cried, "I heard him call me!"

They could not stay her: it was impossible to prevent that, as her feeble steps reached the doorway, they should be arrested by that burden which was being borne across the threshold. And Lucy turned and threw herself on her knees where they laid Sergeant Jim down and gazed with silent rapture on his face. A little scar was all that marred its passive beauty, and they had crossed his hands upon his breast where his medals and the little bronze 'For Valour' he had won on the battlefield, still gleamed from his sodden tunic. So serene he looked, he might have lain in sleep, and with no fear she put her arms about his neck and laid her lips on his. Then suddenly, at that chill touch, she started and clung to him closer. "I am coming, Jim," she moaned.

She had followed him into the dim Unknown to win his pardon there.

HAWKES BAY HIGHLAND SOCIETY, NEW ZEALAND.—At a largely attended meeting of this influential Society on 5th September, presided over by Chieftain Hector Mackenzie, it was unanimously decided, on the motion of Mr. W. L. Stuart, to protest against the proposal to deprive the Highland regiments of their distinctive tartans when on active service, and to send copies of the resolution to the Secretary for War, the Highland Society of London, and the *Celtic Monthly*.

MACKAYS AND MACKINTOSHES IN AMERICA.

The Mackays of Georgia, U.S.A.

[The following valuable paper relating to the early settlement of Highlanders in Georgia, U.S.A., was sent us by a lady of Mackay descent resident in that State. The MS. bears the following note:—"Colonel Charles Spalding's manuscript for Captain Kell's children, descendants of Mary Mackay."—Ed.]

NEARLY all the sons and brothers of Donald Mackay, fourth Baron Reay, of Scotland, came over to Georgia, when that Colony was planted by George II.

This nobleman only takes rank in the peerage as fourth Baron: but he could travel back as far as anyone through a long galaxy of martial ancestors, to Odo Mackay, who fell at Flodden, and through him to the leader of the four thousand Mackays of Strathnavern (as some census taker rates them). This may be an exaggeration, but we know a large part of the country which now gives his title to the Duke of Sutherland, was once called Lord Reay's country.

The Barons of Reay, at the period of the Civil Wars of England, were not wise in their generation; they stuck to the losing side, were stripped of their great estates, and passed many years in exile; so when General Oglethorpe came out to throw himself between the Spaniards and the Carolinas he gathered around him as many of the House of Reay as age and infirmity permitted to accompany him, making them his chosen counsellors: and no one can read the history of Georgia, without being made aware of the great service which they rendered.

When Oglethorpe, with very inadequate forces, had to contend against the Spanish Invasion of Georgia, two young officers particularly distinguished themselves, and were complimented in order and appointed Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Colonies. One was Stuart, who remained in America, and was for many years Superintendant of Indian affairs over a great extent of country, from the Georgia Settlements to the Mississippi River and the Gulf of Mexico; and let it be remembered to his honour in most affectionate remembrance, that he restrained the savages under his influence, as much as he could, from making war after their inhuman fashion, upon the defenceless inhabitants.* During the Revolutionary War he was kindly received at the British Posts.

This Colonel Stuart was, I have been told, the father of General Sir John Stuart who won the famous battle of Maida against great odds, over General Regnier in Italy.

The young officer, specially noticed, was Hugh Mackay, the last Lord Reay of that line, for he died childless. He returned to Europe with Oglethorpe, shared in the fortunes and in the obloquay which the Duke of Cumberland tried to fasten on his Chief, but survived to serve with distinction in the War with France in America. In a foot-note to Horace Walpole's account of the debate in the British Parliament on the repeal of the Stamp Act, we find this statement: "Lord North and George Grenville made excellent speeches, but nothing was uttered in the debate so effective as the speech of Col. Mackay, brother of Lord Reay, who spoke of his long acquaintance with the Americans: and declared they might be influenced by kindness, but could never be coerced by violence." (I quote this from memory)

It is singular that a work of such high authority as Burke's Peerage should contain several errors in regard to this Hugh Mackay, sixth Baron. I can only account for it by supposing that he succeeded George, fifth Baron, as last of his line.

The family of Mackay of Skibo, who succeeded to the title, had kept up very little intercourse with their cousins of the older branch, who lived much abroad.

Burke fixes the date of Hugh Mackay's birth later than it should be given, and again, he tells us that he died unmarried, which we in Georgia, descended from the kinsmen, know to be incorrect. Col. Mackay, before his accession to the title, married a widowed lady of the name of Montacute—if I may trust my memory—and after his death, which occurred towards the close of the last century (for he had lived to a great age), a son of Lady Reay, by her first marriage, came out to Georgia and disposed of certain lands which belonged to Lord Reay's estate. These lands must either have been saved from confiscation on account of the pleasant memory Hugh Mackay had left behind him: or have passed to him by inheritance from some of his kinsfolk; only this I know, that the property on the Island of Sapelo, on which I was born, was included in that sale. He died, however, childless, and the title went to another family, who seem to have taken very little trouble to trace the history of their predecessors. I doubt if the older branch are remembered anywhere outside of America.

In consequence of the frequent recurrence of family names among both the Mackays and Mackintoshes, the historians after the early days of Georgia have been led, in some instances, into error, as to the individual of whom they thought they were writing. Thus Hugh, Donald and James being frequent names with the first named

*See Bartram's Travels, who passed from Augusta into the Indian country.

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family, and John, Lachlan and William with the second, persons bearing those names have been sometimes confounded. My father, who was descended in the same degree from Mackay and M'Intosh—his grandmother being of one, and his grandfather of the other—and who dearly loved the land of the heather, found in his grandfather, William M'Intosh, eldest son of John More, one who delighted to instil into the retentive memory of his grandson, Highland traditions as well as personal recollections, and conflicts of the first colonists, among whom he came—an active youth of ten years of age—and thus I have come to know something more of the Mackays and Reays than is told by Georgia historians. There were Mackays among the Highland Colony at Darien, but the immediate family of which I am writing were closely attached to the person of General Oglethorpe, and resided usually at Fredrica.

At first Captain Hugh Mackay, the elder of that name, was directed to embody some of the most active of the Highlanders, and to open a road to Savannah, and also show some military preparations to the Indian tribes around, while John M'Intosh More, who had brought out the largest number of settlers, was disposing them on the lands allotted, and administering government on the Highland plan. Soon, however, Captain Mackay was withdrawn to other duties, and the government, civil and military, was vested in John More: and how well he discharged his duties, winning the affections of the Indians, making happy all around him, and finally giving his blood to the cause, and wasting his best years in a foreign prison (for he was only forty years old when taken crippled to Spain) is better known through tradition than history—for one unsympathetic writer, who foisted on the country a very partial history of the settlement of Georgia seems to have tried to conceal his very name. All impartial inquirers must see that to these two families, Mackay and M'Intosh, Oglethorpe was largely indebted for success in his desperate enterprises. The Colonists at Savannah, with many honourable exceptions, became refractory —the much-lauded and in fact generally meritorious German Protestants, refused for the most part, from religious scruples, to take arms for the common defence—and even the regiment organized expressly for this service, and which bore his name, was at times a menace, rather than a safeguard to the Colony, and some of its officers had to be court-martialed and degraded. (Fiat Justitia).

Bishop Stevens came to Savannah, I have been told, to practice medicine, but finding little opening in that way he sought very properly to make his bread by book-making, while he was studying for the ministry. He was not a Georgian and we may suppose entered on his task as a matter of business. He wielded a fluent, if not a very forcible pen, but he put it to a bad use when he undertook to depreciate honest Hugh M'Call, our first historian, with the view of advancing his own reputation.

Major Hugh M'Call was a gallant soldier who, although a mere boy, had drawn his sword in the Revolutionary War, and afterwards served in the Army of the United States until prostrated by paralysis. Government, at that time, made no provision for disabled officers, and the people of Savannah who loved and admired M'Call, created for him a sinecure by electing him an officer and allowing him a deputy to discharge the duties, and this office he retained to the day of his death. In the long years of enforced inactivity which succeeded, he found pleasure and occupation in recording all he knew of the history of Georgia. He did not have access to the colonial records then shelved in England, but he knew all the prominent Georgians of Revolutionary times, and some of the founders and fathers of the Colony. He had caught the colour of the times, and could place his actors intelligently on the stage—above all he shows throughout a generous nature, doing justice to enemy as well as friend, and exonerating some of the Royal officers, whom he found charged with offences foreign to their natures. I have read M'Call several times, and with relish, but I waded only once through Stevens first volume, and never opened his second. M'Call may not have scaled Parnassus, but Stevens never rises above Grubb Street. Let me say in conclusion that M'Call's second volume was published many years after the first. I think after his death, that there is some displacement among the pages, causing confusion in the narrative, but it is withall very racy.

Let us go back to the Mackays. I find it difficult to place, satisfactorily, Captain James Mackay, who commanded an independent company in the King's service on the frontiers of Virginia in the year 1754-55, and surrendered his command with Colonel George Washington, commanding the Virginia Provincials, at the Great Meadows, to a superior force of French and Indians.* Here we find the spirited young Virginian complaining to Governor Dinwiddie of the obstructions thrown in the way of officers of lower grade, but holding the King's commission, who refused to take orders from him. The Royal officers in the Colonies would never recognise the provincial militiamen, as they contemptuously called them, as belonging to their order.

(To be continued).

*See Spark's Writings, and Life of Washington, vol. 3

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HIGHLAND SCENERY AND CLIMATE IN RELATION TO NATIONAL MUSIC AND POETRY.

BY A. MACAONGHUIS.

(Continued from page 240.)

FURTHER, we believe that to the publication of Macpherson's translations must be traced—at any rate in considerable measure—the general and definite outburst of Nature poetry that began to show itself in the works of British poets, almost immediately after the translations were given to the world, and which culminated in a Scott, a Byron, a Wordsworth, a Tennyson, a Ruskin, and a Blackie.

So far as we know, there is nothing in literature—either ancient or modern—that so perfectly expresses the influence of scenery and climate on the poetic spirit as

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATIONS.

In this respect they are peculiarly and characteristically national. It is as if the translator, with true poetic genius, caught up and wove round his narrative the particular aspects of physical nature which have always appealed to the Celt, thus producing a creation of the mind weird and romantic, such as the Celtic imagination delights to feast on. How uniquely apt the following lines are in thought and expression as Celtic :—

"A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years. The murmur of thy streams, O Lora! brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged pines bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze."

And, again :—

"My soul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun appears in the West, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm; the green hills lift their dewy heads; the blue streams rejoice in the vale."

Who but a Celt could say :—

"It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds. Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Star of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! His bow near him unstrung: his dogs panting around him."

And yet :—

"Arise, winds of Autumn, arise; blow along the heather. Streams of the mountains roar! roar, tempests, in the groves of my oaks! Walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face at intervals! bring to my mind the night, when all my children fell; when Armidal the mighty fell; when Doura the lovely failed. Doura, my daughter, thou wert fair; fair as the moon on Jura; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale."

And is not the following a most striking expression of the Celtic mind in some of its moods :—

"Voices of echoing Cona! he said, O bards of other times! Ye, on whose souls the blue hosts of our fathers rise! Strike the harp in my hall; and let me hear the song. Pleasant is the joy of grief! it is like the shower of Spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf rears its green head. Sing on, O bards! to-morrow we lift the sail."

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

Let us now quote, as one of the finest expressions of Nature poetry perhaps in all the world's literature, Ossian's famous address to the orb of light, whose streaming beams have drawn so many beautiful sentiments from the Celtic mind—

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the Western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more; whither thy yellow hair flows on the Eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season, thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult thee, O sun! in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of the North is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

As the last of these illustrative quotations, which we are culling from "The Poems of Ossian" for "The Canterbury Poets," let us give the following expression of a natural and truly characteristic Celtic wish :—

"O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills! let the thick hazels be around, let the sound of the distant torrent be heard. Daughter of Toscar, take the harp and raise the lovely song of Selma; that sleep may overtake my soul in the midst of joy; that the dreams of my youth may return, and the days of the mighty Fingal."

But we must pass on, and, however reluctant, leave behind us the glorious Elysium of Celtic Nature poetry which the famous translations weave into being, like a divine creation of the soul. The next Gaelic poet we should refer to in our survey is

WILLIAM ROSS, OF GAIRLOCH.

(1762-1790). He was pre-eminently a Nature poet. He sang sweetly, and in true sympathy with the inspiration of his native Highlands.

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His "Song to Summer" is a masterpiece, all aglow with love for, and appreciation of, most that is attractive in the Highland summer. His shorter pieces, both those to his home country and to his *Beatrice*, the beautiful Miss Marion Ross, contain numerous Nature tit-bits of rare sweetness To him roaming at will amidst the glens and dales with his beloved, seemed the elysium of being, and this sentiment runs like a golden thread through all his poetry. Of him, indeed, we should perhaps say that, true to Celtic character he went to Nature with his grief—of which he carried a heavy burden, the result of a disappointment in love.

More masculine, and perhaps more vigorous was the contribution to Nature poetry by the great classical scholar and Gaelic poet

EWEN MACLACHLAN

(1775-1822). He contented himself with nothing less than a poem to each of the four seasons—Summer, Autumn, Winter, and Spring. He is in these essentially pretty much on the lines of such poetry as had been composed by Gaelic poets before him on certain of these subjects. But Highland Nature poetry is undoubted considerably enriched by his efforts. He was indeed a poet of Nature's own creation. Some of the finest verses in his elegy to Dr. James Beattie partake deeply of this sentiment, and in his shorter pieces he is particularly felicitous in his weaving of Celtic humanity and what it takes to in Nature, into one grand, gladsome, poetic conception. Here is a well-known specimen of his masterly efforts in this direction:—

"'N uair thig samhradh nan neòinean
A chòmhdach nam bruach,
'S gach eòinean 's a' chrò-choill'
A' ceòl leis a' chuaich,
Bi 'dh mise gu h-éibhinn
A' lèumnaich 's a' ruaig,
Fo dhlù-mheuraibh sgàileach,
A' manran ri m' luaidh."

which means—

"When Summer bespangles
The landscape with flowers,
While the thrush and the cuckoo
Sing soft from the bowers,
Through the wood-shaded windings
With Bella I'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love."

We have now exhausted the principal Gaelic poets, and we do not propose to dwell by any means long on the fugitive poetry of the Highlands, sacred or secular, which is very voluminous, and very beautiful withal. It may not, indeed, be too much to say that, in tenderness, in simplicity and perfect naturalness, some of these lighter compositions of the Highlands are among the finest popular effusions of any country in the world. Many of them were composed by people who spent a large portion of their time on shielings, in the dewy glens, or on the rolling sea, and accordingly in constant and direct touch with the breath and bosom of great Nature here, there, and everywhere.

Little now remains to be added to what we have said as to the ever-present and pronounced influence of scenery and climate on the

POETRY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

We hope we have shown that much of what must be regarded as the Nature poetry of the Scottish Highlands owes its inspiration, and its peculiarly weird and romantic individuality, to the scenic and climatic conditions of the country. Generally speaking, Highland poetry has originated largely with two principal sentiments—the love for country and the love for person (including of course the sexual affections). The former has expressed itself in a thousand various ways, when called forth by occasion, such as war, emigration, or death; in any of which circumstances the Highlander's feeling for Nature is not only one of appreciation but also one of yearning love. There has always been, more or less, that outstanding difference between the typical Highlander and his Lowland or more Saxonic neighbour.

THE SAXON AND THE GAEL.

The Highlander cannot without a pang cut himself adrift from the scenes and associations of his everyday being. He does not exist merely in his surroundings; he takes them into his heart, and they become a part of his living selfhood. It is not in his nature to fly lightly from an old self to a new; his is rather the desire to let his yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow be the same continuous round of the well-known faces and things that have grown with him and in him—all which undoubtedly comes from his superabundance of highly strung sensibility. In regard to the sentiment of the affections, the Highlander, again, weaves Nature round his feelings in the most charming manner that could be conceived; one grand and ennobling effect of which is that

HIGHLAND LOVE-SONGS

are perhaps the purest toned of the kind in all the world. The Highlander's beloved is a flower among flowers, beautiful as the morning sun in May, and radiant as the summer, smiling in the bowery glens.

One remark more: in the various expressions of Highland poetry we have, there is a characteristic ruggedness—an unevenness of construction—distinctly noticeable; but this is directly the result of the scenery and climate of the country, which from time to time present so many different pictures to the eye, and breathe so many different sounds in the ear.

(Concluded.)

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year. 4s.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

NOVEMBER, 1902.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are reminded that the Annual Subscription (4s. post free), was due last month, and should be remitted at once to the Editor, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Readers in Canada and the United States may send a Dollar Note, which is value on this side for the above sum.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Volume X. can now be had, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt lettering, for 7/6 post free. Volumes VI., VII., VIII., and IX. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 per volume. Apply, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The grand Scottish Concert which this Society provides each winter, takes place in the Queen's Hall, London, W., on Thursday, 20th November, and will undoubtedly attract a vast audience. The Committee have shown praiseworthy enterprise in arranging with the celebrated St. Columba Gaelic Choir to appear, who as the pioneers of Gaelic choral singing, will doubtless receive an enthusiastic reception. A magnificent programme has been prepared, particulars of which will be found elsewhere in this issue.

MACPHERSONS AND CAMPBELLS.—Mr. Dugald Macpherson, Cour, Glanworth, P.O., Ontario, Canada, is anxious to trace out his relatives on this side, and asks us to print the following information. His father, the late Duncan Macpherson, informed him that his great-great-grandfather left a farm called Scorabeg in Badenoch, and settled in Argyllshire, where he married Mary Campbell. Should this notice catch the eye of any descendants of the family Mr. Macpherson will be pleased to hear from them, either direct or through the *Celtic*.

"RARITIES" IN CAITHNESS AND STRATHNAVER.

IN a curious old map of the North coast which we have in our possession, published in 1777 for the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh, a most interesting catalogue of "rarities" in each county is given. We take the liberty of quoting a few of these, as doubtless what were considered "rarities" at that period may be looked upon as very commonplace in these prosaic days.

"At Noss Head there is a quarry where the likeness of beasts and flowers seem to be drawn upon the stones with some yellow substance like gold-leaf. In several places in Caithness there's a grey stone which burns as bright as a candle, without having its figure changed by the fire. On the south-east part of Stroma Island there's a vault where dead bodies are preserved, uncorrupted, without any preparation. Some of them have been lying there these three score years and are still entire. In the Water of Thurso there has been caught in a morning with two or three draughts of a net, two thousand five hundred and some odd scores of salmon."

So much for Caithness curiosities; the Mackay country was no less interesting to the members of this "Geometrical Survey" 130 years ago.

Reference is first made to the ancient sculptured stone in Farr Churchyard, and "about a quarter of a mile to the west of this there is a rock, the stone of which is of a pure, bright white, thought by some persons of skill to be alabaster. Near Durness there's a well, the water of which continues fresh and pure for twelve months after being taken from the spring. At Sandwit [Sandwood in Scourie, we presume.—Ed.] there's a wood of hazels, about four inches in height, and none of them near so thick as a goose quill, bearing nuts regularly every season. In Island Handa there's a little loch of water of which whitens and washes linnens as well without, as any other water with soap, of which an old man in the island gave us many instances. Several of the rocks and islands about Durness are marble."

In the light of the more accurate information which we now possess, especially in geological matters, it is easy correcting a number of errors in the above statements. The marble in Durness is doubtless nothing more than gneiss, of which great masses may be seen in the islands in Loch Eriboll. The alabaster of Farr is probably explained in the same way. Durness has just received a new water supply; it is to be hoped the remarkable well has been tapped for the purpose. We never heard of it in Durness! Robert Dick of Thurso, the famous geologist, showed that Noss Head had no monopoly of geological wonders. He found likenesses of beasts, fish and plants all over Caithness. His collection is a marvel of industry.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN, LTD., Aberdeen, have just issued a most interesting souvenir of the gallant Gordons, who have now arrived in Glasgow. It is in the form of a pendant or charm, full particulars of which will be found in our advertising pages.

HISTORIANS AND THE BAGPIPES.

BY K. N. MACDONALD, M.D.,
Editor, *The Gesto Collection of Gaelic Music.*

THERE is a considerable resemblance between general history and hotch-potch. Both are of a mixty-maxty nature, and both are apt to be spoiled by cantankerous cooks. The historical cook boils down to suit his own idiosyncrasy, and the vegetable cook feels on safe ground so long as a sufficient number of ingredients are deposited in the mixture to give it a complex nature. The much abused bagpipe has suffered for long in this way through the ignorance and

Stupidity of Historians

who knew little or nothing about it, and neither appreciated nor understood its music. One would think that Mr. W. L. Manson's splendid work on "The Great Highland Bagpipe"* published last year, had settled many vexed questions in this connection, but it seems not so. The blind are still leading the blind, and "no wonder both go wrong."

In perusing Skene's "Highlanders of Scotland" (second edition) lately, I found on page 141 the following:—"The Bagpipe, the origin of which is altogether unknown, although from the character of the music there is greater probability in supposing it an ancient instrument of the Highlanders, than of foreign introduction." To this the editor, in his antagonistic "excursus" remarks, "'Origin unknown'; that is not so. It came to Scotland in the 14th century and reached the Highlands in the 16th century." That's putting down the foot with a vengeance. Both are wrong, but Skene is nearer the truth. He had a great genius for history and could take a large view of his subject. He neither expected angels to come down from Heaven to verify all his statements, nor to find all subjects ready cut and carved for him by some ancient historian more ignorant than himself. The reason given for the statement that the bagpipe did not arrive in the Highlands until the 16th century is because John Major, writing in 1521, does not mention it among Highland musical instruments, but that George Buchanan, writing fifty years later, does mention it as being used by the Highlanders

"For War Purposes."

This is no reason at all for coming to such a dogmatic conclusion. If it shows anything it indicates that Buchanan was the better historian of the two, and as has often happened in other human affairs the pupil outstripped the master. John Major, the Scotch divine and historian, was born near North Berwick in 1469, was educated in Paris, where as a doctor of the Sorbonne, he taught theology for about 15 years. In 1519 he became Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews, and again went to Paris, and finally returned to St. Andrews, where he spent the last twenty years of his life. These wanderings and teaching of theology would have prevented his knowing much about the Highlands. He probably knew very little about the bagpipe, or if he did, perhaps he did not like the instrument, or he may have thought with the Germans that it was only a "dudel sack," not a musical instrument, and it does not at all necessarily follow that because he does not mention it, it did not exist. George Buchanan, his pupil, was on the other hand, a greater historian, and from the different appointments he held, and being a Royal tutor, he moved more about the country, and having got some training in historical research, he had better opportunities than Major had, but in reality if neither of them had mentioned it it would have made very little difference, as in these days people's minds were too much occupied with civil strife and ecclesiastical matters to pay much attention to the Highlands. However, if one can rely upon a modern historian, and an ecclesiastic also*—we find that the bagpipes were played at the battle between the Clans Quhale and Chattan on the North Inch of Perth in 1390, long before Master John Major was born! This fact clearly indicates that if it were played on such a public occasion in 1390, it must have been known to the Highlanders many generations before then. It could not have risen out of the ground to suit the

Combatants at the Inch of Perth.

It would be much nearer the mark to say that it was in all human probability used in the Highlands in the 12th century and earlier. We are not justified in squirming at the non-existence of the bagpipe simply because a certain historian had not noticed it. The Rev. James Mackenzie, the historian just referred to, in his "History of Scotland" (2nd edition) published in 1894, p. 195 says:—"The Inch of Perth, beautiful green meadow beside that fair city, was the scene in "snow beard's" time (Robert III., who had a long flowing beard of snowy whiteness) of a proceeding very illustrative at once of the spirit of the age, and the state of the country. Two Highland clans, the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay, had long been at deadly feud, and their strife filled the whole district with slaughter and confusion. It was agreed to refer the dispute to the judgment of battle, a space was railed in for the

*Can be had at *Celtic Monthly* Office, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow, for 10/6; now out of print and scarce.

*Kay.

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combat, which was fought in presence of the King and a great assemblage of the nobles. Sixty Highlanders—thirty from each clan—stalked into the barriers *to the sound of their great war pipes*"—the *dos mòr* must have been on by this time.

Why did John Major not mention this fact? Because he probably knew nothing at all about it, or if he did he purposely omitted to mention a historical fact. Now the Rev. James MacKenzie's history is one much recommended to schools for teaching the history of Scotland to the rising generation, and is therefore an undoubted authority. The same authority says that at the battle of Harlaw, in 1411, the Highland host came down "with pibrochs *deafening* to hear." It may be asked here who was his authority? I give his own words for not quoting authorities. In his preface he remarks, "Wishing to avoid what might have seemed an affectation of learning, the writer has refrained from loading his pages with references to authorities. He *has not*, however, ploughed with *any man's heifer*, but has gone to the sources of our history for himself." To any doubters we would strongly recommend a similar course. Whatever our preconceived notions may be, we cannot doubt the Rev. Mr. MacKenzie's statements without a laborious search into the records from which he culled his information. The Clan Menzies, moreover, mention that their clan had their pipes with them at the

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

in 1314, and played by one of the MacIntyres, their hereditary pipers, and that these pipes, or a portion of them are still in existence. There are also said to be MacDonald pipes in existence, which consist of a chanter and blow-pipe only, which were played before the MacDonalds at Bannockburn. Sir Walter Scott represents the men of the Isles as charging to the sound of the bagpipe, and David MacDonald, the bard, writing in 1838, in a poem on the battle, says that when the bards began to encourage the clans the pipers began to blow their pipes, and went so far into particulars as to say that the Macdonalds and others gathered from Skye, Uist, Knoydart, Glengarry, Keppoch, Barisdale, and Glencoe for the occasion. Besides the above there are numerous stories, facts and traditions to show that the bagpipe must have been known in very early times in Scotland. That the instrument was used among the Romans is indisputable, and that the

ROMANS INVADED BRITAIN

and took their pipes with them, is equally indisputable. About A D. 100 Aristides Quintilianus writes that the bagpipe was known in the Highlands of Scotland in his day. Of course it may be said who was his authority for saying so; but it may equally be replied what proof is there to show that he did not know, or why should he have made the assertion at all? In the 6th century the bagpipe is mentioned by Procopius, a Greek historian, as the instrument of the Roman infantry, the trumpet being that of the cavalry.

About A.D. 1118 Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian, mentions the pipes as Welsh and Irish, but not as Scottish (we would like to ask here if Giraldus C. had ever been round the point of Ardnamurchan), though they may have been in use long before his day. "The Complaynt of Scotland," written by Lindsay of the Mount in 1548, states that the instrument was a favourite with the Scottish peasantry "from the *earliest periods*." Another authority says it was in use in Scotland and Wales about the end of the 12th century, and Pennant, in his tour, was told that it was mentioned in the oldest Northern songs as the "soeck-pipe." In or about 1870, a stone was dug from the ground near Beness on which was sculptured a party of Roman soldiers on the march. They were

DRESSED IN SHORT KILTS,

and one was playing the bagpipe. The instrument was very similar to those of the present day except that the drones were shorter. This in itself should go far to prove to the sceptical that the Romans who left the sculptured stone must have had their pipes along with them. Then again there is the tradition in the Roman Catholic Church to the effect that the shepherds who first saw the infant Jesus in the stable at Bethlehem expressed their gladness by playing on the bagpipes, and the same tradition says that the Virgin Mary was fond of the pipes, and the Calabrian pipers up to the present day play their pipes opposite statues of the Virgin on appropriate occasions. These Church traditions must have some truth in them. Theocritus, the Greek poet, who was a native of Syracuse, and lived in the third century B.C., mentions the pipes in his pastorals, and the ancient terracotta excavated at Tarsus by Mr. W. Burchhardt, and supposed to date from 200 B.C., represents a piper with a wind instrument with vertical rows of reed-pipes firmly attached to him. The instrument has also been found sculptured at ancient Nineveh, and it is well known that in the processions of one of the most ancient forms of worship, a piper always led the assembly.

The representation on Nero's coin in the British Museum resembles more a wind organ than a bagpipe, but those writers who call the instrument on which Nero played a flute, with a bladder under the performer's arm, came nearer the description of the bagpipe. However, Nero

could not have considered it a great honour to play the pipes, for on hearing of the last revolt which cost him his throne and his life, he vowed solemnly that if the gods would but extricate him from his troubles he would play in public on the bagpipes as a sort of penance or thank-offering. So it is quite possible that it was the pipes, and not the fiddle that Nero played while Rome was burning.

There is more known about

THE HARP

than of the bagpipe in early times in the Highlands, but there may be a reason for this. The harp suited the bards who possessed all the records and history of those times; and it is well known that they did not view the pipes with favour, so ignored it for a long time. The harp is frequently mentioned in the Ossianic poems, but not the pipes. The antipathy of the early bards to the pipes can be readily understood. They had always been the acknowledged inspired leaders of the people, inciting the clans to battle with their war verses, thus giving them an authority and position that they could not brook to see undermined by the growing influence of the pipers.

LACHLAN MOR MACMHUIRICH,

or Vurich, who accompanied Donald, Lord of the Isles, at the Battle of Harlaw in 1411, recited his great poem on that occasion to animate the Macdonald warriors. If, together with this, "the Highland host came down with pibrochs deafening to hear," we cannot wonder at the MacMhuirich being a little jealous. One member of this family, Neil MacMhuirich, was disgusted at the growing popularity of the pipes, and composed some verses descriptive of the bagpipe and its lineage, which we would not be at all inclined to accept as authoritative. Duncan Ban MacIntyre also in a poem entitled "Hugh the Piper," in which he described the piper's musical efforts as resembling the cries of ducks, geese, and pigs, was evidently written in a fit of the spleen. Such a modern bard, however, could hardly have disliked the pipes in reality, for one of his best poems, *Ben Dorain*, he composed to a pibroch, and divided it into eight parts corresponding to the variations of the pibroch. We have often listened to an old shepherd recite and sing this famous poem from beginning to end, part of it as quick as he could articulate, without the slightest hesitation or mistake on his part; not a bad feat for an illiterate person. The poem extends to 554 lines. I doubt if there is any one now living who can do the same.

There is another aspect of the case which may be interesting to admirers of "the great Highland bagpipe," historians, and psychologists. The late Mr. John Leech, the inimitable caricaturist of Punch, was a passionate

ADMIRER OF THE PIPES,

and wrote in favour of its antiquity, and could, I believe, play a little upon it. The question may here be asked why should a genius like this see beauty in the music of an instrument which is a *terra incognita* to most outsiders. Similarly we may ask why should undoubted geniuses in other walks of literature believe in the poems of Ossian? The only explanation I can offer is that they were possessed of intellectual gifts of a far-seeing nature beyond the powers of the vulgar herd to fathom, embracing an understanding that at once separated the wheat from the chaff.

A famous piper informs me that he can see beauty in the music of various countries, and admires so called "classical music," but his opinion is that outsiders who reject the pipes as a semi-barbarous instrument, have got *no souls!* How far this may be true it is difficult to determine, but I am inclined so far to believe that they want twopence in the shilling. The "Lament for the Harp Tree," and Donald Mòr MacCrimmon's "Lament for Donald Dugald Mackay," "Mackintosh's Lament," and several other pibrochs, are as "classical" as any of Beethoven's or Mozart's works, and in proof of that no one at the present day, or in the past few generations, have been able to come near them.

Now, what inference are we, as impartial observers, to draw from all the above-mentioned records? Are we not justified in concluding that the bagpipe is an exceedingly

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENT,

not only on the continents of Europe and Asia, but also in the Highlands, and that it must have existed long in these parts before it was noticed by historians. Why should we carp at the existence of a thing because we don't find complete evidence of it, cut and carved for us by others? There is much in history we must believe from early tradition, as the early historians must have culled most of their information first from oral tradition, and then reasoning from that, and facts observed by themselves and the contemplation of probabilities, built up their histories. We are not justified in rejecting the existence of things because one or two noted people omit to mention them. On the contrary, it is only by taking a comprehensive view of all the circumstances we can at all approach the accuracy of truth.

In history, as in all human affairs, when facts, doubts, and probabilities, are mixed up together, great common sense and judgment are required

to hit the happy medium with approximation to accuracy. In this respect Skene showed great judgment as a rule, and he was not far off the mark when he said that the

ORIGIN OF THE BAGPIPES

in the Highlands was "altogether unknown." It can never now be known for certain whether it came over with the original inhabitants or not, but that it is older than many allow I have not the slightest doubt. At any rate, we must not rush to the conclusion that it arrived only in the 16th century, as it must have existed for a long time in a more or less imperfect state before it forced itself to the front in full blown order.

I would like to ask any historian, for instance, the following question:—"How long did the Romans remain in their large camp on the banks of the Teith, near Callander, and did they have their bagpipes along with them?" The outline of the camp shows it to have been a very large one, and must have taken a considerable time to make, and I should imagine must have been held for a long time, as a check to the wild men of the North. During this occupation the natives about would have opportunities of hearing them play upon their pipes, and in divers ways would probably try to get a hold of them, even from curiosity, if they did not already possess them. It is not at all unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the pipes were known in the Highlands from at least that period, if not long before. Their not having been mentioned by Ossian, or during the Scandinavian invasions, is of little consequence, as they had not then superceded the bards, nor for a long time after, and the harp being so much better suited to the bards' effusions, and for domestic music, evidently suited the times and circumstances. Reasoning from the

SCULPTURED STONE

found at Bo'ness it supports the veracity of the Greek historian, Procopius, who wrote in the 6th century that the bagpipe was the instrument of the Roman infantry, why then should we reject the statement made by Aristides Quintilianus in the 1st century that the bagpipe was then known in the Highlands of Scotland?

Mr. W. L Manson in his excellent work on the bagpipe, already alluded to, makes the following very pertinent remarks:—"The early history of the Celts affords abundant room for controversy, and the origin of the pipes, their introduction into, or evolution in, the Highlands, will always be debatable matter. The weight of evidence, however, goes to show that the pipes, and pipe music, are far more likely to have been evolved out of the life of the Highland people, than from any other country. The fact that the instrument is not mentioned in early Scottish history is *no proof* that it did not exist.* . . . . Only a fraction of Scottish history has been preserved. It used to be the fashion to decry everything local to Scotland, and our clans even traced to Norman and Norwegian sources. That time, however, is past, and now Highlanders pride themselves on an ancestry which, however far back it is traced, is *still* Scottish. So with the pipes. They have been in Scotland from *all time*, and it is in Scotland that they have been brought to the highest degree of perfection," and there they shall remain.

*See W. L. Manson's history of the "Great Highland Bagpipe," 1901, and Rev. Jas. MacKenzie's "History of Scotland," 1894.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY—The opening meeting of the session was held in Edinburgh on 16th October, Mr. John Mackay, S.S.C, President, in the chair. The President gave an interesting description of the recent delightful Clan tour in the Reay country, referring to the various gatherings that were held, as well as the visit to the new crofting settlement on Strathnaver. A large number of photographs taken during the tour were exhibited. Mr. John Mackay, Hon. Secretary, read a paper on the Mackays of Georgia, United States, representatives of the Reay and Strathy families, who do not figure in the Clan genealogies. These were said to have been distinguished soldiers. One of them was an intimate friend of Washington, and was buried in the Washington family tomb at Mount Vernon. (See pages 26-7 of this issue).

THE CLAN MACKINNON SOCIETY have just commenced the work of the session. The Ladies Guild have rendered invaluable service in supplying clothing and kindred comforts to the poor of the clan. It is suggested that something should be done by the Society to repair the broken tombstone in Kilchom, Skye, which covers the remains of Iain Dubh MacKinnon, the hero of the clan, whose exploit gave the clan their crest.

THE CLAN GREGOR met in Edinburgh recently and voted over £70 for bursaries to promising youths of the clan The Macgregors have one of the most successful of all the Societies, and in addition to publishing two handsome volumes on the clan history, they do splendid work in carrying out their educational and charitable objects.

THE GLASGOW INVERNESS-SHIRE GATHERING, which takes place in the St. Andrew's Hall, on 7th Nov., under the presidency of Lord Lovat, D.S.O., promises to be one of the most stirring events of the season. A large attendance is already assured, and the gallant chief of the Clan Fraser, who so patriotically raised and led the famous Lovat Scouts, will not readily forget the heartiness of the welcome which he will receive from his countrymen in Glasgow.

"THE LITERATURE OF THE CELT," by Professor Magnus Maclean, M.A., D.Sc., has just been published, and is a valuable contribution to Celtic study. It can be had, price 8/- post free, at the *Celtic Monthly* Office, Glasgow.

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THE MUSIC OF THE BURNS.

I HEAR a constant singing,
To my heart 'tis ever clinging,
The singing, the ringing,
The rythm of the burns.
And it's O! the heather's blooming,
On the brae the laverock's crooning
His love song to the running
And the music of the burns.

The wild cascade is tumbling,
And the grey worn rocks are rumbling
With the force of rushing waters
In the burn:
Where the cushat dove is calling,
And the trail of mosses falling
Hides the home of wee brown otters
In the burn.

I hear a constant singing,
To my heart 'tis ever clinging,
The singing, the ringing,
The rythm of the burns.
And it's up the lark is winging
Her way to Heaven, bringing
God's message in her singing,
To the music of the burns.

The mist is slowly rising,
A gossamer surprising,
Shot with golden threads of sunlight
From the burn.
And the tiny wren is hovering
O'er her nest, the fern is covering,
By the primrose and the eyebright,
Near the burn.

I hear a constant singing,
To my heart 'tis ever clinging,
The singing, the ringing,
The rythm of the burn.
Sure, the angelus is ringing,
From the blue harebell upspringing,
Like the child divine was singing
To the music of the burns.

O! the purple lights adorning
The golden hills of morning,
The gloria of Nature,
From the burns.
There spray of diamonds tossing
Where the angel feet are crossing,
In their wondrous grace and stature,
O'er the burns.

I hear a constant singing,
To my heart 'tis ever clinging,
The singing, the ringing,
The rythm of the burns.
O! my thoughts are ever flowing,
And my steps would fain be going
Where the heather bells are growing,
To the music of the burns.

Mine eyes with tears are glistening,
For my heart is ever listening
To the words that God is whispering,
In the burns.
We may follow meekly gleaning
The depths of hidden meaning
In the soul's divinest dreaming,
To the music of the burns.

I hear a constant singing,
To my heart 'tis ever clinging,
The singing, the ringing,
The rythm of the burns.
It's O! my heart is aching,
For the dawn of day is breaking,
The Lochaber hills awaking,
To the music of the burns.

ALICE C. MACDONELL.
Of Keppoch.

London.

O MY LOVE IS ON THE LADDIE.

(THA MO RUN AIR A' GHILLE.)

(Translated from the Gaelic of Catherine Munn.)

THIS Song was composed by Catherine Munn, daughter of Hugh Munn, tide-waiter, Tobermory. She died in Mull, 3rd June, 1860, aged sixty-five years. It is generally understood that the song was composed about 1820, the hero of the song being Captain John Campbell, Killundine, Morven. This property was afterwards sold to Col. Cheape and in this family it still remains.

The Song will be found in "*Coisir-Chiuil*," p. 44, "*An t-Oranaiche*," p. 190, and "*The Gaelic Bards from 1715 to 1765*," by the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, p. 169.

The latter of the following two verses supplied by Mr. Carmichael is not to be found in either of the above-named works.

Moire 'se mo ghaol am fiuran,
Mach a teaghlach Bhothionndain (Chilliondain
Sealgair feidh am beinn a' bhuiridh,
'S eilid luth nan luath chas.

Naile 's e mo ghradh an t-oigear,
Aig am bheil a phearsa bhoidheach,
Fhir 'chul-dualaich orbhuidh,
'S fiamh an rois 'ad ghruaidhean.

In an article published by Dr. Keith N. MacDonald in the *Oban Times* of October 26th, 1901, in speaking of the air, he says, "At the close of the interesting and instructive Pan-Celtic Congress in Dublin in August, 1901, the president of the Congress, Lord Castleton, invited several of the delegates to the Congress to Donevaile Court, his country seat in the County of Cork. Five branches of Celts were represented there—Breton, Welsh, Manx, Irish and Albau Celts. At this delightful party songs of the five different dialects of the Celtic were sung and played. Among them was "Tha mo rùn air a' ghille." "That," said a Breton present, "is a Breton air," and he sang a verse of a song to the same air in his native dialect. He further remarked that his old uncle had the whole song and that it was considered very ancient. It is interesting to know that this beautiful air is known in Brittany as well as in the Highlands of Scotland, probably the common heritage of the Gael. Now the

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interesting question here is when did it come to Scotland, prior to or within historic times? The fact of its having been a well known and popular air in the Highlands of Scotland over 200 years ago shows that it had nothing to do with the '45 period. On the other hand it is very unlikely that the Bretons imported it from the Highlands of Scotland. The most likely solution is that it was brought over from Gaul by the early Celts, and probably long before Cæsar's Invasion of Great Britain. It might have been three or ten thousand years ago or more, but whatever the time may have been the air of "Tha mo run air a' ghille" in all human probability came over with the original inhabitants of Great Britain, so that the least age I can claim for it is something more than 200 years."

The air of the song in question is taken from a song of the same name composed about the year 1600.

CHORUS.—

O my love is on the laddie
With the bonnet blue and plaidie,
Manly form and step so steady,
From the braes of Morven.

Leal for him my love is burning,
Sair my heart is fondly yearning,
For to see him home returning
To the braes of Morven.

Alone I muse in summer gloaming,
While my thoughts are fondly roaming
To the lad I fain were coming
Home to bonnie Morven.

Though shades his brow the scarlet feather,*
Far from Scotia's hills of heather,
Blythe I'd roam with him together†
Through the glens of Morven.

From Killundine's‡ line descended,
Race who ne'er to foeman bended,
When in strife the steel contended
On the braes of Morven.

Hunters of the deer in corrie,
Race renowned in song and story,
In the clansmen's day of glory,
On the braes of Morven.

Though thy purse be filled but sparely,*
Brightly burns the love sincerely,
That I gave to thee so early,
Lad from streamy Morven.†

Thy cheek the hue of rose at morning,
Golden locks thy brow adorning,
Lad for whom my heart is yearning,
On the braes of Morven.

Though my kin each day upbraid me,
Call thee fickle, false, unsteady,
Blythely would I wed the laddie
From the braes of Morven.

Though my festal days‡ are coming,
Still my heart is in the gloaming,
For the lad I love is roaming
Far from bonnie Morven.

I little dreamed his love so tender
Clung by thread so frail and slender,
Or indifferent soon he'd wander
Far from streamy Morven.

---

*The Forty-second or "Black Watch" is the only Highland Regiment that has a scarlet feather (hackle) in its bonnet. "Going under the feathers" is a term often used in Gaelic poetry to denote enlisting in a Highland Regiment. "Dh' fhalbh mo cheud ghaol fo na h-itean." *Ille Dhuinn.*

†"'S mi gu 'n siubhladh leat thar m' eolais,
Ged tha 'n cota ruadh ort."

Prior to the repeal of the Act of Parliament forbidding the wearing of the Highland garb it was considered by the Highlanders a disgrace to enlist in the British Service, and anyone violating this sentiment or unwritten social law, found but small favour from his friends and kin, and was generally ostracised by them on his return.

‡"Ian Saor a tha mi 'g aireamh,
Bho 'n 's e chuamh a' ghruag dhiom."

The hero of the song seems to have been John Campbell of Killundine, situate on the Sound of Mull, in the romantic Parish of Morven. In all the printed versions of the song the name "Ian Saor" is written "Ian saor" the editor evidently not knowing that the word "Saor" is a surname and not an adjective.

*The most of the printed versions of this song read—

"Ged tha blath na bric' ad aodann,
Cha do lughdaich sud mo ghaol ort'"

but in Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair's work, above alluded to, it is as follows:—

"Ged a tha do phocaid aotrom,
Cha do lughdich sud mo ghaol ort."

†The Parish of Morven is noted for its beautiful mountain streams and glens. *Beinn nan Struthan*, viz. The Mountain of Streams, a hill or mountain 876 feet high, is situate about a mile south-east of Killundine.

‡"Tha 'n Nollaig a' tigh 'n as ur oirn."

New Year is the great festal day of the Highlanders, although Christmas is also observed.

Ohio, U.S.A. DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

MACLEAN, LORD OF DOWART.

DEAR SIR,—In the *Celtic Monthly* for August (p.211) it is said that Dubh-aith who killed Sir Lachlan Mòr Maclean of Dowart was a "Fairy Man." Now we know from history that "Dubh-aith" was an honourable name both in Lochaber and Colonsay long before the battle of Loch Gruinart was dreamed of, so that the Dubh-aith, or Dwarf, who played such a conspicuous part at Gruinart was no more a "Fairy Man" than the writer of this article.

In 1504 Lachlan Cattanach Maclean was Lord of Dowart. He was married to Lady Elizabeth Campbell (The Lady of the Rock). In 1530 Hector Maclean was Lord of Dowart; in 1579 Sir Lachlan Mòr Maclean was Lord of Dowart. It was when Angus Macdonald of Islay was returning from Skye that he called at Dowart Castle and was made captive by Maclean. When, or by whom, was the last Angus Macdonald of Islay knighted? Compare this note with the page referred to.

Forland, Islay. Yours, etc., JOHN CAMPBELL.

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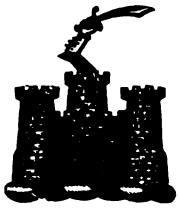
The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XIII.—The MacDonalds.



AS might be expected this powerful clan has associated with it a large amount of Martial Music, so much in fact that it had best be dealt with as the various tunes group themselves round the several branches of the great *Clann Dòmhnuill*. It may be here remarked that the hereditary pipers of the Clan were the MacArthurs who had a perpetual gift of the farm of Peingowen, near Duntulm Castle, Skye. They kept a college of music at which many famous pipers were educated. In this chapter we shall confine ourselves to the Martial Music of

The Macdonells of Keppoch.

The March of the Keppochs is "*Spaidsearachd Alasdair Charaich*"—the March of Alexander I. of Keppoch, to the first battle of Inverlochy in 1432. It will be found in General Thomason's "*Ceòl Mór*." The Gathering of the clan is "*An tarbh breac, dearg*"—The Red Brindled Bull. This tune is said to have been composed by Ranald, son of Allan òg—better known as *Mac 'ic Dhùghaill* or MacDonald of Morar. He was an accomplished musician and could play on several instruments. He was also noted for his strength. On one occasion he had to visit *Mac-Dhònuill Duibh* (Lochiel) on business at Achnacarry. When nearing that place a wild bull came foaming towards him and his servant, and Ranald concluding that the infuriated animal had been let loose in order to attack him, he decided to stand his ground. Seizing the bull by the horns he twisted them both off and did not content himself till he had killed the animal. To commemorate the incident he composed the tune which became the Gathering of the Keppochs.

'Se 'n tarbh breac dearg,
'Se 'n tarbh breac dearg,
'Se 'n tarbh breac dearg, a mharbh mi.

The family *Cumha* or Lament is called *Cumha na Peathar*"—The Sister's Lament. It will be found in D. MacDonald's "Ancient Martial Music of Caledonia." The tragic incident which forms the subject is well known to the student of

From Original Drawing by] THE SECOND BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY, 1645. *[The late Lockhart Boyle.*

ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF ARGYLL.

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Highland history. About 1663 is the date ascribed to this tragedy. It may be briefly stated as follows:—Donald, twelfth chief of that ilk, who fought with Montrose at Inverlochy, died, leaving two sons, Alexander and Ranald, who were then at school at France. They returned home full of hope as to the future improvements they were to make on their estates and among their people. On a certain day they had their uncle's seven sons dining with them, and Ranald offered to one of his cousins the present of a pretty French cap he had. The other, pretending to be insulted, drew his dirk and stabbed him, His brother rushed to his aid and he also was slain. They had one sister, and she was not too well pleased at the gathering which had taken place. She left the youths to their amusements and went out to consult her brother poet, Iain Lom. On her return she found her two brothers foully slain while the wretches who had done the deed had escaped. Iain Lom made a vow to have the murderers brought to justice, and despite of many obstacles he accomplished his gruesome task.* He also composed a poem on the event entitled "Mort na Ceapach." The sister of the deceased Keppoch composed a Lament called "Cumha Nighean Mhic Raonuill."† Another Keppoch Lament is known as "*A Cheapach na fàsach* by Iain Lom, the air of which appears in Patrick MacDonald's "Collection of Highland Vocal Airs," 1784. Another well-known pipe tune is "*Latha na Maoile Ruaidh*"—the Battle of Mulroy. This battle was fought in 1688 between Coll, Chief of Keppoch, and Mackintosh of Mackintosh, assisted by two companies of Government troops under Mackenzie of Suddie. Keppoch was victorious, Mackenzie was killed, and Mackintosh taken prisoner. This was the last clan battle fought in the Highlands. It is said that the Mackintosh piper played the following defiance:—

Thàinig na cait! thàinig na cait!
Thàinig, thàinig, thàinig iad,
Thàinig na cait loma, luath
'S i 'n droch uair 'n uair thàinig iad!
Thàinig na cait, thàinig iad.
Thàinig, thàinig thàinig iad;
Thàinig na cait 'thogail nan creach,
'Bhualadh nan creach thàinig iad!

To this Donald Mor Campbell, piper to Coll of Keppoch struck up—

'Chlann Domhnuill an fhraoich,
'Mhuinntir mo ghaoil
Luchd nan cas caol
Thugaibh am bruthach dhiu!
'Chlann Dòmhnuill an fhraoich,
'Mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Luchd nan cas caol,
Cumamid riu siud!

'Chlann Dòmhnuill an fhraoich,
'Mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Luchd nan cas caol,
Cuiribh 'nan siubhal iad!
Muinntir a' chàil,
Muinntir a' chail,
Muinntir a' chàil
'S an t-sàr bhrudhaiste.

The hereditary pipers of the Keppochs were a sept of Campbells called Mac-a-Ghlasraichs. The last of these played at Culloden, and soon after the family emigrated to Prince Edward's Island, where I believe a descendant of the Culloden piper now resides, and has the set of pipes which led the clan to battle in 1745.

Martial Music of the Munros.

Mr. D. MacDougall, York, writes:—"The Chief of the Munros was killed at the Battle of Falkirk. I think he was an officer in the Royal Army; however, he was opposed to Prince Charles. On the following day after the battle when they were burying the dead some one recognised the body of Munro of Fowlis, and with deep sorrow all the Highland chiefs in the Prince's Army gathered round it, and had it removed to a place suitable to receive the remains of a Highland chief, and had it interred with the respect and honour due to such. Six pipers went before the remains playing "Cumha Fear Fhaulis"—Lament for the Laird of Fowlis.

Archibald Munro was piper to MacDonell of Glengarry. He composed Glengarry's Lament —"Cumha Mhic 'ic Alisdair." Ailean Dall refers to him in one of his songs thus:—"'Caismeachd 'o mheoir Ghilleasbuig, a dheanadh a chuairt moch is feasgar." When Glengarry's wife was being interred, they had a long way to walk; the remains were carried shoulder high, and Munro the piper was playing before the cortage. He got out of wind and had to rest; during the rest Glengarry came to him and remarked that he thought that he had a piper; this so touched Munro that he blew up the pipes at once and kept at them until he outplayed himself, and he was never the same man again. Munro was a native of the mainland of Ross-shire, somewhere opposite the Skye shore. He was a contemporary of Angus Mackay, the Queen's piper, and had his first piobaireachd teaching from Angus Mackay's father, in Mackay's house at *Caisteal Maoil*. Munro always stuck to an old-fashioned set of pipes that belonged to himself. Glengarry would have given him the handsomest set of pipes in Scotland, but the tone of them would not suit Archibald's ear. He competed at Inverness and other places and won prizes. On one occasion the stewards and judges took compassion on him, owing to the ancient look of his old bagpipe, and offered him one of a number of sets that they had in playing order, ready

*See "Loyal Lochaber" p. 90-91.
†See MacPherson's "*Duanaire*" p. 22.

should any mishap happen to any of the competitors' pipes who had come a long way to compete. Munro thanked them kindly, but declined to compete with the modern set, and greatly astonished them when they heard his deft fingers on his own old sticks.

When her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, was in Oban, Archibald Munro and his brother William, who also was a good piper, played a piobaireachd on the one set of pipes, that is—one of the brothers took the pipes under his arm, supplied the wind and fed the reeds as required from the bag with his arm, and with his fingers covered and manipulated the upper holes of the chanter, while the other manipulated the lower holes of the chanter. In this manner the two brothers played some grand old piobairachd on the street, outside the Caledonian Hotel, to which Her late Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family were listening with pleasure inside the hotel. Munro died in Oban and is buried in the old Oban churchyard. It should be borne in mind, at the time that Munro was in his prime that pipers and piping were not much thought of in the Highlands, nor their company much sought after. I have a good recollection of William Munro, and of hearing him playing the pipes. I would have seen Archibald also, but I have no recollection of him.

MOD PRIZE POEM.

THE following poem by Mr. Neil Ross, Glendale, was awarded the first prize for "the best original and unpublished Gaelic poem, not exceeding 100 lines, on the 'Bagpipe,'" at the Comunn Gaidhealach Mòd held last month at Dundee.

A' PHIOB-MHOR.

AIR FONN—"*An Dubh-ghleannach.*"

Buan gu robh conaltradh ciatach
Air a' cheòl is uaisle diarras;
Broenuchadh blasda nam briathran
Dùisgeadh fonn gu seinn mar dh' iarrta
Siùnnsair nam pong fuaimneach fialaidh,
Ceòl nam beann nach caill a bhreaghad,
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann,
Ho ro ghealladh na cò 'chuireadh i,
Trom orra 'seinn!

Chluinnte cuis-aoibhneis nan àrmunn
Mòrchuis nan ùrlaran stàtail,
Suaicheantas buaireasach Ghàidheal
'Dol le faoilt gu raontan bàsmhor,
Fuaim nan sgiath is toirm na h-àr-fhaich,
'S loinnir nan lann liomhta stàiliunn
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

B' annsa leam inntleachd is deasachadh
Ealdhain nam mèur lùghmhor spreigearra,
'Laimhseachadh nan ùrlar leadarra
'S a pronnadh nan siùbhlaichean greasanta;
B' àluinn sùrd a chrùnluaitheis eireachdail
Mar eunlaith nan crann le fonn a ceilearadh,
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

Inneal cheannsalach na mòrchuis
Sgeadaichte fo shlioda sròlach;
Greadhnachas nam bréid a seòladh
Torman dhos air ghleusadh òrdail—
Nualan binn a seirm an còmhail
Canntaireachd an t-siùnnsair cheòlmhòir,
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

B' fhonnmhor beadradh binn do sheanachais
Anns na caisteil thriathach ainmeil,
Lùchairtean ri taobh na fairge,
Liùth le aois nach caochail aimsir;
Fàilte nan ceann-feadhna foirmeil
Air gach mùr fo neòil an ana-moich,
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

Rogha-ciùil nan cuiridh cròdha,
Culaidh-ùigh nan aosmhor breòite;
Dhùisgeadh i le gean a sòlais
Subhachas an cliabh na h-òigridh:
Mosglair aignidhean an dòlais,
Le caismeachd nan cumhachan brònach,
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

Cianail muladach an tùirse
Leis an tog do phoncan drùiteach,
Tuireadh bròin le dream na h-iùnndrain
Airson bàs an càirdean mùirneach;
Caoidh nam marbh a dhùin an sùilean
Trom 's a chadal bhuan gun dùsgadh,
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

'S minic a dh' ùraich t-ùrlar dòchas
Dhìobarach ro-sgìth air fògradh,
'Fulang fuadain cuain, is dòruinn
Choilltean fiadhaich cian gun sòlas—
Eilthirich bho ghlinn an òige
Chuimhnicheadh air Tìr nam mòr-bheann,
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

'S tric a chualas nualan allamhor',
Sgal nam buadh ri uair a gharbh-chath,
Uamhasach an gleachd nan armailt,
Diarras nan laoch lùthmhor meanmach,—
Chluinnte do ghuth fuaimneach farbhais
'Brosnuchadh gaisge na h-Albainn;
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

Ghluaiseadh t-aighear fhonnmhor chaithream-
Beòthalachd nan dannsair ealanta, [ach
'Nuair a chruinnicheadh òigridh cheanalta—
Cuirm, is ceòl, is còmhradh carthannach;
Snuadh nam mìlidh, grinn mar leannain leo
'Cosnadh crìdh' nan rìbhinn meal-shuileach.
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

Buaidh air a' luchd-ealadhain chùirteil,
Piobairean cinneadail dùthchail,
Aig an cluinnear eagnuidh mùirneach
Eòlas a' chiùil-mhòir gun mhùthadh,
Sealbh nam buadh, is dìleab ùrail
Sìnnsearachd nan triath 's nam fiùran.
'S i 'phiob-chogaidh a bh' ann, etc.

"DOS-MOR."

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THE EIGHT MEN OF MOIDART.

"The king has come to Moidart bay,
And mony bagpipes blaw that;
And Caledon has white cockade,
And gude claymore may shaw yet."

THE Prince has come! Such were the joyful tidings which resounded through the hills of Moidart when the French frigate "La Doutelle" sailed into Moidart Bay carrying with her Scotland's rightful heir and the few devoted followers who had accompanied the Prince from France to the land of his sires. It was on his arrival at Moidart that the gentlemen who had accompanied him from France in the exuberance of their joy danced a reel which was ever afterwards known as the "Reel of the Eight Men of Moidart." It is an incident which is overlooked in most of our histories of the '45, but one which richly deserves mention, for it indicates the true Jacobite spirit which prevailed amongst the Highlanders of that day, and also shows us what a right hearty welcome was accorded "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in the Highlands.

"Welcome Charlie, o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain;
Welcome to your throne again,
O, welcome Royal Charlie."

It is generally supposed that the following were the gentlemen who danced the reel, viz.—

1. William Murray, Marquis of Tullibardine, or as he was called by the Jacobites, Duke of Athole, from being the eldest son of the preceding Duke. The Marquis had been attained for the part he took in the Rising of 1715; and the title and estates were, in consequence of his attainder, now enjoyed by his immediate younger brother.

2. Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris and brother to Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart. Æneas afterwards fell into the hands of the Redcoats and was guillotined.

3. Sir John Macdonald, a nephew of the Earl of Antrim, and an officer in the Spanish service.

4. Captain O'Sullivan, afterwards Colonel. He was an Irishman and an officer in the French service.

5. Rev. George Kelly, an Irish Episcopal clergyman.

6. Colonel Strickland, an English gentleman.

7. Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had been the Prince's tutor.

8. There is some doubt as to whom the eighth person was, but it is surmised that it was the Prince himself, or a Mr. Buchanan, who had been employed by Cardinal Tencin and Duncan Campbell, formerly a servant of old Lochiel at Boulogne, who was hired for this expedition, for the purpose, as he informs us, of descrying the "Long Isle." Buchanan was also ex-steward to Æneas Macdonald.

The following is the music of the Reel, for which I am much indebted to Mr. David Glen, Edinburgh.

THE EIGHT MEN OF MOIDART.

KEY. F. *Reel Time.*

.d'	d,d.d	:	s.d	m.d	:	d'	
	r.ta	:	f.ta	r.r	:	r.	
.d'	d,d.d	:	s.d	m.d	:	d'	
	s	:	f.r	m.d	:	d	*Da Capo.*
.s	d'.t	:	d'.s	d'.t	:	d'.s	
	ta.l	:	ta.f	r	:	ta.	
.s	d'.t	:	d'.s	d'.t	:	d'.s	
	ta	:	f.r	m.d	:	d.	
.s	d,d'.-	:	d'.s	d,d'.-	:	d',s.-	
.s	ta.ta	:	ta.f	r,r.-	:	ta.	
.d'	d,d.d	:	s.d	m.d	:	d'.	
	s	:	f.r	m.d	:	d	

Though "Bonnie Charlie's noo awa" we still like to read the romantic history of the '45, and to sing those sweet songs which are associated with that episode which had its ending on Drummossie's dark moor.

ANNETTA CAMPBELL WHYTE

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACLEAN OF DOCHGARROCH.

SIR,—Owing to my being away from home, at South Shields, and the *Celtic* only having reached me yesterday, I am unable to reply fully to Mr. Mackay's letter in this month's number, but with your permission hope to do so in a future issue. I may mention, however, that I have just received a letter from one of your York readers, from which I quote the following—"The MacLeans of Lochbuie were connected through marriage with the house of Dunollie. A daughter of MacDougall, of MacDougall, was married to Hugh MacLean, of Lochbuie. MacLean of that ilk, commonly known in Highland History as "Eóghan a' chinn bhig," Ewin, or Hugh of the little head." Now, the MacLeans of Dochgarroch claim their descent from Lochbuie. If the above is correct, it corroberates my view previously expressed that other clans could only have obtained the use of the MacDougall emblems by marriage.

Yours truly,

ALEX. MACDOUGALL, JR.

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CAPTAIN CHARLES A. H. MACLEAN.

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Mrs CHARLES A. H. MACLEAN.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 3 Vol. XI.] *DECEMBER, 1902.* [Price Threepence.

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. H. MACLEAN, OF PENNYCROSS.

THE Macleans of Pennycross are descended from the Lords of Duart, chiefs of the clan, through John Dubh, second son of the first Hector Mòr of that ilk. They have always occupied a prominent position in Clan Gillean, many of the members of the family taking naturally to the profession of arms, in which several attained great distinction.

The present head of the house of Pennycross, Captain Chas. Alex. Hugh Maclean, of the 93rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, worthily maintains the martial traditions of his race. He received his education in Edinburgh and various parts of the Continent. In 1893 he joined the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, Canada, serving also in Quebec and Montreal. Two years later he was transferred to the British Army, proceeding to India to join the 93rd Highlanders. Here he saw service in the Tirah Campaign and received the medal and clasp. Last year he was appointed adjutant of the Stirlingshire Volunteers.

In June, 1897, he married Miss Maclaine of Lochbuie, a lady well known in the Highlands, and who, not only on account of her ancient lineage, but because of her kindly disposition and amiable personal qualities, was ever a welcome visitor to many a humble dwelling in her native Island of Mull. By this marriage the two sides of the house were united. His son, Alasdair Gillean Lorne, was born 30th April, 1901.

On 31st October, in the absence of his chief, Col. Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean of Duart, Bart., C.B., Captain Maclean occupied the chair at the Annual Social Gathering of the clan, and delivered a stirring address, in which he advocated the cultivation of a closer bond between the clansmen at home and those in distant lands, by the formation abroad of branches of the parent association.

A short sketch of the history of the family may doubtless interest many readers. The facts are given at considerable length in Prof. J. P. Maclean's "History of the Clan Maclean" and the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair's "Clan Gillean," to which authorities those interested in the subject can refer for fuller details. As already mentioned the Macleans of Pennycross trace their descent from the chief's family through the house of Morvern. From Hector Mòr we trace seven generations, and reach Dr. Alex. Maclean, who married in 1760 Una, daughter of Alex. MacGillivray of Pennyghael, and was succeeded by his son Archibald, second of Pennycross. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant of the county, and Major of the Argyllshire Fencibles. He married Alicia Maclean of Torren, and had nine sons and three daughters. Most of the sons distinguished themselves in the army, one of whom carried the colours of the 79th Highlanders at Waterloo. Archibald died Feby., 17th, 1830, and was succeeded by III. Alexander, who was born May 3rd, 1791; married Charlotte Brodie Maclean of Elrick; died March 8th, 1876. IV. Archibald John, born 6th March, 1843, was educated at Edinburgh, and followed mercantile pursuits; was a D.L. and J.P. for Argyll. In 1868 he married Isabella Alexandrina Simon, a lady of great beauty and sound judgment, whose memory is still revered by a large circle of friends in the Western Highlands. Pennycross was one of the handsomest men in Scotland, and a typical specimen of the Highland laird, speaking the Gaelic language fluently, and generous to a degree. He was proud of his clan and everything that pertained to it, and took a keen interest in the work of the clan association. On his decease the chiefship devolved upon the present popular head of the family, V. Captain Charles A. H. Maclean, of Pennycross, to whom we have already referred.

When so many of the heads of the old families take a deep personal interest in the welfare of the Clan Maclean Association, we need not wonder that it has achieved such a large measure of success.

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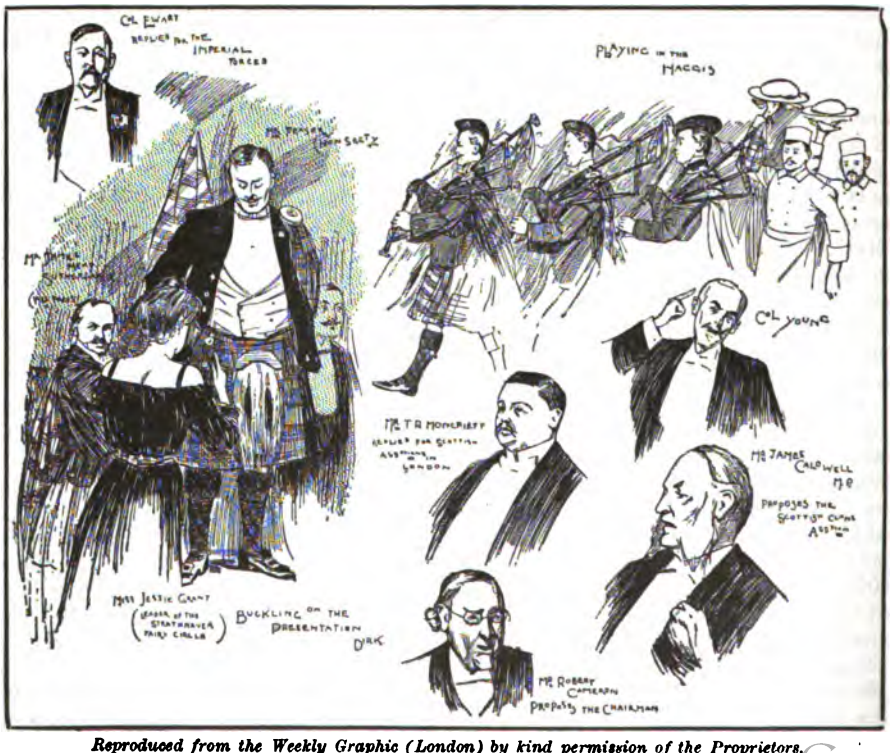
SCOTTISH CLANS' ASSOCIATION OF LONDON—RECENT GATHERINGS.

THIS energetic young Association has been shewing signs of the activity for which it is becoming famous. Readers will remember our describing in our issue of February last the arrangements made by the Association for a great Scottish concert in the Royal Albert Hall, London, in aid of Scottish Charities. This concert resulted in a clear profit of £200, which was divided equally between The Royal Scottish Corporation and The Royal Caledonian Asylum Schools.

The Association hope in a few years to be able to undertake a similar concert at that large hall on behalf of the same Charities. They feel, however, that as the result of so large an undertaking involving an expenditure of over £500, is largely dependent on weather and similar circumstances beyond their control, they will be acting prudently if they defer a similar effort until they have built up the funds of the Association to such an extent as will enable them to face the risks incident to such a concert with less anxiety than so young an Association can do at present, and they yet hope that even pending this period of preparation they may be able to make substantial grants to Scottish Charities, the support of which they consider one of their chief aims.

The Association hope that their next "Burns' Nicht" concert, which will be held at the Queen's Hall, London, on Saturday, 24th January, 1903, will materially strengthen the Association's financial position, and the Association is confident that as they collected an audience of over 8,000 persons for their last Burns' concert they will easily fill to overflowing the Queen's Hall, which holds some 3,000 persons. Every Scot will wish the concert may prove a great success.

The Association have meanwhile been shewing activity in other ways. On the 1st November there was a great gathering of the members and friends of the Association at their Annual Banquet in the Crown Room, Holborn Restaurant, London. The Hall was prettily decorated with Scottish tartans and banners, and the ornamented Highland Ram's Heads on the tables and the various tartans worn by numbers of the 150 ladies and gentlemen present, contributed to the brilliance of the gathering. The banquet had special interest this year as it was made the occasion of two presentations—one, a Scottish Ram's Head, presented by the Association as a tribute of esteem to Mr. Alexander C. Mackenzie, who has been Chief of the Association since its formation, and who now retires from that office in consequence of his having married and gone to reside in Yorkshire—and the other, a beautifully chased and engraved Dirk and Belt and Sgian Dubh (made by Mr. R. W. Forsyth, Renfield Street, Glasgow, the well-known Highland Accoutrement Maker), presented by the Association to their worthy Hon. Secretary, Mr. William MacKenzie Fraser, as a token of their appreciation of the untiring energy with which he has devoted himself to the Association's affairs since its formation.



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THE SCOTTISH CLANS' ASSOCIATION DINNER.

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Mr. A. C. MacKenzie. Dr. MacLeod.

Miss Gertrude Stocks
(Strathnaver Fairy Circle Leader.)

The two presentations took place amid enthusiastic applause, which was doubled when Miss Jessie Grant (the leader of the Scottish Branch of the Strathnaver Fairy Circle) proceeded to buckle the Dirk and Belt on Mr. Fraser. Our illustrations depict these and other incidents.

The toasts included, besides the usual loyal toasts, "The Imperial Forces" proposed by the Rev. Archd. Fleming, and replied to by Colonel Ewart. "Mr. Mackenzie, the retiring Chief," proposed by Dr. W. Aitken MacLeod, the present Chief. "The Scottish Clans' Association of London," proposed by Mr. J. Caldwell, M.P., and replied to by Mr. James Mead Sutherland, Vice-President. Other appropriate toasts followed.

On the 12th November the Association held its Annual "Gathering of the Clans" in the Crown Room, Holborn Viaduct, London. It was a gathering of a social and musical nature, and there must have been over 500 members and friends present, many of them in Highland dress. The hall was again prettily decorated with tartans and flags, and an excellent programme was submitted.

During the evening heather sprays were distributed by the Strathnaver Fairy Circle, of whom over 100 were present, and short speeches were made by the Chief (Dr. W. Aitken MacLeod), Colonel Young and Mr. James Mead Sutherland (who read a letter from Lord Knollys, conveying the King's thanks to the members of the Association for their expressions of loyalty conveyed to him after the banquet, and His Majesty's appreciation of their congratulations on his restoration to health; and who also conveyed to the assemblage the assurances of H.R.H. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and the Duke of Argyll, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, that they would give their patronage, and if possible their presence, to the 1903 Burns' concert).

On the 19th November the Association gathered in good numbers at their Headquarters at the Royal Scottish Corporation Hall, when Mr. J. M. Sutherland described the events of 1715 and 1745, and read some interesting notes of a Derbyshire gentleman (Mr. J. Osborne), embodying records of that period compiled by an ancestor living in that locality. Mr. Sutherland exhibited some old claymores and other antiquarian relics relating to the period.

The Association are also preparing to spend Hogmanay Nicht, 31st December, at their Annual Ball, at the King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. This event attracted so much attention last year that is certain to be well attended on this occasion.

BARON-BAILIE COURT OF LUDE.

II.

THE Court of the barronny of luid halden upon the ground theirof the sexth day of Junii the yeir of god Javy and twentie twa (1622) yeirs be Alexr. Stewart of bonskeid, bailyie to Alexr. Robertsone, heretable propriater of the said barronny, James Morgan, noter clark, and Thomas M'Inas officere. The suitis callit and the Court lawlie fensit and affirmet.

(N.B.—No Sederunt or Assize has been recorded in connection with the following minute of the Court's proceedings).

Qlk day It is statuit and ordanet that qt-sa-ever he be that beis apprehendit in plucking and eating thair nybors (neighbours) pes (peas) sall incur the panis following, viz; ilk houshaldere of qtsaevir degree he be of fourtie schillings of unlaw to ye laird of the ground, and to the awner of the pes XX sch. Ilk servand mane womane boy or lass the lyke soume (sum) and barenes (bairns) the lyk *toties quoties*, and the houshalders to be anarable for thair servandis bairnes and famellies and to be poyndit for thair transgresionnis.

And also It is statute and ordanet that Ilk vobster (weaver) within the haill ground apperteining to the laird of luid sall wirk the haill wark apperteining to laird of lude his awn hous (his wyf payand theirfoir sick resonable payment as effeiris) beffore ony utheris in the ground or without the samen and keip na roume yeiron quhen they ar imployit yeirto under the paine of fyve pundis of unlaw *toties quoties*.

In lyk mannere It is statute and ordanet that all guidis (bestial) that beis apprehendit wtin the bigit dykis and haining of bracach (enclosed land) sall incur the panis folowing, viz, Ilk hors ox cow young or auld tua shillings monie Scotis to the awnere and for ilk sheip aucht penyis, And to the pundlare (poinder) for ilk hors cow and ox young and auld aucht penyis and for ilk sheip four penyis *toties quoties* but prejudice (without reference to) of the comprysit cornis.

Mairovre It is statute and ordanit that ilk tennent and occupear wtin the barronny of luid sall be

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astented be yir pnt (present) act to pay thair teynd mailis baith for personage and vicerage conforme to thair occupationn to the laird of the ground or his factors in his name termlie at Whitsonday and mertemes yeirlie preceislie under the pain of doubling yeirof *toties quoties*.

Item that ilk ane within the ground foirsaid big thair common dykis sufficientlie in due tyme, to wit, four or fyve dayis efter the puting of the guidis to the schealis (hill grazings) under the paine of the tynsall (loss) of the skaith they incur thair throu, and fourtie shillingis of unlaw to the laird of the ground *toties quoties*. And inquhais (in whose) default the said dykis beis unbigit to pay thair nybors skaith they sustein for not biging the samen by and attour the painis foirsaid.

It is statute and ordanet qtsumever persone sall happin to tak the hyid (hide) aff ane deid hors or mear (nocht being his awin) wtin the boundis apperteining to the laird of luid sall gif the samen hyid to the lairdis stodhird (?) for payment of ane pair of new schone (shoes). And gif it be fund oot quqn giffis not the samen hyid in due tyme sall be persewit for the pryce of the said hors or mear young or auld.

Item mair It is state and ordanet that quhatsaever persone sall happin to tak out thair guidis but (without) leichence (licence) they being apprehendit in cornis or hainet girs and ethere inclosit in hous or pundfald sall pay ane unlaw to the laird of the ground of fyve punds monie Scotis *toties quoties*, and XX sch. to the apprehenders awners of the cornies or hainet girs (saved grass). But preiudice of the payment of the skaith of the eatin cornis.

Item that nane within the ground slay murefoulis within the lairds bounds under the paine of ten punds mnie Scotis *toties quoties* without leichence of the laird himself.

Jacobus Morgan, scriba curiae.

The Court of the baronie of luid halden upone the ground yeir of the twelt day of December 1622. Be Alexander Stewart of bonakeid, bailyie to ye foirsaid Alexr. Rtson of luid, James Morgan noter clark and Thomas M'Inas officere, the suitis callit and the Court laulie fensit and affirmet.

The Assyis

Alexr. robertsone of Tenendrie.
Jhone Stewart of Sheirglas.
Jhone robertsone of Lattaich.
Charles robertsone of Achleiks.
Alexr. Stewart of Urrardbeg.
Alexr. Makintoshe of tereynie.
Will. Stewart of Urrardmore.
Jhone butter younger in Petlochrie.
Williame Stewart in Innerlanie.
David M'Innas in lemense (?)
Will Cuthberd in Petnacrie.
Alexr. robertsone of Achrurie
Finlay Cuthberd in Achnahyill.

Qlk day Williame Stewart in Innerslanie becumis actiounn canr (cautioner) and lau borruis for Alexr. M'Innas vc in nyler (fiddler) in Monzeis that he nor nane quhome he mey slep or eat sall not trouble nor molest on naewayis Williame Makowne in tereynie himself his wyf bairnes servands femielie in thaire bodies guids and gere but be order of law and justice, under the paine of ane hundred merkis monie Scotis, And the said Alexr. binds and oblests him his aires etc To warrand his said canr (cautioner) of the said canrie (cautionry).

Qlk day It is statuit and ordanet that quhatsaevere they be that sall cut any tymere (timber) within the ground but (without) leichence of the laird yeirof sall pay the unlawis folowing, viz, for aik (oak) ten punds fore aishin (ash) tymere ten punds fore birk and alrons (arn, or elder) as falowis, the birk 6 libs and alronn 6 libs *toties quoties*. And also that nane cut the granes of the said tymere under the paines foresaid. And mairovre that quhatsaevre they be that persue not for compryait cornis within the space of thrie yeiris eftere the skaith and comprysing yeirof sall not be hard (heard) yeireftere.

James Morgan, Scriba curiae.

The court the baronie of Lude haldin upon the ground yeirof the first day of merche 1624, Be Alexr. Stewart of bonakeid Bailyie to Alexander Robertson heretable proprieter of the said Baronie of Lude. James Morgan noter clark and Thomas MakInas officere.

Absentis

Jhone Makfargus vc. allaster vc. homas in Monzies findlay Cuthberd in Petnacrie.
Alexr. Makfargus in Monzies, decernis ilk ane of thir absentis in ane unlaw of X sch. for not compeirance.

The Assyis

Alexr. Stewart off Urrardbeg.
Jhone Stewart of Sheirglas.
Alexr. Makenyzie in Urgullbeg.
Patrick Robertsone in blairfeitie.
Alexr. Stewart in Innerslanie.
Donald Robertsone in Kilchangie.
Alexr. Robertsone in Blairfeitie.
John Makintoshe in little lude.
James Robertson in Achleantie (?)
Will. Cuthberd in petnacrie.
David M'Inas in lemais (?)
Jhone Robertsone of Clune.
Alexr. Stewart of Stragarie.

Qlk day it is statuit and ordanet that quqnsaevre within the ground sall brak ony of thair nyboris flaik fauldis sall pay ane unlaw of fyve pundis *toties quoties* (by and attour the skaith of the awner of the fauld.)

And also It is statuit and ordanet that ilk maister within the ground that haldis cotters sall be anarable for thair wrangis and skaiths they do to thair nyboris in thair cornis keall elding (fuel) guids and gere and gif the saidis cotters beis caucght in doing wrang or skaith foirsaid thair saidis maisters to pay ane unlaw of ten punds to ye laird of the ground *toties quoties* by and attour the repairationis of the skaith to the pairtie damnafer (sustaining the loss.)

Jacobus Morgan, scriba curiae.

Logierait. A. MELDRUM, F.S.A., Scot.

MACGREGORS AND COLQUHOUNS.—I am requested by a subscriber to mention that with regard to the feuds between the Colquhouns aud Macgregors described in the *Celtic Monthly*, vol. X. p. 151, readers may be referred to the other side of the story in the *Celtic Monthly* of July, 1897, p. 199, and in the August number, 1897.

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Lady MacKintosh of the "45."

AMONGST the heroines who were associated with the rising of 1745 Flora Macdonald and Lady MacKintosh are pre-eminent. Not only the clans to which they belonged, but the race have reason to be proud of them. At the time of the rising they both had to play different parts, but they acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of the best traditions of their sex. Both suffered misrepresentation and calumny from those who knew them not. But that soon passed away, and 150 years have not weakened their hold on our affections. It is of Lady MacKintosh I would write.

Ann Farquharson was a daughter of John Farquharson of Invercauld, the Chief of that branch of Clan Chattan. The Farquharsons were a brave clan whom we find assisting the MacKintoshes, from whom they originally sprang, in many of their expeditions against numerous foes. They were staunch Jacobites, fought under Borlum in the rising of 1715, and their chief, after acquitting himself bravely, was taken prisoner at Preston. Ann, as might be expected, was imbued with the sentiments of her family, and when she married Angus, XXII. Chief of the Clan MacKintosh, on the 14th January, 1741, at the age of twenty-one, she found herself amongst people quite as loyal to the Stuarts as the Highlanders of Braemar.

Her husband, before the Prince landed in Scotland, raised and commanded a company of men for the Hanoverian Government, and from policy, more than from loyalty, remained on that side until the rising was quelled. That he was a Jacobite at heart, and seriously thought of changing sides, is evident from his letter to Cluny, who by the Prince's command, dated 1st October, 1745, attempted to raise MacKintosh's Badenoch men.

"Dear Sir,—As I am determined to command my own people and to run the same fate with them, having yesterday received a letter from the Prince, and another from the Duke of Atholl, I hope, notwithstanding the order you got from the Prince, you will not offer to meddle with any of my men, as we are both designed on the same errand. I am resolved to maintain the rank due to my family, and if you think proper to accept the next rank to me you will be very welcome." . . .

When his lady set about raising the clan we do not find him making any endeavour to stop her, and doubtless he was well pleased with her zeal in the cause to which he himself was seemingly opposed.

While the Prince was on his way to England Lady MacKintosh sent the Fiery Cross through the dales of Strathnairn and Strathdearn, and all the branches of Clan Chattan responded heartily. The muster took place at Farr, and her selection of officers was judicious and far-seeing. She appointed Alexander MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, who had seen service abroad, to the chief command, Gillies MacBean of Kinchyle second, and Angus and William MacKintosh of Farr third and fourth, all of whom fell afterwards at Culloden, leaving behind them names that shall long be remembered for prowess and valour.

When the Prince returned to Scotland, the MacKintoshes, about 500 in number, joined him at Stirling, and to them were there added 300 Farquharsons, forming altogether a regiment of 800 men. Lady MacKintosh's chosen leader, MacGillivray, received the rank of Colonel. At the battle of Falkirk, 17th January, 1746, the

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STONE OF THE SWORDS

On which the MacGillivrays sharpened their claymores on the way to Culloden.

MacKintoshes, Farquharsons, and MacPhersons fought side by side in the centre of the front line. After that battle the Prince retired to the North, and on Sunday, the 16th of February, arrived with a few attendants at Moy Hall. There he was hospitably received by Lady MacKintosh. In the Prince's household book it is stated that the supper she gave the Prince and his retinue "was exceedingly genteel and plentiful;" and entries in the MacKintosh's book include "5 quarters of white Riban" which was, likely, made into cockades. But while gracefully acting the hostess, she did not forget to take measures to guard against a surprise. She sent Donald Fraser, a doughty blacksmith, and five other men on whom she could rely to watch the road between Inverness and Moy. There were Hanoverian troops in Inverness, and also clans who supported the Hanoverian Government. Lord Loudon was there with 1700 men, eager to distinguish himself, and he was kept well informed of the Prince's movements by the Grants of Strathspey and others. On the very day on which the Prince arrived at Moy, Loudon heard that he was there, and promptly made arrangements for a surprise. Having placed sentinels round the town to prevent any Jacobite from giving the alarm, he waited until nightfall, and then went forth with 1500 men. The night was dark, with frequent flashes of lightning. MacLeod of MacLeod was amongst those in front, with his trusty piper MacCrimmon (who played when they were leaving Dunvegan the prophetic Lament that shall ever be associated with his name "Cha till mi tullidh"), by his side. When they reached Faillie Bridge, the blacksmith and his men who were there watching, fell back unobserved, and stationed themselves among some peat stacks beside the road near the Pass of Crag-nan-eoin. Silently the 1500 marched on, never doubting but success would crown their lordly leader's plan, until out of the darkness flashed tongues of flame, and a few of them fell, amongst whom was MacCrimmon. Then the war-cries of Lochiel, MacKintosh, Keppoch, and other Jacobite clans rang in their ears. Thinking that the Prince's whole army was in front of them they wheeled round and in great confusion fled. Their opponents, however, were only the blacksmith and his little band, who, when they had fired their muskets, separated and ran hither and thither shouting the war-cries of the clans, and giving orders as if they were leading men to battle. Meanwhile a messenger from Inverness reached Moy with the intelligence that Loudon was on his way to take the Prince by surprise. Accounts differ as to who the messenger was. One is that the Dowager Lady MacKintosh, who resided in Inverness at the time, sent a youth named Lachlan MacKintosh, who knew the short byways from Inverness to Moy, with the message; another is that the bearer of the alarm was a young girl from Moy, serving in a tavern in Inverness, who overheard some of Loudon's officers talking about the intended surprise over their cups, who succeeded in eluding the sentinels and with all speed made her way to Moy: and that when she told Lady MacKintosh her story she fell down dead from over-exertion. The incident, according to the latter version, has been put into excellent verse by Miss Alice MacDonell,

the gifted bardess of Keppoch. The commotion into which Moy was thrown by this intelligence did not last long, for the blacksmith arrived shortly after with an account of the rout. On the 18th February the Prince, whose men had then arrived at Moy, marched to Inverness, but only to find that Loudon had retired into Ross-shire.

Lady MacKintosh throughout the weeks that followed did all she could to strengthen the clan, and that she worked to good purpose is evident, for its strength on the day of Culloden was 700, 200 more than it numbered at Falkirk. We also find her writing one of the Prince's officers in Badenoch desiring him to tell Cluny to raise her husband's men in that district. In the month of March the Prince sent some of the MacKintoshes, MacDonalds, MacGregors, and MacKinnons into Ross-shire with the object of dispersing Loudon's force. This they succeeded in doing, and took 200 prisoners, amongst whom was the Chief of the MacKintoshes. When they returned to Inverness, the Prince is said to have jocularly remarked that he had better make MacKintosh's wife his custodian. MacKintosh however, remained at Inverness until Cumberland entered in triumph, on the 16th of April.

But the dark day of Culloden with its sad tale of mismanagement, hunger, jealousy, pride, and disaster drew near. In the futile night march to Nairn the MacKintoshes were in front and on the moor the next day they were the first to close with the foe. Galled with the enemy's fire they rushed forward before the order to engage had been given, and bravely they acquitted themselves. Out of 22 officets and 700 men, they left 19 officers and 400 men dead on the field. To tell of the feats of prowess and valour performed by many of them in that wild charge—from Gillies MacBean defending the breach in the wall, to Donald MacKintosh saving the banner, when all else was lost—would take up too much space. After the battle Cumberland in triumph entered Inverness, and set about celebrating the event in his own way. Several ladies attached to the lost cause were imprisoned, the Dowager Lady MacKintosh being one of them. On the 17th of April a detachment of Col. Cockayne's regiment was sent to Moy to bring in all the cattle they could find there, and another detachment of the same regiment was sent on the same day to take Lady MacKintosh to Inverness. Some of the men, who seem to have reached Moy Hall in advance of the main body, behaved brutally. In her zeal for the Prince's cause Lady MacKintosh sent every man about the place who could wield a sword to Culloden, and those who survived of them were scattered on the mountains. There only remained a few women and one or two infirm old men. The soldiers at first took her for a girl, and inquired for "the —— rebel Lady MacKintosh." Mr. Lesley, the minister of Moy, who saw the men approaching Moy Hall, hastened thither, thinking he would be able to prevent them from committing acts of rudeness, but they

DONALD FRASER'S SWORD
Preserved at Moy Hall

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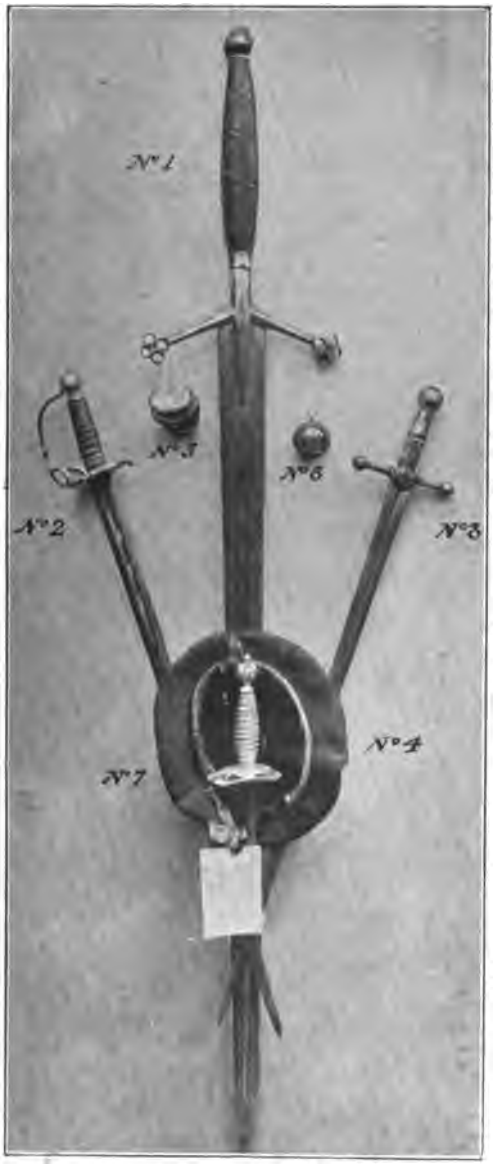

RELICS AT MOY HALL.

No. 1. Ancient *Claidheamh Mòr* (Claymore) used at the Battle of the North Inch of Perth A.D. 1396. No. 2. Viscount Dundee's Sword, with which he fought at Killiecrankie. No. 3. Sword given to Lachlan Mackintosh by Charles I. No. 4. Sword given to the Chief of Mackintosh by Pope Leo IX. No. 5. Snuff Mull which belonged to James V. No. 6. Watch of Mary Queen of Scots. No. 7. Prince Charlie's Bonnet, left by him at Moy Hall, February, 1746.

heeded him not. He took out his watch and one of the men snatched it from him. Seeing this Lady MacKintosh offered the man a guinea to return the watch. He took the coin, and then snatched the purse, which contained fifty guineas, all the money she had, from her. Another soldier insisted that she had more money, and struck her with his bayonet. It was then that another of the soldiers recognised her as the young lady who in Perth years before saved him from a flogging. He immediately showed his gratitude by seizing her cowardly assailant, and threatening his life if he did not desist. On the main body coming up another recognition took place. Sir Everard Falconer, Cumberland's secretary, found the "Amazonian Colonel Ann" they were sent to make prisoner, was in reality the slim, beautiful, and accomplished Miss Farquharson whom he once knew and greatly admired, slim and beautiful as in her maiden days. He wanted to apprehend the brutal soldiers, but she begged him to do nothing further in the matter. She was then mounted on the only horse left at Moy and taken to Inverness. Great was the curiosity of the English soldiers to see the lady of whom such extraordinary tales, which they believed, were told. When near Cumberland's camp, the old war-horse she rode pricked up his ears, and much against her will carried her to where the drummers were beating their drums. "O!" said they, "that is the horse on which she charged at the head of her men at Falkirk and Culloden." She was kept in custody at Inverness for six weeks, and this is how the arch-coward Hawley expressed his wishes concerning her at the Duke of Cumberland's table—"D——that rebel Lady Mackintosh, I shall honour her with a mahogany gallows and a silken cord," language well befitting the craven of Falkirk, and not out of place at the table of the Butcher.

Meanwhile one of the Hanoverian Clans was sent by Cumberland to collect all the arms in Strathdearn and Strathnairn. This they not only did but brought in all the valuable old weapons that had been kept as heirlooms at Moy for long centuries, and wantonly burned some valuable papers. MacKintosh hearing this got Loudon to ask the Duke for the restoration of the weapons. This was granted, and a company of men was sent to Moy Hall to guard against further depredations.

The next glimpse we get of Lady MacKintosh is in London in the year 1748, where she is well received by the aristocracy and the Prince of Wales' family. While there she attended a ball given by the Duke of Cumberland, and the first tune played was "Up and waur them a' Willie," to which the Duke asked her to dance. She complied, and then asked her partner, as she had danced to his tune, would he dance to hers. Being a great gallant, he could not refuse, and accordingly danced to "The auld Stuarts back again," the tune she asked for.

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Her husband died in 1770, and she resided in her latter days in Edinburgh. There, far from Moy, she doubtless often mused on the stirring days she had seen, and the brave clansmen that rose round her to fight and die for Bonnie Prince Charlie. She died on the 2nd of March, 1784, as the following letter, dated 5th March, from Æneas MacKintosh, XXIII. Chief, to Sir Ludovic Grant of Dalvey, shows:—"Dear Sir,—It is with pain I am to acquaint you that Lady MacKintosh died on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., after suffering much by five months illness, which she bore with becoming fortitude, retaining her reason to the last, and leaving the world without a sigh." . . .

Thus passed away a lady who made for herself an abiding place in the hearts of Clan Chattan, to whom her name is synonimous with all that is loyal, unselfish, gentle, and brave.

"Fhad 'sa chithear an am boineid
Dealbh de chata glas nam beann,
Agus gas do chraobh na Bosca
Dosach boidheach 'os a cheann;
'Fhad 'sa bhios aon do shiol Clann Chatain
Siubhal urlar srath, na braighe,
Ann an di-chuimhn cha teid tapadh
Bantighearn uasal, ghlan, na Maighe."

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF MACLEAN OF DOCHGARROCH AND THE MACDOUGALLS.

DEAR SIR,—With further reference to Mr. Mackay's letter in the October *Celtic*, in reply to mine of the previous month, one cannot fail to note that although he gives us several interesting extracts from Heraldic MSS., etc., he does not seriously meet my contention that if the emblems, etc., mentioned in my first letter, are used by those of another name, they were obtained from the MacDougalls, *through marriages*. In order to confine this correspondence rather closer to the point than I think your correspondent has done, I will more especially deal with the question of the Galley of Lorn, although it must not be supposed that I am unable to take up the other points mentioned more fully. In Mr. Mackay's first letter he alluded to the Campbells among others, as possessing an independent right to the use of this Galley, and when I subsequently showed the actual marriage by which they obtained it, he is curiously silent; in other words he discovers that I am rather more logical than he supposed I was. The MacDougalls as descendants of the mighty Somerled of the 12th century (please see my previous letter) were the ancient Lords of Lorn and as such were firstly and of necessity alone entitled to the use of the Galley of Lorn, that is to say the ship "with the fire issuing from the masthead, proper, for the Lordship of Lorn." This Galley represented one of Somerled's, or the MacDougall's battleships, and is not the Lymphad or ordinary fishing boat, as may be seen from the Ardchattan armorial bearing tombstones of about 1500; moreover, in passing I may perhaps mention that on a very old family seal it is represented with heads at the prows similar to those of the very early Danish fighting boats (see, perhaps the earliest boat model in existence, representing one of these, in Hull Museum). Curious as this seal is, our good friend Mr. Mackay may perchance feel inclined to treat its testimony quite as lightly as my ancient tract, which alas, has no title page. But let me remind him that such leaflets and prints as these in the Museums form to a large extent, as it were, the basis of our country's history, and that the great historian Buchanan, when speaking of the seals of the ancients alludes to them as the "elements of printing" and values their representations accordingly. I have not had the pleasure of inspecting Forman's Roll (1562), but the Stewarts mentioned therein doubtless obtained the Galley quartering, alluded to by Mr. Mackay, upon the marriage of John Stewart of Invermeath, and his brother Robert to the two daughters and co-heiresses of Ewen MacDougall, Lord of Lorn, this marriage being prior to the date of Forman's Roll. Without doubt the "Lion Rampant" was, and moreover still is, a part of the MacDougall Arms, and *probably* at a still earlier period the "Wild Boar," as emblematic of the country of Braid Albin, in fact the greater part of what is known as "Bonnie Scotland" in the language of to-day. But I did not make any statement to the centrary, and most certainly never said that every member of my clan possessed the right to use the arms, but in the incidental passage which Mr. Mackay has so much questioned simply claimed the earliest use by my clan of the emblems, etc., specified, naturally including its septs or divisions, as a part of the main body. In the days of tournament, viz. the middle ages, the knights were wont to hang their shields on barriers or trees around the field of conflict, these being watched by henchmen disguised as wild men or animals, who gave notice and accepted the challenge by touching the shield, this custom being the origin of the "Supporters" or figures by the side, now often seen. Now if at that particular period, the devices on these shields did not differ most clearly from each other, *according to the warrior's family*, confusion would have been endless, resulting in the wrong man being attacked or even killed. No, Mr. Mackay, there was only one "Galley of Lorn," which belonged originally to the MacDougalls, and not an heraldic fleet.

I must apologise to the Macleans for having been the means of somewhat diverting this correspondence from its heading, and to you, worthy Editor, for occupying space.

Yours faithfully,

London. ALEX. MACDOUGALL, JR.

THE WAR OFFICE AND THE TARTANS.—We have just received a note from MacKintosh of MacKintosh, Moy Hall (chief of the clan), as follows:—"At last the hateful Army Order No. 10, January, 1902, has been withdrawn, as regards that order, to issue the tartan kilt only triennially, and to wear the 'service dress' instead. So we have won *all along the line*. Who the idiot is that first suggests these things to the commander-in-chief, has still to be unmasked." This is indeed good news, and we congratulate the MacKintosh chief on the result of his patriotic efforts. The news will be welcomed as keenly abroad as at home. We hope we have now heard the last of War Office meddling with the kilt.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

DECEMBER, 1902.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are reminded that the Annual Subscription (4s. post free), was due in October, and should be remitted at once to the Editor, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Readers in Canada and the United States may send a Dollar Note, which is value on this side for the above sum.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Volume X. can now be had, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt lettering, for 7/6 post free. Volumes VI., VII., VIII., and IX. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 per volume. Apply, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

LAMENT TO THE LATE LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON, V.C., C.C.B.

WRITTEN in Mandalay, Upper Burmah, sixteen years ago (1886), on hearing of the General's unexpected death, while Commander-in-chief of the troops engaged in the last Burmese War. The verses are now printed from my manuscript for the first time, on the occasion of my meeting some of the deceased officer's family; and the Highland loyalty that prompted them in the far-away past may be allowed in some measure to atone for any lack in their literary composition.

HAST heard the news that's going round?
So full of heartfelt pain and sorrow,
That low beneath the cold, dark ground,
Our Chief is laid in grave-bed narrow.

He fell when we could least afford
(To stem the tide), to find his fellow,
And drooped his dauntless heart and sword,
Like fruit full grown before 'tis mellow.*

The hero in contested field,
The fear of fate who ne'er would cherish,
To lingering pain was made to yield,
And to its yoke to coldly perish.

The subtle fever's fatal bane,
And ambushed foes, disabled many;
But foremost out of Death's long train,
The troops will mourn thee more than any.

A meeter death might well be thine,
In victory's triumphant pleasure,
When Heav'n had claimed a soul divine,
And Earth regained her sacred treasure.

The flags are hoisted half-mast high,
While gently blow the breezes, sighing,
Lamenting him, in passing by,
Whose last remains are laid low lying.

Long, long shall mourn the stormy North,
Her truest type of mountain merit,
What time the battle cry went forth,
And roused his native daring spirit.

And long before his friends forlorn
Forget his charms of heart and person,
While comrades dear, long, long shall mourn
The hapless fate of brave MacPherson.

Then leave him in his lonely grave,
To rest upon his endless pillow,
And sing sad dirges to the brave,
Who sleeps across the raging billow!

J. MACGREGOR, M.D.,
Lieut.-Colonel.

Ardgay, Ross-shire.

*Sir Herbert was at his best when he died, but would have won greater distinction had he lived longer.

AN APPRECIATION.—We have received many letters of congratulation from readers in all parts of the globe, on the *Celtic Monthly* attaining its eleventh volume, and maintaining its high standard of excellence. To an editor such messages are a great inspiration and encouragement. We thank the London reader who sends the following note to-day:—"I desire, as a subscriber, to say how pleased I am with your most interesting publication, the *Celtic Monthly*. I wish the new volume every success." We are also indebted to the distinguished Highlander in New Zealand, president of the Wanganui Caledonian Society, who writes in the following flattering terms of the *Celtic*:—"I am a strong believer—and particularly so in this grossly materialistic age—of preserving the sentiment and song, the history, traditions and legends of our race, and the *Celtic Monthly* in this connection comes to us 'Scots abroad' like a perfume of the heather wafted across the sea." Mr. Bruce informs us that they have a kilted corps in Wanganui, and they had the honour of entertaining "our gallant and distinguished countryman, Sir Hector Macdonald," on the occasion of his late visit. We can fancy the storm which would be aroused among our antipodean kinsmen if the War Office attempted to deprive the New Zealand kilted corps of their picturesque clan tartans.

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XIII.—The MacDonalds *(Continued).*

AS might be expected there is considerable difficulty in classifying the large numbers of martial airs associated with this clan. In this chapter we hope to deal with a number of tunes closely allied to

The MacDonells of Glengarry.

To Highlanders in former generations Glengarry was known as "Mac-'ic Alasdair. The March of the Glengarry section of the Clan is called "Gillichriosd," and is associated with the burning of the MacKenzies in a church near Beauly. It is said that the leader of the MacDonells ordered *Alasdair Dubh*, his piper, to play so as to drown the cries of the perishing people. The tune played has since been called the March of the MacDonells of Glengarry. The story of the burning of the church has been discredited, but there doubtless was a raid, and that many houses were burned The time is noted down in the ancient style of writing pipe music—"*canntaireachd*"—by Captain MacLeod of Gesto, and published in 1828. It is also to be found in David Glen's Collection of Pipe Music and in the "Gesto Collection"—called "Glengarry's March." Allan MacDougall, who was family bard to Glengarry, composed a fine martial song or Salute to Col. Ronaldson MacDonell of Glengarry, which will be found in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." It begins—

"Faigh a nuas dhuinn am botal
'S théid an deoch so mu'n cuairt."

The Salute of the Clan is known as "*Fàilte Mhic 'ic Alasdair*"—Glengarry's Salute, while the Lament is "*Cumha Mhic 'ic Alasdair*"—Glengarry's Lament. It appears in Angus Mackay's Collection of *Piobaireachd*, and was composed by Archibald Munro on the lamented death of his master, 1828. He played it as he preceded the funeral procession. Glengarry, accompanied by his two daughters, was on his way to Edinburgh. The steamer on which they sailed was driven on the Ardgour shore at Inverscaddle by a blast of wind. The landing was

Invergarry Castle.
Ancient Seat of the MacDonells of Glengarry.

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extremely dangerous as the passengers had to be dragged ashore by means of ropes. Glengarry was much hurt in the face and head on the rocks, as he was brought to shore. He was conveyed to the farmhouse of Inverscaddle where he had his wounds dressed. He was, however, seized with convulsions and died that evening. The remains of this distinguished chief were conveyed to their narrow home on 1st February, 1828. A large concourse of clansmen, about 1,600 it is said, assembled to pay the last duty to their chief. The procession commenced about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and reached Kilfinan, the place of interment, between four and five o'clock. The coffin was borne breast high by eighteen Highlanders who relieved each other at regular intervals. The chief mourner was young Glengarry, the only surviving son of "*Mac 'ic Alasdair*"—dressed in full Highland garb with the eagle's feathers in his bonnet covered with crape. This mournful Lament was wailed forth by six pipers, and none of the formalities usually attending the obsequies of a Chief were omitted; at least none that were fitted to give a character of impressiveness to the solemnity. There is also a fine Lament called "The Chieftain's"—on the unfortunate death of the Colonel of the Glengarry Regiment, who fell in the streets of Falkirk after the victory over the Royal troops in January, 1746, by the accidental

From Original Drawing by the late Lockhart Bogle.

CHARGE OF THE MACDONALDS AT INVERLOCHY, 1431, A.D.

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discharge of the gun of one of Clan Ranald's men. In a Collection of Gaelic Airs called "Old Songs from the Hills," arranged by the late Miss Jane Fraser Morison, we have the following Lament for Glengarry by Sir Walter Scott set to a version of "MacKenzie's Farewell to Sutherland."

Land of the Gael thy glory has flown
For the star of the North from its orbit is thrown;
Dark is thy sorrow and hopeless thy pain,
For no star e'er shall beam with its lustre again.
Oh! tell of the warrior who never did yield,
Oh! tell of the chief who was falchion and shield,
The chieftains may gather the combatants call,
One champion is absent, that champion was all.

Oh! heard ye that anthem slow pealing on high,
The shades of the valiant are come from the sky,
And the Genii of Gaeldom are first in the throng,
Oh! list to the theme of their aerial song.
'Tis "Welcome Glengarry, thy clansman's friend,"
'Tis "Welcome to joys that shall ne'er have an end,"
The halls of great Odin are open to thee
Oh! "Welcome Glengarry, the gallant and free."

In "*Ceòl Mór*" we have a Lament called "*Cumha Alasdair Dheirg*"—Lament for Alexander MacDonell of Glengarry. Among other Glengarry tunes is "Glengarry's Dirk Reel" in Donald MacPhie's Collection, "Glengarry's Gathering" in David Glen's Collection. Julia MacDonell—"Sile na Ceapach"—composed a song to Alasdair Dubh of Glengarry in 1744, which has been the model of many similar compositions. (See "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, p. 59.)

MACKAYS AND MACKINTOSHES IN AMERICA.

The Mackays of Georgia, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 27.)

WHETHER they were supported in this by the War Office in London, or whether on our distant frontier they were a law unto themselves, I do not know but that they were a thorn in the side of the father of his country when he was a dashing youth. Washington, however, who seems to have been anxious to engage at sword's point with a certain British Captain in command at Fort Cumberland on the frontier of Virginia and Maryland, never speaks unkindly of Captain Mackay. He says that Captain Mackay, though refusing to obey, was ready to co-operate, and so these two gallant men did not allow the public service to suffer; together they marched to the point of danger, and together they stood side by side at the Great Meadows, when obliged to surrender that post to a superior force of French and Indians, securing very honourable terms by their obstinate resistance.

I have said that I could not satisfactorily place Captain James Mackay, and that one thing that influenced me for a long time was, that I had in my possession part of a Journal kept on St. Simon's Island in the year 1765-66-67, by Donald Mackay, in which he is mentioned as the Hon. James Mackay. As in England the prefix is generally given to sons of noblemen I took it for granted that James was one of the sons of Donald, fourth lord, but I may have been mistaken, and the title may have attached to some provincial office, such as member of the Governor's Council, which I knew he held. Let me here state *en passant* that the family of the accomplished Robert Mackay, of Savannah, so esteemed and admired by our fathers, and his sons and daughters, who lent such a charm to the society of Savannah, forty or fifty years ago, were not of the first immigration; they were kinsfolk, however. I find myself rambling from the Mackays of old to the friends of my youth, to William, a model country gentleman combining a taste for letters with a keen relish for the sports of the field—to John, a soldier as modest as he was brave, whose memory is still cherished by a few surviving companions-in-arms—and last of all, to Robert Mackay, prince of *bon vivants*, and "facile primus" over all competitors with the rod and gun. But they are gone, and their very name is extinct in the land.

Let us return to Captain James Mackay, who flits rather indistinctly across the pages of American history, but always when met with, in some prominent position. For his intercourse with Washington, in the years 1754-75, see Spark's Writings of Washington, vol. 2, appendix. Again when the Revolutionary storm broke over the colonies, and Sir James Wright, then Governor of Georgia was deposed, and in spite of his great personal popularity incarcerated by the insurgents, we find that having effected his escape and taken refuge on a British man-of-war in Tybee Roadstead, he there sent a letter to Captain Mackay turning over the Government to him. We have the right to infer that Captain Mackay, unlike the most of his family, adhered to the Revolutionary party, since he remained in Georgia during and after the war, but he does not appear to have drawn his sword during the struggle. Perhaps he did not care to take arms against the monarch whose commission he once bore.

I have just found a memorandum which I made years ago, in relation to Hugh Mackay, which I might as well give here, as it shows my authority, which I have not now at hand. In my copy of Horace Walpole's memoirs of the reign of George III. I find the following footnote.* A fair, sensible and impressive descrip-

*See the Report of the Debate in Cavendish Vol. I. Lord North's and Mr. Granville's speeches are able, particularly the latter, which contains some interesting facts, explanatory and exculpatory, of the passing of the Stamp Act

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tion of the state of public opinion in the North American Colonies was given by the Hon. Col. Mackay, brother of Lord Reay, who had lately been serving there with the regiment.

Again we take up our narrative, and again to relieve myself of labour I insert fragments of my old paper. In the last volume of Washington's writings will be found a letter from Robert Sinclair, in relation to Captain Mackay.

To Robert Sinclair, Scotland.

Philadelphia, 6th May, 1792.

Sir,—I have received your letter of the 12th of December, in which you request information respecting Captain James Mackay, and likewise respecting this part of the country, would be most eligible as a location for a farmer or planter. The only way in my power to give you on the first head is, that my acquaintance with Captain Mackay commenced in the army in the year 1754, when I commanded the troops which were sent to prevent the encroachment of the French upon the western boundaries of the then Colonies. Captain Mackay then commanded an independent company, either from Georgia or South Carolina, and was captured with me by an army of French and Indians, at a place called the Great Meadows. In 1755 he left the service, sold out and went to Georgia. I heard nothing from him from that time till about five or six years ago, when he went by water from Georgia to Rhode Island, on account of his health. On his return to Georgia by land he was seized either by the complaint for which he had gone to Rhode Island, or by some other disorder, and died at Alexandria, not at my house as your letter mentions. I was not informed of his being at Alexandria until after his death, which was a circumstance that I regretted very much, not only from the regard which I held for him, from our former acquaintance, but because I understood he was on his way to make me a visit, and had expressed an anxious desire to see me before he died.

I do not know whether Captain Mackay left any family or not, for from the time of his death after he left the service, as I observed before, I knew nothing of him. I have been informed, however, that he was possessed of a handsome property in Georgia.

Note.—The officers commanding independent companies raised in the Colonies and the officers unattached—that is, forming no part of any organized regiment, but each class holding the King's commission—were a peculiar feature in the British Military system of that day. The first were posted at such points as the Home Government thought it advisable to strengthen, but paid very little attention to the wishes of the Governors of the Provinces, where they were posted.

The officers unattached were a still more independent, and more important part of the Governmental system; they had nothing to do or say in regard to the Colonial authorities, but were placed among the Indian tribes to keep them true to their treaties, and sometimes to lead them in War against French and Spaniards. They were very confidential agents of the Government.

Washington left Alevandria by permission of Governor Dinwiddie, on the 4th of February, 1756, and rode with his aid, or Adjutant Mercer to Boston, to see General Shirley, and received an order which gave him authority to take command of Captain Dugnorthy, although a King's officer, held Fort Cumberland from the Governor of Maryland, and not by the King's order. The order, however, reads—"and in case it should so happen that Colonel Washington and Captain Dagworthy should join at Fort Cumberland, it if my order that Col. Washington shall take the command."

(Signed) W. Shirley.

Washington returned to his post March 23rd.

At the time when I might have learned all the facts I now wish to know in relation to Captain Mackay from my father, I entered very little into the channel of his thoughts. Like most young men I built day-dreams for the future, and left the past to take care of itself. This we know, however, that Hugh Mackay could not have been the son of Donald fourth Baron, by his last marriage, provided Burke gives the date of his marriage correctly, for then he could hardly have been born when history tells us he was gaining his first laurels at the Bloody Marsh, on St. Simon's Island, at the head of a handful of Darien Highlanders.

Hugh Mackay was in 1769-70 a retired officer and a Member of Parliament of high standing, and yet Burke would have us believe that his father and mother were married in the year 1741.

Again we have the startling facts that Walpole and his editor, Sir Denis Le Marchant, two of the profoundest antiquaries and genealogists of Great Britain, speak of Hugh Mackay as the "Hon. Col. Mackay, brother of Lord Reay" in 1770, when Lord Reay to whom they allude (George, fifth Baron) is stated, by Burke, to have died in 1768, and here I believe he is right. There is but one way of accounting for these contradictions, but here we enter the field of conjecture, rather than history. We will suppose that James Mackay was an older brother, but having been elected to take part with the revolted Colonies, he did not lay claim to the vacant coronet: and that Col. Hugh Mackay could not bring forward his own pretensions, until after the death of his brother James, in the year 1786 or 1787. All that we know of James Mackay is veiled in mystery.* When I was a boy, many tales were told of him among the Darian colonists, but all unreliable and distorted in their passage from mouth to mouth. In all, however, he was spoken of as a great personage, who had buried himself in the forests

*Curiously, we have just received a note from a gentleman in Providence, U.S.A., who clears up the mystery surrounding the identity of Captain James Mackay. It seems the Captain was a brother of John Mackay, last laird of Strathy, and one of the King's Council for Georgia in 1764, which explains the use of the "Hon." designation. His residence was named "Strathy Hall" in memory of his Highland home.—Ed.

of Georgia, ALD here even his very name was travestied. The Scotch Highlanders pronounce the name of Clan Mackay very differently from the people of England and the United States. They give the letter "a" in the second syllable a very broad and protracted sound, something like Mack-a-y, and the younger generations, catching at the sound, and with the familiarity of the times, called him "old Jim M'Coy.

Col. Charles Spalding, a gentleman of leisure and learning and wonderful memory, left much of interest to Georgians of the history of the Highlanders, his great-grandfather (as well as Capt. Kell's) being William M'Intosh, eldest son of John Mohr M'Intosh, who married Mary Mackay. *(Concluded.)*

NOTE.—We are indebted to Mr. William Mackay, Solicitor, Inverness, for drawing our attention to the fact that an interesting reference is made to Captain John Stuart (referred to in the instalment of this paper in last issue), in a little booklet which he has just published entitled "An Inverness Merchant of the Olden Time," which treats of the life of Captain Stuart's father, Bailie John Stuart of Inverness. We take the liberty of quoting the following regarding this distinguished Highland officer:—

"John, after spending some years at sea, and going round the world with Lord Anson as purser of the famous 'Centurion,' settled in Charleston, South Carolina, where he was appointed British agent for the Carolinas. He is said to have been the sole survivor of the massacre at Fort Loudoun, on the Tennessee River, in 1760. In the American War of Independence he took the British side, and, on the conclusion of the war, left America for ever and settled in England, bringing home with him a young son, who was destined to become famous as Sir John Stuart, Count of Maida—the victor of Maida, where, to the surprise of the world, 'the veterans of Napoleon fled before the British steel.'

The Bailie's sons, Francis, Patrick, and Henry, also settled in South Carolina, where descendants of Francis are now well-known citizens. Many Highlanders emigrated to the same State in the early years of the eighteenth century, and for generations Gaelic was as much spoken there as in the parish of Inverness. The Gaelic is now dead in the State, but in Charleston the 'Old Stuart House,' built by John and Francis, still stands."—Ed.

MOD PRIZE POEM.

FEADH NAM BEANN 'S NAN GLEANN.

BY JOHN MACFADYEN.

DHIRICH mi car tràth o'n chònard,
Air mo shocair 's mi nam ònar,
Siochail sèamh le 'n sàmhchair shònraicht—
Gu 'm bu shòlasach na glìnn.
A ghrian a' deàrrs' air sruthaibh soilleir,
Eòin nan tom a b' fhonnar coireal,
'S fuaim nan eas air taobh na beinne,
Còmhladh ceileireadh gu binn.

Liath-ghorm speur, air cùl nam fànus,
Fleasgadh ceò air mullach àrd-bheann,
Mìll deth neòil mar choinnichein càthair,
'S iad a snàg o'n àird an iar.
Dh' éirich dealt mar dheatach coire,
Badach dlùth o ghrùnnd a' ghlinne,
'S ceòban smùid, os cionn na linne,
'Toirt do'n fhireach ioma' fiamh.

Leum an geala-bhreac, ris na steallan,
'S ann 'sa bhùrn bu dealrach fhaileas,
'S ghairm am fiadh gu thaobh a leannan,
'S thriall iad tharais air an t-sliabh.
Coilich thùchanach a glaodhaich,
Anns a' phreaslach air gach taobh dhiom,
Ruadh-chearcan alr crualach aonaich
'S moch a ghabh iad fraoch mar bhiadh.

Dh' fhosgail gleannaibh air gach laimh dhiom,
Da 'n d' thug nàdur trusgan bainnse,
'S mur a robh an sealladh aibhseach,
Cha b' e 'n call do 'n t-sùil a chì.
Fodham còmard firich àillidh,
Os mo chionn na sgrioban sgàirneach,
Air sornnaichean fo bhearraich àrda—
'N crotal dh' fhàs na ioma lìth.

Mulla-chlach ioma', meud 'us cuma,
Liath le aois air taobh gach bruthaich,
Cuid dhiu, 'us tom-eòin na 'm mullach,
Far an suidh an iolair-fhionn.
Torradh meallach, turraich neònach,
Thall 'sa bhos gun rian gun òrdugh,
'S ceisd neo-fhuasgailte sud dhòmhsa,
Cia, no c' uin, a dhoirt am brùchd.

An i bheinn a sgeith air tùs iad,
As a goile ghoilteach spùdach?
'Fàgail adhair tachdte dùmhail,
'Sa tigh'nn na mìll gu grùnnd nan cluan.
Ach ciod an stàth, 's clod e 's ceann-uidhe
Do mo smuain 's mi so am' shuidhe?
Iarrtais fhaoin nach fhaod mi bhuidhean
'S mi mar ghucag uibhe air cuan.

Ann an tomhas, dhùisgeadh m' fharran,
Ged bu chiadach leam gach sealladh,
Bha gach creudair 'san robh anail,
Riumsa fiadhta falamh fuar.
Thug am fitheach air a' ghnopan,
Sanas, fead, gu làidir osgar,
An t-seobhag a bheir séith 'n uair nochd mi,
Ghabh i 'm fosg* na b' àirde shuas.

'Nam bhi teàrnadh leis a bheallach,
'S neul an anamaich, orm a teannadh,
B' anns leam còmhradh còmhl' ri caraid,
Na gach sealladh air an t-saogh'l.
Dh' ionndraineadh mo chàil ga togail,
Gach nì, ris an dian m' inntinn togar,
Sgeul 'us ceòl, 'us còir, 'us comain,
Càirdeas, comunn, agus gaol.

LE CROTAL.

*Fosg, space, "am fosg os cionn nam fànus." The space above the sky-line.

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ABOUT TOMINTOUL.

DO not, I beg of you, dear reader, let this title frighten you right into the next article. I know there might be a strong temptation to rush on, whispering to yourself the while, "What do I care about Tomintoul?" I am quite ready to admit the legitimacy of such an excuse on ordinary occasions—in fact it has often appeased my own conscience when skipping an odd column or so. But let me hasten to encourage you by the assurance that I have no intention of confining you to the dull (?) streets and squares of this little Highland village —no, not even to its public buildings, or perhaps it might be more in keeping with the modesty of the subject of this sketch to call them simply "public houses." If you are not interested in Tomintoul, I shall not obtrude it too much upon your attention.

For the sake of illustration, let me suppose—a mere supposition, you know—that you have, at one time or another, indulged your appetite with a good red herring. You did not disdainfully cast aside this dainty dish because you suddenly recollected that your palate, or indeed any other part of your nutritive machinery was in no way interested in the mainstay of the herring's anatomy, viz.: its backbone. No, you sensibly feasted on the flesh, and when you encountered the bone, you coldly laid it aside—perhaps somewhat ungratefully, considering that you were indebted to its sustaining powers for the cohesion and conservation of what definitely afforded you a very appreciable mouthful. If, then, your mental machinery is as little interested in Tomintoul as your nutritive machinery was in the bone of the herring, you can just treat Tomintoul as you treated the bone. If, however, you find the flesh with which I intend clothing this subject anyways palatable, then, by way of grace after the meal, I shall expect you to acknowledge your obligations to Tomintoul as being the mainstay and the backbone of the intellectual dish which you have not despised.

So, after I have introduced you to the village, and perhaps to some of the public buildings already referred to, we shall stroll out through the fields, climb the rugged mountains of the neighbourhood, and penetrate "where the sable pine-trees shade dark Tomintoul," as Scott expresses it in the IV canto of his "Marmion." You need have no fear of trespassing; it is a remarkable and much remarked fact that nowhere within a radius of many miles will you encounter any of those well-known notices which inform the public that the neighbouring proprietor has considerately undertaken to see that "any person found trespassing will be prosecuted according to law." The undertaking is a safe one. Speaking of those rambles reminds me that it might be as well to anticipate any criticisms here by premising that this is to be essentially a rambling sketch, so, pray do not take the trouble to consider where, or in what, it disregards the recognised rules of logic—of sequence of ideas, or of prosody for that matter. It will probably outrage them all if they come within its scope, such is the audacity inspired by my subject.

A Prospect of Tomintoul.

But, dear me, and dear reader, I fear you are getting impatient. Let us fearlessly assume, then, that you are standing on the spacious public square of Tomintoul, on the presumption, however, that it be not a market day, lest you should conclude that there was too much life and spirit in the place. If you will kindly excuse me, I had rather not enter into any consideration of the complex mode of locomotion by which you got there; let us simply say that there you are. Turn now, if you be not already so turned, and direct your delighted gaze to the Southward. For fully a quarter of a mile your line of vision is bounded on either side by an almost unbroken row of buildings, while beyond it is abruptly cut off by the elevation of a broad-browed, heather-clad hill—nothing more. Right about now and direct your vision towards the opposite point of the compass. Your view is still laterally bounded by the Northern continuations of the same uninterrupted lines of masonry for about three-quarters of a mile. Beyond rises a compact pine wood, and along its side you catch a glimpse of flowery braes and grassy slopes feathered over with the bright tassels of the blossoming broom. Away in the Northern distance the background is efficiently filled in by the lofty heaving ranges of the Cromdale hills. Eastward and Westward the village presents several entrances, or, as I should rather call them, exits—not that I thereby mean to insinuate that an exit is more desirable than an entrance in Tomintoul, but I believe it is the more correct term in view of our position on the square. These side lanes are all strictly at right angles to the main street, showing that those who built this interesting village, far back in other days, were, even then, sufficiently far ahead of their times to conform to what is recognised as one of the chief principles of city architecture at the present day. This regularity of structure helps us to understand the perplexity of the 'Towler who once lost his way in the windings of some intricate alleys in a large city and afterwards complained that the streets were so crooked and twisted out of all shape that at every corner he was actually afraid he should meet himself coming back the other way.

The first impression given by the exterior aspect of the village might best be conveyed in

the words of a precocious prodigy of the neighbourhood. When on his way to the village school for the first time, on rounding the bend of a wood, fired with his supposed wonderful discovery, he raised his hands aloft and broke into the following memorable apostrophe, "Michty lads! look at the twa ra's o' hooses." The high-soaring student of heathen mythology might have poured forth luxuriously worded recollections of the palaces of the gods lining both sides of the milky way, but our young enthusiast described the startling apparition in words and tone which conveyed his impressions with realistic exactitude.

Grant's Revenge.

Perhaps you may, at one unlucky moment or another, have heard or read descriptions of Tomintoul that were not altogether complimentary. On strict investigation, however, more especially if such investigation be conducted by a 'Towler, who has heard both sides of the question, we find that the somewhat compromising opinions of many a gratuitous critic do not carry with them a great weight of instructive information. Such an opinion, for instance, is it not written in the chronicles of the Queen? In her book entitled "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands" we read the following:—"Tomintoul is the most tumble-down, poor-looking place I ever saw—a long street with three inns, miserable, dirty-looking houses and people, and a sad look of wretchedness about it. Grant told me that it was the dirtiest, poorest village in the whole of the Highlands." Now it might readily be imagined by the ill-informed that such a verdict might have seriously injured her late Majesty's popularity in Tomintoul, and have proved a stumbling-block to the loyalty of the natives. On the contrary, it seems rather to afford an additional meal for the robust appetite for a joke, by which the average 'Towler is characterised. He notes with a chuckle of reminiscent delight that a certain Grant is referred to as the informant. Be it known, then, that this individual was a gamekeeper, thus professing an avocation which, at that time, did not expose its followers to overmuch sympathy in the district. In spite of this, Grant was imprudent enough to attend a Tomintoul market at a date shortly previous to that of the Royal visit. Now it so happened that during the lively proceedings on the square, the haughty care-taker of the Royal forests, forgetting that his distinguished patronage would avail him nothing in Tomintoul, rendered himself obnoxious to local susceptibilities, and—to omit the details—had to go home a sadder if not a wiser man, to nurse his sore bones and to meditate his revenge. At any rate, the village that Her Majesty saw is no longer there to-day. All that might have been dirty and tumble-down then, has long since tumbled right out of existence.

An Uncanny Encounter.

Another popular calumny on the fair fame of the village is the assertion that it has been definitely ceded to the dark angel, he himself, according to the report, having appeared on the brow of the over-looking hill and asserted his undisputed possession in the words "Sweet Tamintoul, ye're a' mi ain." Those who disseminate this falsehood are ever ready to confirm their statement by referring the origin of the name to "Tom-an-diabhoil" which, in the local tongue of half a century ago, means "Hill of the devil." The natives are quite ready—nay, willing—to admit that there actually was a foundation in reality for this story, but a huge mistake was made—in fact, it was quite a case of mistaken identity, which, also, was attributable to the after-effects of a village market. The authentic account gives us to understand that some Donside worthies had disposed of some sheep at the market, as is their wont even to the present day. Everyone naturally retired from the scene of these transactions at a respectable hour, but the men from Donside had lingered to a somewhat tardy time of night counting, and by times discounting, to the advantage of certain institutions in the vicinity, the prices they had received. In the "sma' 'oors" of the following morning a party could be seen making pathetic efforts to follow the road which leads up the Conglass valley towards Donside. They were in no mood to appreciate a celestial visitation, but were practically on the *qui vive* for an encounter with a visitant from the opposite direction. The tints too, which their optics had invested, or rather with which they had been invested, during their nocturnal occupations, seemed to communicate themselves and to lend a dark hue to objects around. The consequence was that when a bright angel, attracted by the beauty of the sleeping village, perched on the hill-top at dawn to regale his eyes and to soliloquise on the sweetness of the scene, the heroes of Strathdon, inspired by their guilty consciences, and attributing their vision to another realm, fled as fast as circumstances permitted lest they should be included in "Sweet Tamintoul" for their misdeeds. The falsified version of the story soon spread down Strathdon, and before another dawn it had reached the seaside metropolis of the North. Had it not been for some pious natives who were opportunely returning from the moors with goodly bags of fur and feather, the truth of the event might have been condemned to eternal silence. The maligned villagers knew that there is little use in endeav-

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ouring to sow the seeds of truth in a soil that has been preoccupied by the weeds of error, and contented themselves with laughing the story to hollow scorn, not even deigning to explain the true derivation of the name of their beloved birth-place to an unworthy and inappreciative world.

Poaching and Smuggling.

The population of Tomintoul has rather decreased of late. I am not prepared to say how many inhabitants there might be—I have never really counted them, and I do not know that anyone else has ever succeeded in doing so down to a decimal fraction. I fear it would be something like the counting of the poultry when the owner asked "Jeems" if he had counted them all this morning. "I have counted them all but one, your honour," was the reply. "And why did you not count that one?" "Oh! confound her, she was always running about amongst the rest and getting mixed up at such a rate that I could not count her." Whatever the actual population of Tomintoul may be, sure it is that it is less now than it was some time ago. This may be partly due to the agricultural depression of late years and partly also, no doubt, to the enforced decline of hitherto flourishing industries of the neighbourhood, for instance, game dealing and private distilling. Like all inhabitants of wild mountain lands the people of Tomintoul have a deep inalienable love of liberty. They pay for their Spring seed with their own hard-won silver and gold—they raise their yellow crops of grain by the sweat of their brow, and they claim the right of treating that grain as they please. And if it seem good to them to sally forth, sickle in hand, into the golden fields of Autumn to cut a few shocks of their own grain—if they take it and steep it for some time in the running stream and subsequently decoct from it a delectable, spirit-stirring beverage, they would sooner die for freedom than admit any man's right—whatever his might may be—to prevent them. Again, when he sees the stag on the mountain—bearing the mark of no man's iron on its horn or brand on its skin, untamed and untamable—owned and fed by Nature alone, he accepts the offer of this great owner who cedes her noble possession to the first who marks it for his own. Though Tomintoul now-a-days more readily admits the might, if not the right, of the game and spirit laws, many a strong stand and many a stirring tale is told of the days when the progenitors of the present generation struggled for their cherished liberties. The stills were often raided by the gaugers, and all the implements and the reachable produce carried off on horse-back. But the triumph of the raiders was often turned into complete rout before they succeeded in regaining the haunts of civilisation. When proceeding through some defile of the mountains—perhaps in the darkness of the night—they would be suddenly surprised by a strong body of their late victims who had anticipated them by a more hurried and more direct march through the hills. The booty would be recovered and the frightened and exasperated horses sent careering and charging madly through the wilds, while their riders congratulated themselves if they escaped without any serious bodily injury. There was many an amusing incident connected with these frays. On one occasion a veteran hero bitterly complained of the base inhumanity of a companion who stood by while he was busily engaged with the enemy; he strongly censured this callous disregard of duty. "And the nesty baste he never threw a stane," as he expressed it.

Sandy Outwits the Gaugers.

On one occasion the gaugers had reason to suspect a certain crofter of having a quantity of malt concealed about his premises, and, in consequence, a visit was determined upon. Sandy, however, contrived to have timely warning of the approach of his foes, and he laid his plans accordingly. When they were within a few hundred yards of the place a horseman was seen setting off in great haste in the opposite direction with a goodly-sized sack slung on each side of his saddle. The gaugers gave chase, and after driving their jaded horses for about four miles without apparently gaining on the fugitive, they were greatly surprised to see the latter draw rein and quietly dismount beside a large factory-looking building by the roadside. They were on him in a moment, uncertain as to how far they had to congratulate themselves on having run their victim to earth at last. Before they had time to open negotiations, Sandy turned to them with the greatest possible display of innocence and unconcern on his honest Scotch face, and, with just the suspicion of a friendly smile about his features, he casually observed "Aye lads, ye appear tae be in a gey hurry tee. A wis jist hurryan' doon masel' wi' a puckle 'oo' afore the kardin' mull wid be shut." On ascertaining that the sacks really contained nothing but the wool which was to be carded, the gaugers are reported to have made some remarks which, with your permission, I shall leave unreported as their conduciveness to edification might be called into question. The gaugers seem to have had a considerable facility in the use of the old Saxon tongue, however. They then retraced their steps to the croft as speedily as their tired horses would consent to go, under the more or less mild forms of encouragement and verbal persuasion which the feelings of their riders prompted them

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to administer. Before their arrival, the good-wife, with the help of a few willing hands, had had ample time time to make everything snug and tidy against their expected return. After politely helping her visitors to examine every corner, and fully to satisfy themselves that there was, now at least, nothing contraband about the premises, the good woman feigned the most innocent surprise at the somewhat uncivil refusal with which her proffered hospitality was met. She thought that after their long tiresome journey they would have been thankful for a "drappie o' the crater" at least. She was only sorry "that the gudeman 'imsel' wisna at hame, but mebby they would meet 'im on the rod as he had gaen awa' doon tae the mull wi' a puckle 'oo' a whilie syne." It seems, however, that they evinced no desire to renew their acquaintance with Sandy.

The precocious youth, whose realistic description of Tomintoul I have already given, now, in his riper years, occupies a farm known as the Urlarmore, or more familiarly, "The Urlar." On one occasion this tenant happened to be ordering some grain; when leaving his address he cautioned the dealer to spell the name of the farm correctly, U-r-l-a-r, or the goods would be sure to go astray. The dealer, however, took advantage of the name in order to give his customer a delicate reminder that he was exaggerating the necessity for so much irksome exactitude. The grain, in effect, was safely delivered with due promptitude though the direction on the label read, J——S——,U-r-l-a-r.

Local Dialect.

On the occasion of a recent visit which I paid to Tomintoul, I travelled from Ballindalloch station by coach, along with some natives of the district and a few strangers, who took advantage of the ride to make their first mutual acquaintance. Among the visitors was a gentleman with a very pronounced English accent who seemed to be deeply interested in an old woman belonging to the district. Unfortunately, they could not convey much information to one another without the assistance of an interpretor. The old lady explained very circumstantially, and with great wealth of detail, that she was "richt sair made wi' the roomatics, an' they gist gie every ither stoon that dirls a' up my airm an' clean roon' the shouther-bled, till a'm near han' wid wi' t, an' surely a'm sair enyoch forfochen this same day wi' a' this traivellin'." Later on her new acquaintance questioned her regarding the longevity of the inhabitants of the district. When the interpretor had again explained, she hastened to inform her interlocutor, "Oo aye awite they div sometimes wachle awa' till a richt lang age," adding by way of a striking example, "there's mi mither hersel' noo, she 'ud be a hunner an' twa come the morn's week—if she wis livin'."

But I fear I am trespassing on valuable space. If you are any ways interested in these anecdotes of Tomintoul, I can only refer you for the continuation of this—there's plenty more to be had—as good red herring in the sea as ever came out of it—to the district itself, and its kindly, shrewd inhabitants.

Tom N. Towler.

IN THE WESTERING OF THE SUN.

ALASTAIR MACAOIDH stood leaning against the rugged, weather-stained dyke upon whose gauntness Nature had cast a mantle of grey lichen and soft fragrant thyme, that scented the slow evening hours with a sweet melancholy like the memory of love, nestled in every cranny.

Alastair MacAoidh would on the morrow be Alexander Mackay, a stranger in a strange land, a land of dull and crowded cities where the roar of machinery and the harsh rattle of traffic would drown even the thought of the wave-music against the long shores of lonely Bracadale—the loch of his youth—and the fickle wind-music that sang and laughed as sweetly as a flute or roared and swelled like some mighty organ.

No more would he see the gulls swing low over the water, the sun flinging diamonds from the crest which they struck in their headlong swoop. No more would he see the grey birth of day far eastward over the rampart of the Cuchullins, that dim remote region from whose snowy tragic peaks centuries frowned. No more would he watch the thin mist of peat reek floating faintly from the huddled score of crofts in the grey-green strath. The forget-me-nots with their shy blue upturned to the blue heavens, the dazzling white of the nodding canna amid the dark sweet-scented bog myrtle, the royal glow of the heather, the brave flame of Autumn in the bracken—these would be his no more to gaze upon. They were slipping from his grasp, their mystery and wonder yet unsolved, and he realized that never again would he experience the gloom of the deserted hill-road winding between the awful heights, the ecstasy of the gliding of spring into summer, the joy of watching the white clouds straining in the sun-bathed air, hurried by the bustling sea-wind that was life and love to the jaded and disappointed one.

These experiences were passing from him. It was indeed evening and autumn with him. An old man trudged slowly past, bowed double

beneath a heavy creel of peats and the weight of age and poverty. A pathetic figure speaking dumbly of the sadness of the Celt. He did not greet Alastair, but looked at him with farewell in his eyes — and he understood.

A hundred yards down the moor-track a tiny, ragged-frocked girl was driving a cow towards the croft in the shoulder of the slope. Alastair watched her half unconsciously until she fastened a rope to the beast's horns and tethered her within the enclosure marked out by a tumble-down dyke, over which rank grass peeped. A commonplace, familiar, everyday action—was it the last time he would see it? A vague revolt against the new filled him with flaming thoughts. Why did not God allow him to die in the old? Two red-cheeked lassies climbed the steep road, their hands linked together, their voices softly crooning a honey-sweet song, as old as Love itself. As they passed him, the song died on their lips. They knew something of his sorrow —by instinct and sympathy, and the ready tear sprang to their eyes as they looked upon the stern, hopeless face of the man on the verge of exile. He watched them until they became mere black dots upon the horizon, then walked slowly down past the freestone kirk lifting its bleached weather-stained front to the sea, to the loch where the grey uneasy waters moaned.

The hills were clearly defined against the sky, every scar on their great sides vivid in the evening light, save where a trailing fringe of vapour moved swiftly in the newly-risen wind. It had been a peaceful, sunflooded day, and a prolonged glow of 'Abendsonnenschein' lit up the sea-loch and the hills beyond with an unearthly beauty, stealing beneath the drifting clouds and throwing a glamour of gold over everything it touched. In the eastern heavens the nestling clouds floated against a dull, slate-coloured background, but the western sky revealed pink-flushed clouds that grew the rosier as the neutral tints in the east deepened. The sun set as a king, sinking in grandeur unspeakable into a throne of crimson and gold that seemed to rest upon the sparkling waters of the far ocean, irridiscent as the opal, flashing like the diamond. Amber, citron, blue and rose were his robes—the robes of the westering sun.

Down in the tiny cottages at Achoag the lamps would soon be lighted, and trembling stars gleam from every cosy, curtained window. Then in the waning sun-glow he who had none to bid him God-speed set out with grey face toward the grey east, his back turned upon the past, the future a vague dream of loneliness.

COINNEACH DUBH.

COMING HOME.

SO you're coming home, my laddie! We are longing in the glen,
For the day of your arrival from the land across the sea;
Though the happiest days—your boyish days—will ne'er return again,
Yet you always seem the laddie, that you used to be, to me.
I can mind you aye, with little sister, merrily at play,
And I often, somehow, often wished that children ne'er grew up;
How we tasted grief together, when you sailed out of the bay!
But the hope that you'd come home sometime, was nectar in the cup.

Long, long the years have lingered since we parted on the shore;
They have only seared me lightly, and your mother's still the same;
We're maybe not so sprightly as we were in days of yore,
But we're brighter, ay, and younger since your welcome letter came.
Is our place the same as ever? Well, the sun shines quite as bright,
And up the glen, yet haunting, floats a rumour of the sea;
The curlew sobs as mournfully, out on the moor at night;
While at morn the dewdrops, sun-kissed, shine like diamonds on the lea;

The mellow tints of Autumn gild the hills with burnished gold;
Ever gaily, in the corrie, croons the streamlet on its course;
The heather blooms as purple as it did in days of old;
While the throstle, in the gloaming, sings as sweetly from the gorse!
Serene and glad is Nature, but a gloom is o'er the glen:
Hearths are cold and roofs are broken—there the screaming wild bird calls;
Bleating sheep and bounding wild deer have usurped the homes of men;
Memory dwells alone, in sorrow, 'mong the bare and crumbling walls!

We've a holding in God's acre, since the day you left us here:
There your mother often visits and its flowers in order keeps;
There the soft west wind caressingly, in cadence sweet and clear,
Carols music 'mong the grasses where your little sister sleeps.
We are longing for thee, laddie, with your cheery winsome ways;
You are all that now is left us; you will soothe the fleeting years
Of the journey we are making to the ending-place of days,
Where parting sorrows come no more, nor aching hearts, nor tears!

DR. CHARLES BANNATYNE.

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ALEXANDER MURRAY, J.P., D.L.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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ALEXANDER MURRAY, C.A., J.P., D.L.,

PRESIDENT, COUNTY OF SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION, GLASGOW.

THE subject of our sketch this month comes of a race who have left a deep imprint on the history of Sutherland. The Murrays were for many generations the most loyal and important followers of the House of Dunrobin, and in many a sanguinary conflict their claymores did good service on behalf of the Earldom. They are still to be found most numerously in the Parish of Rogart, and here Mr. Alexander Murray was born sixty-five years ago. His father was Angus Murray, crofter, an Elder in the Free Church, well known and highly respected throughout the county. His mother was Marion Mackintosh. That our friend, although essentially a man of peace, has not altogether lost the warlike instincts of his ancestors, is a fact to which his opponents in the City Council can bear witness!

Mr. Murray's career ought to be an inspiration to every Highland lad who comes to our great cities in search of work and fortune. When he came to Glasgow in 1854 he had no influential friends to make his progress easy, his first employment being as office boy in a manufacturer's place in Virginia Street. Thereafter he spent two years in Yorkshire, and on returning to Glasgow was, in succession, clerk in the Glasgow Savings Bank, and in the ill-fated City of Glasgow Bank, which latter he left some years before the crash in 1878.

He began business as an Accountant in partnership with Mr. Robert Carswell, C.A., about thirty years ago, and his firm, Messrs. Carswell, Murray & Lauder, C.A., occupy a high place in the profession. His first entry into public life was in 1888 when he was elected a member of the County Council of Renfrewshire as representing the district in which he lived, and he took an active share in the work of bringing the Local Government Act into operation in that important County. The Convener was then Sir Michael R. Shaw Stewart, Bart., and among other members of that first Council were Lord Blythswood, Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart., the late Mr. Alexander Crum, M.P., Mr. (now Sir) Charles Bine Renshaw, M.P., Mr. Parker Smith, M.P., and other well known Renfrew men. He still retains his connection with that County as a member of the Renfrewshire Lunacy Board.

In 1891, when his district was annexed to Glasgow, Mr. Murray was elected to the Town Council of Glasgow, for the East Pollokshields Ward, which he has ever since represented, latterly as part of the enlarged Ward which includes Pollokshields West. He has taken a full share in the work of the Corporation and his advancement was rapid. Appointed a Magistrate in 1894, he was Senior Magistrate by election in 1897-8, and was promoted to the important post of City Treasurer in 1899, which office he has just demitted. He is at present Convener of the Libraries Committee.

Mr. Murray is a Justice of the Peace, and also a Justice of the Peace for the County of Lanark, and Deputy-Lieutenant of the County of the City of Glasgow. He is an Elder and Session Clerk in Pollokshields West United Free Church (Dr. Wells) and has taken an active part in the work of that congregation, and in that of the Church generally. He has for many years represented the Presbytery of Dornoch in the General Assembly of the Free Church, and latterly of the United Free Church, and is a member of several of its committees. He has been identified a good deal with work among the young in Foundry Boys meetings, Bands of Hope, etc. He is personally a total abstainer and an advocate of Temperance Reform.

It may be also mentioned that Mr. Murray is a Director of Henry Widnell & Stewart, Limited, Lasswade, and of the United Provident Assurance Company, Limited, London, as well as of several local public Institutions. He is a member of the Clyde Navigation Trust, and of the Municipal Housing Commission which is at present taking evidence in Glasgow. In the Council he is recognised as occupying an independent position, and, while generally supporting progressive measures, he exercises his own judgment, and has not identified

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himself with any party or sectional interests. In politics he is a Liberal Unionist. As President of the County of Sutherland Association he devotes a great deal of time to furthering the objects of that popular body, and, of course, takes an interest in all matters affecting the well-being of his native County. It need hardly be added that Ex-Treasurer Murray occupies a high place in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen in Glasgow, and is universally looked upon as the oustanding representative of the large Highland community which forms so important a part of the population of our great city on the banks of the Clyde.

THE CLAN FRASER.

WITHIN the last few months there has been an interesting efflorescence of clan feeling and loyalty among the Frasers. This phenomenon has doubtless been caused or at all events stimulated by the action of the Chief in raising the Lovat Scouts. Mr. William Fraser, late of Inverness, sings of the Lovat Scouts in a volume of poems, which has reached a second edition. The members of the clan in all parts of the world have united in presenting their Chief with a sword of honour, as a testimony of their loyalty and esteem. Mr. Hugh Keith Fraser, going back to former ages, has edited a Life of the Lord Lovat of the 'Forty-Five.

It is an undeniable fact that no clan in the Highlands has shown more loyalty to their chiefs than the Frasers. No clan has exhibited more of that "loyalty unlearned, honour untaught,"—to quote Shakespeare—which has always been so marked a feature of the Scottish mountaineers. The ancient slogan of the clan was "Caisteal Dunie," the name of the residence of the Chief, and the orders that were issued from that fortalice were carried out with implicit obedience. When Hugh, ninth Lord Lovat, died at the end of the seventeenth century, he left his property, according to the Lowland law, to his only daughter. She married Alexander Mackenzie, who took the name of Fraser and arrogated to himself the headship of the clan. The next heir to the title was Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, father of Simon, afterwards tenth Lord Lovat. Thomas had undoubtedly the best right to the proud post of Chief of the clan, and Simon, his son, vigorously vindicated the paternal claim. Mackenzie, the husband of the late Chief's daughter, who had blossomed into "Fraser of Fraserdale," made every effort to secure the allegiance of the Frasers, and the utmost pressure was brought to bear on the clan in order to lure them from their loyalty to the Beaufort branch. Warrants were obtained from the Scottish Privy Council against the adherents of Simon. The house of Atholl, from which the late Chief's daughter was descended on the mother's side, supported their kinswoman, and for years the peace of the clan was disturbed by all the evils of a disputed succession. In spite of every effort to influence them, the Frasers remained loyal to the man, whom the old hereditary custom designated as their Chief. They would have none of Mackenzie, *alias* "Fraser of Fraserdale." The sheepskin law of the Parliament House of Edinburgh was as dust in the balance, compared with their Highland customs. In the end the Beaufort branch proved triumphant, and Simon Fraser, son of Thomas, lived to become one of the greatest chiefs in the Highlands, and to die on the scaffold in 1747.

A similar loyalty was shown by the clan to the son of the last-named Simon. In 1757, when the ministers of the day were at their wits' end for troops to fight the French in America, the Duke of Argyll suggested the raising of two battalions of Highlanders. One of these was to be raised by Simon Fraser of Lovat, son of the Lord Lovat of the 'Forty-Five, whose peerage had been attainted and did not therefore descend to his heir. Simon Fraser had joined Prince Charles Edward at the head of his clan in 1746, and, although he had been pardoned and become an advocate, he was still regarded with grave suspicion. The Duke of Newcastle and the other statesmen of the day were most averse to putting him at the head of a regiment. "I find," wrote Lord Hardwicke. "the measure of raising 2000 Highlanders alarms many of the best affected, particularly the making Councillor Fraser Colonel of one of the battalions." The Duke of Argyll told the Government that under no other leader would the Frasers enlist and in the end the ministers were compelled by the loyalty of the clan to their chief, to make Simon commander of the Fraser regiment. The trust reposed by the Government in the Chief of the Frasers, was amply justified by his conduct. The regiment was sent to America and took part in the capture of Louisbourg and Quebec, and won the praise of General Wolfe. It was disbanded at the Peace of 1763, and the men received grants of land in America.

The unquestioning loyalty of the Frasers is referred to in an anecdote quoted by Buckle from Penny's *Traditions of Perth*, which, if true, shows that the Frasers regarded the Chief as superior even to the monarch. "One Captain Frazer from the Northern district," said Penny, "brought down a hundred of his clan, all of the name of Frazer. Few of them could understand a word of English, and the only distinct idea they had of all the mustering of forces, which they saw around them, was that they

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were going to fight for King Frazer and George ta Three." Whether or not the story is founded on fact, it is worth quoting as a proof of the popular impression about the clan loyalty of the Frasers.

In raising the Lovat Scouts, the Chief of the great Jacobite clan of Fraser has followed the patriotic example of his predecessor in 1757. If the regiment had been raised in the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century, it would have been clothed, not in khaki, but in kilt and hose of the Fraser tartan. It would have consisted in far larger numbers of those who bore the Chief's name. There was never any backwardness among the clan to take up claymore and buckler, when the fiery cross went round.

"How MacShimei will joy,
When their Chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet
O'er tresses of gray."

So sang Sir Walter Scott, and a quaint anecdote, told in the preface to Dixon's book on *Surnames*, shows how numerously the Frasers responded in old times to the summons to military service. "An Irish gentleman," says Dixon, "once told me that in his youth the Fraser Fencibles were quartered near his father's residence, and that he had many times heard the roll called. It commenced Donald Fraser, senior, Donald Fraser, junior, Donald Fraser, Baine (white), Donald Fraser, Ruadh (red), Donald Fraser, Buidhe (yellow-haired), Donald Fraser, Dubh (black), Donald Fraser No. 1, Donald Fraser, No. 2, and so on to Donald Fraser, No. 18, before a new baptismal name appeared." There are fewer Donald Frasers now in the crofts and farms of the Highlands. Their children are to be found, not speaking Gaelic among the heather and the mountains, but working in the offices and warehouses of the great towns of the Lowlands, or earning their bread in distant America. They are serving their generation not as Fraser Fencibles, but in other capacities. But, however far from the heather, the flame of loyalty to their Chief and the ancestral home of their race burns unquenched. All true Frasers love the memories and associations that cluster round their name. They cannot forget the green mound on the battlefield of Culloden, which marks the resting-place of their forefathers. They feel the heart warming to the old Jacobite ballads with their haunting refrain, and to the mountains which witnessed the stirring achievements of "the ancient old chiefs that are all by with it lang syne," as Alan Breck said.

"From the dim shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a world of seas;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are High-
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."[land,

J. A. LOVAT-FRASER.

SOME REMARKS ON CLAN TARTANS.

AN officer in the Royal Scots who is greatly interested in clan tartans writes us rather an interesting letter, asking information on some points upon which, no doubt, some of our readers can throw light. The "Strathearn" tartan which is given in Smith's very rare collection, evidently cannot be identified.

He says—"I can find no record anywhere of the "Strathearn" tartan having been in use in the regiment; but having in view the fact that the Duke of Kent, who held that title, was colonel of the First or The Royal Regiment, I fancy that there must have been good grounds for Smith of Mauchline describing it as 'once The First Royals.' I fancy it must have been a piper's tartan made use of by the Regiment in honour of the colonel, and that it really is a genuine district tartan. It has a resemblance to the very complicated tartan which Stewart in his "Old and Rare Scottish Tartans" describes as Drummond of Strath Allan, and which is almost identical with the Ogilvy. By the bye, can you tell me whether the Mackay tartan as figured in the "Vestiarium Scoticum," a blue and black tartan with a red line; or the commonly accepted green and black tartan, is the true tartan of the clan? I think it would be a great thing if a second volume of the "Scottish Clans and Their Tartans" could be produced, embodying the rarer tartans, not given in the present volume. There are many tartans which seem to be authentic which are entirely overlooked in it, and it is only a matter of a few years before the fertile imaginations of manufacturers will have flooded us with tartans of all the names in America for the benefit of summer visitors to Princes Street."

Some of our Perthshire readers ought to be able to supply information regarding the "Strathearn" tartan.

The Mackay tartan illustrated in the *Vestiarium* is certainly not genuine. It is not figured in any other work, and no old pattern is known to exist. The only other tartan associated with the Mackays, apart from the usual blue, black and green check, is a curious design which Mr. John G. Mackay, Portree (who is one of our most reliable authorities on tartans), procured from an aged Mackay lady in Canada, who had taken a plaid of it with her across the seas when she was evicted from Strathnaver. Too much reliance need not be placed in Sobieski Stuart's tartans.—Ed.

"MACFARLANE'S LANTERN."—The Clan MacFarlane, occupying the fortresses of the Western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the Low Country, and as their excursions were made usually at night, the moon was proverbially called their Lantern. Their celebrated gathering tune "'*Thogail nam bò*," intimates similar practices. This tune was rescued from oblivion a few years ago by Provost MacFarlan, Dumbarton.

"We are bound to drive the bullocks,
All by hollows, hirsts and hillocks,
Through the sleet and through the snow.
When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake and hills of snow,
Bold and heartily we go,
And all for little gain."

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THE ENDING OF A CLAN FEUD.

A Highland New Year Tale.

BY JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

IT was a terrible plight to be in, and Noel Meredith felt the full gravity of his position. He had left the town that morning in bright, winter sunshine, fully expecting to reach his destination long ere night-fall, and here he was in a dense mist, lost on a strange road, and with darkness coming rapidly down. For the last hour he had walked, wheeling his bicycle, for being unable to see more than the ground at his feet he dared not risk riding. To add to his troubles, for the past ten minutes the muffled roar of water on his right told him that some large river, swollen by the recent rains, must be close at hand. But the dense, white pall of the mist seemed to deaden the sound now and then; his straining ears were baffled in all attempts to locate the river. "There was no river near the road to Duncree," he muttered, standing for a moment to listen, "And I must be miles away from the right direction. What if I've got to spend my New Year's Eve in the open! But I'll plod on, there must surely be some cottage or hut on this road where I can get shelter. It's a confounded nuisance, and I'm just famishing too."

Ho stopped speaking; soft steps were coming down the hill on his left; his heart leaped with relief—surely deliverance was near.

"Halloo! where are you?" he called. "I'm lost in the mist! Can you help a fellow-mortal to find some roof to cover him?"

There was no answer; the steps were close beside him, yet he could distinguish no form; the mist was too thick and black now, for night had fallen, the lonely, solemn, awful night of the hills. Suddenly the steps began to recede; he knew the walker was moving on, and a sudden idea struck him.

"The fellow knows no English, and is too shy to speak in Gaelic. He wants me to follow, so I'll e'en do that, and not bother him by addressing him again."

He was sure his surmise was correct, for the steady steps went on, always keeping the same distance, and after a quarter of an hour's tramp he struck against a stone pillar, and knew that he was entering a gate. The roar of the river was more distant; his arm brushed against shrubs as he cautiously wheeled his machine forward, and soon his foot struck against a step and he knew he was close to the door of a house. But the unseen guide did not open the door, the footsteps went out of hearing, so mounting a short flight of stairs Noel found himself close to a great door. "It's a big house, but surely it's not empty when that surly fellow brought me to it" he thought, and having groped till he found a heavy knocker, he gave a vigorous summons.

No response following his third attempt to rouse the inmates, he tried the handle. It yielded easily, and he stepped into a large, square hall, dimly lit by the glow of a fire from an open door at one of its corners. Advancing he found himself looking into an immense kitchen empty of human occupants. Its furniture was old and solid, a large table had the remains of a meal upon it, and the fire cast a ruddy glow over all. Yet not a sound was audible, the silence was almost terrible. But Noel was weary and desperately hungry; the basket of oatcakes, the cheese, and the half-finished jug of milk upon the table were irresistible. He sat down in a huge, cushioned old chair, stretched his tired limbs to the genial warmth, and proceeded to help himself. He ate heartily undisturbed by the eerie stillness, and his meal concluded, lay back in the comfortable chair.

"Queer folks!" he thought. "But they're maybe out to hold New Year's Eve. I can pay them when they turn up." And calmly closing his eyes he was soon as soundly asleep as though he was in his own bed in far-distant London.

Was he awake or dreaming? The room was dark save for a sullen red spot glowing in the heart of the peat ashes, but there was light in the hall beyond; it streamed through the open door, whose threshold some power forbade him to pass. He was looking upon a strange scene, yet he felt no fear, only an intense curiosity. The hall was large and lofty, brilliantly lighted by innumerable wax candles. Right in front of him, on the opposite side, a noble staircase went up in two flights to a gallery that ran round the hall. The stairs were thronged with men whose handsome dress, flashing buckles and sword hilts betokened some festive occasion. There was stir and agitation in the crowd, but not a murmur reached him near as he was. Over the gallery balustrade were leaning beautiful women stretching to look down, their blanched faces, heaving bosoms, and clasped hands telling of intense emotion, though it was as silent as that of the men. Noel saw all these people, but they were almost forgotten once he had looked at the group standing in the centre of the hall, three men and a lady. One of the men had his back to Noel, but the other two, a fine-looking old man with white hair, and a strikingly handsome young one, were plainly seen. But it was the girl upon whom his attention was principally fixed, a girl so lovely, but with such anguish and horror upon her face that the spectator would have rushed to her aid had that mysterious force not rooted him to the spot where he stood. Over a beautiful dress of pale yellow satin she

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wore a heavy travelling cloak of dark velvet, lined with gay silk tartan; its hood had fallen back, and masses of rich auburn hair, among which pearls gleamed, framed her exquisite face. Her wild, dark eyes were fixed upon Noel, one arm was round the elder man's neck, the other raised as if to keep off the man whose face was turned from him. She seemed to be imploring, praying, for that which she knew she could never obtain. Suddenly the man she seemed to fear made a swift motion. He had seized her furiously with his left hand, the right holding aloft a glittering weapon, when the other two threw themselves between. A flash, a dense smoke, a slender figure swaying as if about to fall, an old man with white locks dyed red with blood, and two others locked in deadly strife. Then all seemed to blur and become indistinct, the light vanished, nothing remained but the smouldering fire, the darkness, and silence.

A whispering of voices, cautious footsteps near him, made Noel open his eyes. Then he sprang to his feet like a man who had received a galvanic shock. Beside him stood a tall, good-looking man of middle age and a young lady, the very girl he had seen in his vision or dream, only in place of satin and pearls she wore a modern dress. In the background several servants —male and female—were regarding him with suspicion and curiosity.

"I really beg your pardon," cried Noel, bowing, "but my intrusion was not intentional. I was on my way to my own house, got lost in the mist, and some kind soul led me here. I am very sorry to have intruded, but I'll make myself scarce as soon as I am told in which direction. I am to go to find Duncree."

"You are Mr. Meredith of Duncree?" said the gentleman, tentatively.

"Yes, but it strikes me Duncree is pretty far away," answered Noel with a smile.

"About six miles. But you'll not leave us so soon, Mr. Meredith; we are neighbours, and must get better acquainted. I am Ian Maclellan of Innesvohr, and this is my daughter Rona."

It struck Noel that his host was eyeing him queerly—that the young lady looked uncomfortable. But he thought it best to make no allusion to the scene he had witnessed but accept the hospitality offered so frankly; he saw it was genuine.

"There is no one to miss me at Duncree," he said, "I am quite alone but for my servants, so I shall be delighted to spend a few hours with you."

"Not a few hours: let me send a man to bring what you need, and give us a few days," said Mr. Maclellan, heartily, and the matter was settled.

"Rona and I were with some friends across the river, and the mist prevented our return," the host explained at breakfast. "Our people got frightened and set off to the ford many miles farther up. We met them there."

"I wonder who guided me here: he could not speak English," remarked Meredith.

The laird burst out laughing; his daughter smiled. "Why, your guide's language is limited, he uses but one word. He was a belated stirk coming back to the shed," Mr. Maclellan laughed again, Noel joining in the mirth so heartily that the last trace of stiffness vanished.

"An Englishman does not generally admire a joke at his own expense when he's in the Highlands," Rona observed, when the laughter subsided.

"But I'm not English, I'm Highland; at least my father was," answered Noel.

"Meredith is not a Highland name."

"No, it was my mother's: I had to take it with the money my uncle left me. But my father's name was Archibald Cameron: mine is Noel Angus Cameron Meredith. My people used to be lairds of Duncree, but they began to decline in my great-great-grandfather's time, and my great grandfather lost the property entirely. He made my father promise to buy it back if he could. My father never could, so he left the charge to me." Noel had spoken so rapidly he had taken no note of the violent start Mr. Maclellan had given, had not seen the strange glance that had passed between father and daughter.

"Did your father know of the connection between Duncree and Innesvohr in past times?" queried the laird.

"I don't know, really. But I'm so glad to hear there was friendship between them long ago. I hope we shall renew it." Noel's satisfaction was patent. Maclellan's face changed; he had grown very grave, and Rona was pale.

"It was not friendship—it was feud," said the laird slowly, and Noel dropped his knife and fork in amazement.

"Is that why the servants stare at me so?" he asked, noting that Rona flushed scarlet then grew paler than before.

"No, their surprise is for something very different. We—you and I—are not enemies, so we'll talk the matter out after breakfast," and no more was said on the subject during the meal.

Across the hall he had seen so brilliantly lit up the preceding night, up the broad stairs to the gallery above, Noel followed his host. At the top of the second flight he stopped with a gasp of horror, his own face was looking down upon him from the wall where were hung numerous portraits taken full length and life size. But his painted presentment wore the splendid garb Noel longed to wear, but as yet had never donned, the strong hand laid on the

jewelled sword hilt had ruffles of costly lace falling over the fingers and a gravat of similar lace fell over the richly braided velvet short coat. It seemed to be Noel's own eyes, Noel's own lips that smiled down upon the startled young man.

"Who is it?" he asked, almost in a whisper; he was too much amazed to speak aloud.

"Angus Cameron of Duncree, your great-great-grandfather," answered the laird.

Then something seemed to strike with intolerable pain through Noel's heart, a sense of tragedy, of horror, thrilled him from head to foot, for gazing at him with the beautiful, imploring eyes he had seen before was Rona, just as she had appeared in the hall, every detail of her dress the same.

"That is not my daughter's portrait; it is that of Angus Cameron's first wife, and my ancestress," the laird was saying, at Noel's elbow.

"Was she mine?"

"No. Your ancestor was the son of the second wife. Rona Maclellan's child was a girl, brought up in this house, and married to her cousin."

Noel was gazing up at the lovely face, his own dark and stern with intense feeling.

"He killed her, the coward!" he burst out at last; something told him such had been her fate.

"Yes, on the New Year's Eve when she discovered her husband's treachery, and came to warn her father and brother—too late, for the dragoons had surrounded Innesvohr."

"Was he not punished?"

"No! He declared it was an accident. It was well for him that the times were troublous, and the Maclellans fleeing for their own lives, or he would have paid the penalty with his."

Then the laird smiled.

"Dressed like your ancestor you might pass for his ghost," he said. "Rona went to the last fancy dress ball as that first Rona, her cousin Hamish taking the character of Angus Cameron, though of course he was not a bit like him. It is your wonderful resemblance that makes the servants stare."

Noel knew that now, and also that the likeness was the cause of Rona's ebbing and flowing colour. An intense rage at his "double" possessed him; he loathed the man.

"Why do you let them hang side by side? It is an outrage," he cried, passionately.

"There is an old prophesy that they will witness the reconciliation of the Camerons of Duncree and the Maclellans of Innesvohr, when it is brought about by no human agency. But these sad old tales will spoil your New Year, Mr. Meredith, let us go and find something more cheerful." And only too glad to drop the painful subject, Noel followed his host out to see the home farm.

That New Year's Day was a revelation to him, his best initiation into the kindly relations usually existing between the head of an ancient Highland house and its retainers. He joined heartily in all the amusements going on, thereby winning golden opinions from every one present. In the evening too, he danced with several of the pretty, shy Highland maidens, leading off the first and last reels with Rona, who was the life and soul of the gathering. When the merry revel ended in the small hours he felt neither tired nor sleepy. His room was so cosy and home-like; the bright fire invited to a solitary "think." So he drew a chair to the hearth and sat down to review his strange experience, perhaps to dream a waking dream of Rona. Presently he noticed that a large, old-fashioned wardrobe stood against the opposite wall, it's door slightly open, and curiosity prompted him to see what it contained. It was empty, save for a handsome Highland costume of dark tartan, similar to that of Angus Cameron, the velvet coat with its lace ruffles precisely the same. Probably it was the dress worn by young Maclellan in the character of Angus, for every item was there, even to the silken hose and buckled shoes. A wild impulse seized Noel; he would try on the dress, and see how he looked in his national costume. His hands shook, the hot Celtic blood asserted itself as he donned kilt, coat and plaid, which all suited him exactly. When he stood before the mirror he started back aghast, for Angus Cameron in the flesh seemed to stare at him from its clear depths. With the sight another desire awoke in his heart, the wish to compare himself with the portrait. It was late—the household must be asleep, for though he had heard the laird's voice in the hall, and the clang of the heavy outer door after he had entered his room, the silence was profound. He would risk it; his room was not in the same corridor as those occupied by Mr. Maclellan and his daughter, so all would be safe. Taking one of the candles from his toilet-table he opened his door and stole cautiously out. All was dark, the hall below was as a vast pit of blackness, great shadows brooded in the corners of the gallery, there being no moon, the tall windows at either end of it were but lighter patches on the gloom. A curious sense of mystery, of some other presence there, came over Noel as he approached the portrait, but he could neither see nor hear anything, it was simply a feeling born of the silence, the darkness, and his own consciousness of a secret enterprise. Suddenly across the shadowy window before him a darker shadow seemed to glide, and awed, overcome by some strange, vague apprehension, he stood perfectly still before the pictured semblance of his wicked ancestor. Then a fearful shriek rent the silence, a gust of wind as of

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flying garments extinguished his candle, there was a stumble, a heavy fall, and he knew instantly that he had been seen and mistaken for a visitor from the Unknown Land. What was he to do? To stay and try to aid the victim of his imprudence would be to create a panic among the servants, who were of course well acquainted with the family traditions, and like all true Celts, superstitious. His only alternative was flight, explanation must be left for a more suitable time. He rushed back to his room, hearing as he fled the sound of running feet, and excited exclamations. As he paused irresolute at his door, distressed at the untoward result of his escapade, the talking in the gallery was distinctly audible.

"It was only fancy—nothing more. You were thinking of him when you were putting on that dress, so naturally you imagined you saw him," said a voice Noel did not recognise.

"But I was not thinking of him Hamish; I was thinking I would shew this dress to Mr Meredith to-morrow, and get him to put on yours to shew him how like we were to the portraits. Then I heard you arrive, and thought how pleased you would be to hear that the new owner of Duncree was not really English, but Highland, that he was young like yourself, and in the house just now. I assure you I am not easily frightened—Dad can tell you so."

"She is not, indeed, Hamish; she must have seen something," the laird asserted.

"I saw Angus Cameron as plainly as I see you and Dad, Hamish. He had a light in his hand—it shone on his face. Oh! the sight of him was dreadful." Rona's tone betrayed the terror she still felt; it decided Noel. He walked quietly into the gallery.

"No, Miss Maclellan, you did *not* see Angus Cameron—you saw *me*. How can I hope for your forgiveness for my silly masquerading," he said, as he took in the group at a glance. His host and the new arrival fully dressed, Rona in the old-fashioned costume and dark mantle, several terrified domestics in all sorts of impromptu get-ups.

They all turned to stare as he approached, a murmur of awed astonishment went round as he stood fully revealed.

"Really, Mr. Meredith, I should have taken you for a ghost myself; you are the living likeness of Angus Cameron," cried Mr. Maclellan, with a catch in his breath.

"Mr. Meredith, it isn't you at all, its the 'Mad Cameron' himself," said Rona. She was still very pale, but her voice had regained firmness, now that she knew the truth.

The late arrival, a fine young fellow about Noel's own age, held out his hand with a frank laugh.

"Egad! Mr. Meredith, its the best joke I have come across for ages; you're perfectly killing as a 'spook' in my tartans. 'Pon my word, the pair of you are just grand—I can't help admiring," he cried, and broke into such a hearty peal of laughter that the infection was instantaneous. The situation was saved; shout after shout rang out till the gallery re-echoed with the mirth, in which both Rona and Noel joined.

"Suppose you two shake hands here just now, under these portraits, and the prophesy will be fulfilled to the letter, the feud ended for ever," suggested Mr. Maclellan, when the laughter had at last ceased.

Roma and Noel advanced simultaneously, and their hands met in a warm clasp.

"But the end has been brought about by ordinary human agency, *that's* all wrong, Uncle Ian," Hamish Maclellan declared.

The laird's face fell, but with an exclamation Noel suddenly seized his hand and wrung it. "Don't you remember?" he cried eagerly, "it has not been brought about by human means. It was a *calf* that led me here in the first place." There was a twinkle in his eyes, but he was serious too, remembering his host's feelings.

"By Jove! that settles it," declared Hamish, with profound gravity. Then in brisk, practical tones, "As it is all right I may be allowed to remark that I'm just famishing after my long journey, so I'm going to finish my interrupted supper. Suppose you two 'Phantoms of the Past' join us at the festive board; there isn't a sign of sleep about either of you."

"Of course we will," said Rona, gaily, and laid her hand in Noel's, who led her down with all the grace and dignity his wicked ancestor might have shown when he led the original Rona down to some banquet in long past days.

It was a merry second supper that, though the strange happening of Noel's arrival and the events following it, furnished matter for both wonder and satisfaction, not unmixed with a deeper feeling when all the incidents (including his dream or vision) had been pieced together into one consistent whole.

* * *

Need more be said. The feud is ended now, never to be revived. A second Rona reigns in Duncree, honoured, loved, as happy as the first one was wretched. Hamish Maclellan comes and goes as his legal duties permit, ever a welcome guest and fast friend, alike of Noel and his wife. It is quite understood also, that when Ian Maclellan shall have passed into the Great Oblivion, another Ian, his second grandson, will drop his English patronymic and be, as his maternal ancestors for hundreds of years have been, Maclellan of Innesvohr.

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XIII.—The MacDonalds (*Continued*).

Clan Ranald.

AN important branch of the great Clan Donald is that of Clan Ranald—*Clann Raonuill.* The Salute of this branch will be found in MacKay's Collection, but the name of its composer is not disclosed. The Gathering of the Clan to the Battle of Sheriffmuir, 1715, will be found in Donald MacDonald's Collection. It will be recollected that at this battle the Chief fell. There is also a Gathering of the Clan to be found in Major Thomason's "*Ceòl Mór.*" I understand the MacDonalds of Boisdale were connected with the Clan Ranald branch, and so I here refer to the Salute composed for Alister Mor MacDonald I. of Boisdale, upon his taking possession of the estate, which is contained in D. MacDonald's Collection, and also in David Glen's "Ancient Piobaireachd." There is a tune called "*Blar Léine,*" Battle of the Shirt, fought at Kinloch-Lochy, between the Frasers of Lovat and the MacDonalds of Clan Ranald, assisted by the MacDonells of Keppoch. The battle took place in July, 1545, and as the weather was very hot, the combatants stripped to their shirts before commencing the action, which circumstance gave the battle the name by which it was afterwards known (see "Loyal Lochaber," p. 37). We shall now consider the music which belongs to

The MacDonalds

generally. The MacDonald's Salute, "*Fàilte Chlann Dòmhnuill*" will be found in MacKay's Collection. It was composed by Donald mor MacCrimmon on the reconciliation of the MacLeods and the MacDonalds after the battle of *Beinn-a-Chuilinn* in Skye. When the unfortunate differences which led to that battle were adjusted, Donald Gorm MacDonald of Sleat was invited to a banquet in Dunvegan Castle, by Ruairidh Mor MacLeod. When Donald Gorm appeared in sight of the Dun, he was met by MacLeod's famous piper, Donald mor MacCrimmon, who welcomed the Chief of the MacDonalds by playing the "MacDonald's Salute," which he had composed for the occasion (see "History of the Clan MacLeod," p. 71). "*Làmh Dhearg Chlann Domhnuill*" is another ancient tune connected with the Clan. Of course, the "*Làmh Dhearg,*" or Red Hand, is part of the MacDonald arms. A well-known Salute of the Clan is "Sir James MacDonald of the Isles Salute." In a note to this tune Angus MacKay says—That Sir James, having gone on a shooting excursion to the Island of North Uist in 1664, accompanied by Col. John MacLeod of Talisker and others, as they were one day deerstalking, the gun of Col. MacLeod, who was behind Sir James, accidentally went off, lodging the contents in his leg, on which he fell. The gentlemen present carried Sir James to Vallay House. As soon, however, as the people of the island became aware of what had happened, believing that instead of being accidental, it was intentional on the part of Talisker, they flew to arms, and gathering from all quarters surrounded the house of William MacDonald of Vallay, when they would have slaughtered MacLeod, had it not been for the influence of Vallay and other MacDonalds; but so much was their chief esteemed, and so enraged were the people at the supposed treachery of MacLeod, that it was with difficulty they could be persuaded to disband and return to their homes. Sir James was confined by this accident for a considerable time, and when he had recovered so far as to be able to leave his chamber, Vallay, who was an excellent performer on the bagpipes, composed a Salute to evince his joy in seeing Sir James' restoration to health. "Lady MacDonald's Lament" was composed in 1790 by Angus MacArthur, the family piper, on the death of Elizabeth Diana, Lady of Alexander, first Lord MacDonald, who died in October, 1789. It will be found in MacKay's Collection. A Lament for Sir James MacDonald of the Isles was composed by Charles MacArthur, and will be found in "*Ceòl Mór.*"

"*A' Ghlas-mheur*"—The Finger Lock is the composition of *Raonull, Mac Ailein òig*—one of the MacDonalds of Morar. It derives its name on account of the intricacy of its grace notes which renders it more difficult to play than most of Pibrochs. It will be found in several Collections of pipe music. There is a Lament to the composer of this Pibroch in MacDonald's Collection. It is called "*Cumha Raonuill Mhic Ailein òig*"—Lament for Ronald MacDonald of Morar. In Angus MacKay's Collection there is a tune called "*A' Bhòilich*"—The Vaunting, which was composed by Ronald MacDonald of Morar, but the circumstances which gave rise to the tune are unknown. One of the best known tunes connected with the Clan is that called

The Piper's Warning to his Master.

This tune has been associated with Duntroon Castle, opposite Crinan, and Dunyveg, Islay, the preponderance of evidence seems in favour of the former. The hero of the tune in both

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cases is "*Colla Ciotach*"—Coll Citto MacDonald—father of the heroic Sir Alexander MacDonald the lieutenant of Montrose. In the "*Teachdaire Gaelach*" (1831) vol. ii., p. 115, the Editor, Dr. Norman MacLeod ("*Caraid nan Gaidheal*") states—"When Coll Citto was ravaging Argyle he seized the Castle of Duntroon, where he left some of his men, while he proceeded to Islay. In Coll's absence the Campbells were able by stratagem to re-capture the Castle, killing all Coll's followers except his piper whom they made prisoner. One day, the piper from the battlements espied Coll's *birlinn* returning from Dunyveg, Coll being ignorant of the fact that in his absence the Castle had been captured by the Campbells, and in order to apprize his master of the position of affairs he played the Pibroch ever since associated with the incident:—

A Cholla, mo rùin, seachain an dùn,
Tha mise an laimh, tha mise an laimh;
A Cholla, mo ghaoil, seachain an caol,
Tha mise an laimh, tha mise an laimh.

This may be freely rendered—

Coll, O, my dear, dinna come near,
Dinna come near, dinna come near;
Coll, O, my dear, dinna come near,
I'm prisoner here, I'm prisoner here.

From a version of the Gaelic words associated with this tune, and arranged in accordance with the movements of a Salute, which we contributed to Vol. iii. of the "*Celtic Monthly*" along with a history of the origin of the tune, we quote the following:—

Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla na 'n tigeadh tu
Thuigeadh tu 'laochain.

'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla na'n tigeadh—
'Se 'n tighinn bhiodh daor dhuit.

'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla ma thig thu 'n so—
Crochar ri craobh thu.

'Cholla na'n tigheadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla gu'n tuigeadh tu—
'Cheathairnich aosda.

'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu
Ghiorraichear saogh'l dhuit.

"THE EIGHT MEN OF MOIDART."

SIR,—Would Miss Annetta Campbell Whyte be good enough to give her authority for the statement contained in *Celtic Monthly* for November to the effect that the Reel known as the "Eight Men of Moidart" was danced by the gentlemen who accompanied Charles from France. Miss Whyte's version is a very improbable one, as some of the gentlemen she mentions had never previously set foot in Scotland and would be unacquainted with Highland Reels. The facts seem to be as I have heard them related to the Rev. Charles Macdonald, and as stated by him in his book "Moidart; or Among the Clanranalds," to which, Mr. Editor, you referred in your issue of August. Charles crossed by boat from Borrodale to the Moidart shore. On landing at Glenuig he was met by a crowd of natives, some of the older ones of whom in the exuberance of their joy, danced a Reel in his presence, and a very excellent spirited Reel it is, known for years afterwards as the "Eight Men of Moidart." I may say that I am acquainted with the spot where the Reel was first danced, and have seen it danced many a time at Dorlin, Mingarry, Dalelea and Glenuig. I am also acquainted with some of the descendants in Moidart of the reputed Eight Men.

Glasgow. JESSIE M. B. MACLEOD.

AN TEID THU LEAM A RIBHINN OG?

AND WILL YE GANG MY LASSIE BRAW?

Translated from the Gaelic of Neil Macleod. Clarsach an Doire, second edition, p. 61.

CHORUS—And will ye gang my lassie braw,
And will ye gang my lassie braw,
And will ye gang my lassie braw,
To the land of bens and heroes.

For 'neath the sparkling dewdrops there,
The heather bloom and flowerlets fair,
With fragrance scent the mountain air,
In the land of bens and heroes.

There we will blythely wander through
The glen where light my footsteps flew
Ere yet my heart a sorrow knew,
In the land of bens and heroes.

We there will see when bursts the storm,
The clouds in wild majestic swarm
Sweep o'er the mountain's towering form,
In the land of bens and heroes.

For there in every mountain glen,
Dwell bonnie lassies, neat and clean,
With hearts both pure and leal I ween,
In the land of bens and heroes.

For there each face in welcome warm,
Of lassie fair and manly form,
Bright glows with friendship's subtle charm,
In the land of bens and heroes.

The land of those who know no fear,
Who never faced on field the rear,
And glory's hand will deck fore'er,
The land of bens and heroes.

For though exiled 'neath every sky,
There ne'er within our breasts will die
That love for thee, no gold can buy,
Proud land of bens and heroes.

Then blythely let us seek the strand,
Where every glen and mountain grand
Is richly decked with summer's wand—
The land of bens and heroes.

Ohio, U.S.A. DUNCAN LIVINGSTONE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JANUARY, 1903.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers are reminded that the Annual Subscription (4s. post free), was due in October, and should be remitted at once to the Editor, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. Readers in Canada and the United States may send a Dollar Note, which is value on this side for the above sum.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Volume X. can now be had, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt lettering, for 7/6 post free. Volumes VI., VII., VIII., and IX. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 per volume. Apply, John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

MACLEANS OF DOCHGARROCH.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with interest the different letters appearing in the *Celtic Monthly* regarding the Armorial Coat of Arms of this branch of the Clan Maclean, to which branch I have the honour to belong. According to the late Dr. Charles Fraser-MacKintosh (whose maternal grandparent and great-grandparent were of the Dochgarroch family), the late Maclean of Dochgarroch, and the present Chieftain, the Book Plate given by you in the May number is the correct Arms. I have a representation painted by one of the present Dochgarroch family which corroborates this. The Motto over the Crest (battle-axe encircled with laurel and cypress) is *Vincere vel Mori*, and under Coat of Arms "Virtue Mine Honour." There are no supporters. I have also a drawing of the Arms of Maclean of Urquhart, said to be Sir Ewen Maclean, 2nd of Urquhart's, Arms. The Quarterings, Crest and Mottoes are the same as Dochgarroch, but have for supporters—a warrior in full armour and a war horse fully accoutred with bridle, saddle, etc. Sir Charles first of Urquhart who was the progenitor of the Dochgarroch Macleans was eldest son of Hector Regannach, first Maclean of Lochbuie. Maclaine of Lochbuie's Motto is *Vincere vel Mori*. The Duart Arms, as given by you in the July number, are the Arms used by the Association, having seals for supporters and tower for Crest; Motto, "Virtue Mine Honour." The Brolas Coat of Arms has the same Quarterings as Duart, but a double Crest, viz., a tower; and battle-axe encircled by laurel and cypress, over the latter is the Motto *Altera Merces*, and for supporters ostriches, Motto under Arms "Virtue Mine Honour. The present Chief of the Clan, Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, Bart., C.B., who in his person represents both Duart and Brolas, uses the Brolas Coat of Arms, but can use the Duart if he choose. In Professor J. P. Maclean's History of the Clan, and also in Vol. I. *Celtic Monthly*, April, 1893, good representations of the Maclean Coats of Arms are given. Like many more Highland and Scottish families the Dochgarroch family have not, as far as I am aware, registered their Coat of Arms with the Lyon King of Arms.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN MACLEAN,
Vice-President and Convener of Finance Committee
Glasgow. *of the Clan Maclean Association.*

A BALLADE OF YULE.

WHEN underneath the mistletoe
In days of old would stray the fair,
Unconscious quite of watchful beau,
So prompt to take her prisoner there,
Sweet Phyllis, with a happy smile,
Could only shake her golden locks
When 'twas Adonis' subtle wile
To call his kiss 'a Xmas box.'
And when, behold! on Xmas morn,
Came gifts from swain to coy sweetheart,
Thus would the giver's pen adorn
The page, "*from him whose life thou art.*"

When Romeo to-day would frame
A thought on Juliet to confer,
A printed card but bears his name
And brings his 'kind regards' to her.
And when 'neath mistletoe, I wis',
This modern maid will calmly stray,
To steel his heart to steal a kiss
Would take the Cynic half a day:
For kisses lead to Courts of Law
Or Churches—which were even worse—
When promises without a flaw
Bring wife, maids, grooms and lightened purse!
And Benedicts who cling to ease
Find refuge in the paradox:
The ladye who can take degrees,
Might scorn to take Love's Xmas-box.

L' ENVOI.

Heir of the Ages! Be more true
That thus to scoff at Nature's will.
New woman! be content to woo
Shy Cupid, like a Psyche still!

MAVOR ALLAN.

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THE DISTINCTIONS OF THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

IF I were asked to name one feature, which, more than any other, distinguished the pure Celtic genius, I should reply, Delicacy. By this I do not mean fragility, nor do I mean effeminacy, nor even extreme euphuism and coloration; I intend rather to denote a kind of good taste, a repugnance to portray the offensive on any terms. Such a repugnance goes very far to redeem the faultiness of the Celtic character. Imagine the crudity of the externals of ancient Celtic civilization, and remember the artifice and the splendour, say of contemporary Latin civilization, and you will admire that chivalry which could give the Celt all the "savoir dire" in the world, and condemn that inner barbarism which underlay those Southern structures of expansive majesty, like a cobra's sting protruding from a hood of diamonds.

I have compared the spirit of the crude Celtic civilization with that of the gilded Latin civilization; now to compare it with that of the equally crude Teutonic civilization. Both Celt and Teuton are warlike, given to the chase, and love the open air. But with what a difference; the former vanquishes his enemy, and treats him like a king, the latter slaughters him while on the ground, generally with torture, and sometimes slays his women kin. The Celt and the Teuton indeed are one in their love of the chase. But the former, apart from the chase, enters the forest with a flexible mind, sensitive in every particular to the beauty of the birch-tree, to the sorrow of the yew-tree, to the majesty of the oak-tree; there his soul tampers with "high instincts" that are too awful, and ever he almost acquires a true perception, only to be checked by a sense of this awfulness; that is why his poetry is so incoherent. On the other hand the latter regards Nature as an aftermead sleeping-place, but peopled with coarse and violent divinities, who demand blood to be appeased.

Naturally, then, the Celts had a literature long before the Teutons, and that a most profuse one. Matthew Arnold, in his monumental "Essay on Celtic Literature," quotes Mr. Nash to the following effect:—"The Myvyrian manuscripts alone, now deposited in the British Museum, amount to forty-seven volumes of poetry. There are also, in the same collection, fifty-three volumes of prose." Now the Myvyrian literature is only a part of Welsh literature, and Welsh or Cymric literature is, in turn, only a part of Gaedhelic literature, and Gaedhelic literature is only the greater part, not the whole of Celtic literature. A vast portion of this mass of letters had its birth shortly after the committal to parchment of "Beowulf," while a by no means insignificant portion was indisputably antecedent to it. I refer now merely to written literature, but when I remarked that the Celts had a literature long before the Teutons, I of course intended to convey that impression regarding their memorized compositions.

Now of the Gaelic, that is of the Scottish Gaelic poems, Ossian's works are perhaps the most famous. And again, just as I have said that, if I were asked to name one feature which, more than any other, distinguished the pure Celtic genius, I should reply Delicacy; so I could say nothing else of Ossian's genius, unless indeed I were to reply Delicacy of Delicacy.

Once more to repeat, it is necessary to draw a fine distinction between this Delicacy of the Celts, and fragility, or effeminacy, or even extreme euphuism and coloration. M. Renan refers to the latter when he speaks of the "infinite délicatesse de sentiment qui caracterise la race Celtique." No one possesses M. Renan's "infinite délicatesse de sentiment" more than Byron, and Byron never exibits it more strongly than in "Don Juan." But with Byron in "Don Juan," and elsewhere, it is indeed either effeminacy or extreme euphuism and coloration. On the other hand, with Ossian M. Renan's reading loses ground, for with Ossian, "délicatesse" or delicacy invariably should denote a kind of good taste, a repugnance to portray the offensive on any terms. As a sample of Byron take this—

"And those two tended him, and cheered him both
With food and raiment, and those soft attentions
Which have ten thousand delicate inventions."

That is coloration. As a sample of Ossian take this—

"Oithona is a beam of light,
And the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in secret."

That is delicacy. The poet, meeting with what is questionable, makes it "pass in music out of sight," and that in two lines. Indeed the whole poem is founded on the rape of Oithona, and the plot bears a distinct resemblance to that of Shakespeare's "Lucrece," and yet, in seven pages of print, these are the only lines that even approach the fracture of the ice of modesty—these and the following spoken by the outraged maiden:—

"What could I do? My arm was weak. He took me in my grief. . . . My father shall blush in his hall."

There is the story; the situation is conveyed perfectly lucidly. The veriest "soubrette" can find no fault. The secret is that Ossian "keeps himself unspotted," while Byron portrays and suggests with evident gusto.

Yet no race has ever been more manly than the Celtic race; it may be true that, though "they went forth to war, yet they always fell";

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it may be true, and yet they did go forth, and to continue the practice with so wide a probability of death, was to exhibit qualities higher than those that bore the armies of Alexander through the ashes of Susa. A race that spares its enemies may fail in the struggle for existence, but it has done that which is right, manly, chivalrous. This sense, then, of what is right, manly, chivalrous, is well reflected in Ossian. His poems are like the tramp of the last sally from Paris, when, it may be, the siege relaxed its noise for a space, and silence and midnight stole hand-in-hand upon the earth; they echo in the ear as that ghostly tread must have echoed, tread of death-gray squadrons changing from flesh to mist, perhaps as Heaven dropped a merciful shroud of quiet snow upon the quivering city. Such are they. Yet his works have a majesty indeed, and his kings are royal. As an example of his splendid, knightly reticence take the following—

Corman-trunar has eloped with Foina-brôgal, daughter of Annir. Annir and his son pursue them. Starno, the son, relates his vengeance thus—"On a rock sat tall Corman-trunar, beside his burning oak, and near him, beneath a tree sat deep-bosomed Foina-brôgal. I spoke the words of peace. 'Let the battle cease, till Annir receive the shell from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda (the king of the dead). Foina-brôgal rose and tore a lock from her hair (to bury with her father). Corman-trumar gave the shell, and bade me to rejoice before him. I rested in the shade of night; and hid my face in my helmet deep. Sleep descended on the foe. I rose, like a stalking ghost. I pierced the side of Corman-trunar, Nor did Foina-brôgal escape. She rolled her white bosom in blood."

It was an act of treachery, it is true, but the deed is narrated with a decent reticence. Take a near parallel, possibly almost the nearest, from Shakespeare; the case of Othello, and his murder of Desdemona, is far more harrowing, because Death does not come on the scene without a description of insult and torture.

Of course, I admit, Desdemona's innocence lends half of the tragedy, whereas Toina-brôgal is guilty in a sense; but that is not the point; my first proposition remains true, that where blood must be shed, Ossian refrains from too much realism. Again, take Mr. Lang's Translation of the Iliad, Book X., line 446 and onward.

"Then strong Diomedes, looking grimly on him, said, 'Put no thought of escape in thine heart. If subdued beneath my hands, never again wilt thou prove a bane to the Argives.' He spake and that other with strong hand was about to touch his chin, and implore his mercy, but Diomedes smote him on the midst of the neck, rushing on him with the sword, and cut through both the sinews, and the head of him still speaking was mingled with the dust. And they stripped him." . . .

This is sheer cruelty; and even Homer must needs describe what sinews were dissected. But Ossian is too fond of true chivalry to have spoken thus (if I may take the liberty)—

"Toina-brôgal besought me for mercy, with many tears of contrition. But, even as she knelt, I tore from her breast the fair tunic that a spirit had woven of rainbow threads, and struck her with the bronze, severing the breast that lay open, and the edge of the midriff; and as when a woman in harvest time poureth corn-seed, and the grains fall in clouds, so rushed the blood down."

Even the Greeks, for all their refinement, for all their majesty, for all their sympathy, constantly fall into the habit of detailing coarse and cruel sights; but the hunter-poet, in his hut of boughs, or unsquared logs, writes like Sir Philip Sydney at his purest, or as Sir Galahad might have written. I do not allege that the realists are totally wrong, I do not insist that the Celts are totally right, but I do allege, and I do insist that so great a canon of delicacy, that so high a rarification of a species of good taste, is very remarkable for such an age.

And yet at times I am inclined to call Ossian's works a book of Greek tragic choruses, plucked from their respective dramas. Take this—

"Selina, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth like the bow of the shower; they look toward green Erin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the North arose."

Or this—

"Pleasant is the voice of thy song, thou lovely dweller of the rock! It comes on the sound of the stream along the narrow vale. My soul awakes, O stranger! in the midst of my hall. I stretch my hand to the spear, as in the days of other years. Wilt thou not listen, son of the rock! to the song of Ossian? My soul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun appears in the West, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm; the green hills lift their dewy heads; the blue streams rejoice in the vale."

These passages read like translations from Sophocles. It is indeed strange that those untutored woodlanders should have attained, even for ever so little, an expression as glorious and as chaste, as the greatest of Hellenic artists could show, when Greece lay enthroned like a woman in the splendour of her beauty, far above the clangor of the passing world.

To call the translator of Ossian a forger, is to pay him a magnificent compliment, to crown him with the glory attendant on a work so unique, wherein all Nature is reflected; a work containing the wonder of the four winds, the softness of the clouds that flock through the

dawn, the long roll of the charging sea, the speechless majesty of heaven.

As it is, the Ossianic heroes are dead, but there is more that is theirs in our race than most would admit, and without it we must have shared the doom of all pure families of mankind; at the least it would be an insensate act to refuse to hear so noble a voice.

BRIGADIER MACKINTOSH OF BORLUM.

THERE are three spots in the beautiful and romantic Strath of Dores of particular interest to Clan Chattan—Aldourie, the birthplace of Sir James MacKintosh, the philosopher, historian, and stateman; Kinchyle, the old home of Gillies Mor MacBean, the herculean swordsman of Culloden; and Borlum, in olden times the property of a warlike family of MacKintoshes, of which the subject of this sketch, Brigadier William Mackintosh, was the most notable.

The Borlum family was descended from William, second son of Lachlan Mor MacKintosh, XVI. Chief, who had a right from his father to the lands of Benchar and Raits in Badenoch and also acquired Borlum, and the Brigadier was great-grandson of the founder of the family. He was born about the year 1663, and was educated at King's College, Aberdeen. On the 7th July, 1677, he headed the list of those who gained the degree of Master of Arts at that University. The Rev. Lachlan Shaw describes him as a man of polite education and good knowledge; and the description we have of his appearance is a tall, sinewy, fair-complexioned, beetle-browed, and grey-eyed man. There is but little known regarding his career before the rising of 1715, except that he spent some time in England, and there he married a lady named Mary Reade of Ipsden, Oxfordshire, and that he attained to distinction in the French service, where he had the reputation of an intrepid and experienced soldier. As the time of the rising of 1715 drew near we find him employed as a Jacobite agent, and on missions to the residence of James at Bar-le-Due in Lorraine. In March, 1714, he returned to the North and vigorously set about stirring up the Jacobites in the country of his own clan, and neighbouring districts. He had no difficulty in persuading his Chief, Lachlan MacKintosh of MacKintosh, to declare himself for the Stuarts, and when the Earl of Mar (smarting under King George's refusal to accept from his hands an address of loyalty signed by about a hundred Highland Chiefs and gentlemen), raised the standard on the Braes of Mar in September, 1715, he was quite prepared for immediate action. He and his Chief forthwith proclaimed King James at Inverness and seized all the public money and arms there. They then attempted to seize the arms and ammunition in Culloden House, but the chief defender of the place being only Mrs. Forbes, they relinquished the attempt and joined the Earl of Mar at Perth on the 5th of October with 700 men. Some idea of the composition of this regiment of Clan Chattan may be formed from the names of its thirty-two officers. There were fourteen MacKintoshes, three Farquharsons, three MacGillivrays, two MacBeans, three Shaws, two MacQueens, one MacLean, one Stuart, one Grant, one Skene, and one Abercromby.

In this rising the Earl of Mar, as is well known, was heartily supported by all the Jacobite chiefs, and soon had a force of 12,000 men at his disposal, a force which in the hands of a capable general would at least have speedily made itself master of Scotland. But unluckily for the cause he represented Mar was not capable, and he remained inactive at Perth until the opportunity had passed away. It was at this time of inactivity, that, to give some at least of his force something to do, he sent Huntly, with the Gordons and Macphersons, into Argyllshire to over-run the land of the Campbells, and conceived the plan of sending a force under Brigadier MacKintosh into England to encourage the Jacobites there. The Brigadier did not approve of the plan, but finding Mar determined upon it, he went into it with his usual whole-heartedness. The force selected for the expedition consisted of six regiments—Lord Strathmore's, Lord Mar's. Logie Drummond's, Lord Charles Murray's, Lord Nairn's and Mackintosh of MacKintosh's. The Brigadier forthwith pressed into his service all the boats along the Northern shore of the Forth, and chose the nights of the 11th and 12th of October for the crossing. As Argyle was in force at Stirling, several men-of-war cruising in the vicinity, and from eighteen to twenty miles of water to cross in open boats, the undertaking was a perilous one. Nevertheless he succeeded in getting 1500 men, including MacKintosh's regiment, across, a feat even in the present day considered remarkable. Having collected his men, who got scattered in crossing, at Haddington, he daringly resolved to march upon Edinburgh. The authorities of the city, however, hearing that he had landed in their neighbourhood determined he should have no assistance from within. They lodged Lockhart of Carnwath and other leading Jacobites in the castle, and in all haste sent for aid to Stirling. Hearing how matters stood the Brigadier gave up his design on the capital and intrenched himself in the fort (now used as a custom house) of Leith.

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Argyle appeared in force before the fort on the 14th of October, but seeing the defiant and resolute attitude of its occupants, and being without cannon, he withdrew. The Brigadier having no object in remaining moved his men the same night to Seton House. While there he received orders from Mar to march immediately for England, and on the way to join his force with Lord Kenmare's and General Forster's. He acted accordingly and the forces were joined at Kelso on the 22nd. When they reached the Border some of the men refused to go into England, and an eye-witness describes the Brigadier standing in the middle of the Esk endeavouring with all his authority and eloquence to prevent them from deserting. We can imagine the beetle-brow darken, and the grey eyes flash, as he thunders at them "Why the d——not go into England where there are men, meat and money? Those who are deserting me are but the rascality of my men."

After crossing the Border the command devolved upon Forster, the English General, who proved himself wholly incapable, and of no military ability whatever. When they reached Penrith on the 2nd November they found a force of rustics estimated at 15,000 assembled to oppose them. Those men, however, were not sufficiently trained to resist the little army of 4000 men from the North and they were soon put to flight. After many councils, and cross marches, with which the Brigadier was much disgusted, Forster and his force on the 10th November entered Preston. Here they were joined by 1,200 allies, mainly badly-armed recruits. Forster was elated at this accession to his force, but the Brigadier looked upon it with a different eye. "Look you here, Forster," he exclaimed, "are these the fellows you intend to fight Wills with? Good faith, Sir, and ye had 10,000 of them I would fight them all with 1000 of his dragoons." At that very time too several parties of Hanovarian troops under Generals Wills and Carpenter were hastening with all speed to Preston. On the night of Friday, 11th November, Forster received intelligence of the approach of Wills, but instead of making preparations to resist the enemy, he retired to bed, leaving the other leaders to arrange for the defence of the town. Notwithstanding this gross neglect of duty he did not hesitate next morning to change the dispositions that had been made, with the result that neither the bridge nor the fords leading to the town were defended, and the enemy was allowed to cross the Ribble unmolested. Across the principal streets, however, barricades planned by the Brigadier were erected. The main barriers were four in number—one a little below the church, commanded by the Brigadier; another at the end of a lane leading into the open country, under Lord Charles Murray; a third called the Wind-Mill, under MacKintosh of MacKintosh; and a fourth in the street leading towards Liverpool, commanded by Major Millar. The three first barriers were attacked with great fury, but without success. The attack on the Brigadier's barrier was repulsed with considerable loss to the assailants, and that on Lord Murray's and MacKintosh's were equally unsuccessful. In the back part of the town 300 of Wills' men who tried towards nightfall to enter the "Back Weem," were repulsed with the loss of 140 men killed. The fight continued throughout the night, although the local Jacobites took advantage of the darkness to escape. The original little army was thus left to its fate.

Next morning General Carpenter arrived with 2500 cavalry. This settled the fate of the insurgents, for Forster forthwith began to sue for terms, to the great chagrin of the Highlanders, whose desire was to cut their way through the enemy or perish in the attempt. By Wills the only terms that would be conceded was unconditional surrender. On the following morning, after some serious demonstrations by the Highlanders, who declared they knew nothing of terms of surrender, the capitulation was agreed to, and the Royalists took possession of the town. The prisoners numbered 1500. Those of most note were sent to London, and some were kept at Lancaster, Liverpool, and Carlisle. Those of inferior rank were shipped to America as slaves. Amongst those deemed of sufficient note to be tried in the Capital was the Brigadier. He, Forster, MacKintosh of MacKintosh, and some other officers of Clan Chattan, were confined in Newgate, and on the 14th April were attainted of treason and examined before a commission. They pleaded not guilty, and on a motion for time had three months allowed them to prepare for their trial, which was to take place on the 5th May. In the meantime Forster escaped, and it is said his escape was connived at by the Government as he betrayed the forces under his command; and on the night before the trial the Brigadier and fifteen of his fellow-prisoners acting in concert knocked down and disarmed the turnkeys and sentinels of Newgate, and rushed out. Several of them were re-taken, but the Brigadier escaped. £1000 was offered for his capture, but without effect. As a London Ballad of the time has it—

"Brave Derwentwater he is dead,
From his fair body they took the head;
But MacKintosh and his friends are fled,
And they'll set the hat on another head.

But whether they're gone beyond the sea,
Or if they abide in this countree,
Though our king would give ten thousand pounds,
Old MacKintosh will scorn to be found."

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After his escape from Newgate the Brigadier went abroad. Of the other men of rank taken at Preston—The Earl of Kenmure was executed, Lord Nairn respited, Lord Charles Murray pardoned, the Earl of Nithsdale escaped dressed in woman's clothes, the Earl of Winton sawed through the bars of his prison and escaped to Rome, and MacKintosh of MacKintosh was pardoned through the intercession of his lady and Simon Lord Lovat, who at that time was acting the part of a staunch Hanoverian.

But the labours of the Brigadier for the Stuarts were not yet ended. He was one of the small force of Scots and Spaniards who in 1719 landed in Lewis under the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Earls Marischal and Seaforth, with the object of striking another blow for the old line of kings. Indeed it is probable he was in Scotland in the preceding year, for in a pamphlet printed in 1718 on "Reasons for a Standing Army" it is stated "that peril was already looming in Scotland, Brigadier MacKintosh's ghost having been seen in the Highlands." The attempt of 1719, in which only the MacKenzies rose, ended in a skirmish in Glenshiel. The promoters of it returned whence they came, but the Brigadier lingered for some time undetected in his native land. There he was at length captured, and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. His captivity lasted for nearly a quarter of a century, and it was death that set him free. In his confinement he wrote a book entitled "An Essay on Ways and Means for Inclosing, Fallowing, and Planting in Scotland," in which he displayed considerable knowledge and literary talent, and advocated the cause of the tillers of the soil.

He died on the 17th January, 1743, at the age of eighty, true to the last to his exiled king. Many faithful and brave men fought for the Stuarts, but none more faithful and brave than Brigadier William MacKintosh of Borlum.

Soiridh, soiridh leat Fhir Bhorlum,
Air son Righ do rùn bha strì;
'S garbh an cuan thar an do sheòl thu,
Dh 'ionnsaidh cala buan na sìth.

TRANSLATION.

Fare-thee-well thou gallant Borlum,
That the Stuarts never failed;
Ere thou reached the peaceful haven,
Rough the seas o'er which thou sailed.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—This Society met on 23rd December, Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, presiding. An interesting paper on "Killiecrankie—Topical and Historical," was read by the Rev. A. Meldrum, Logierait, which led to an instructive discussion. A pressing invitation was extended to the lecturer to contribnte a similar paper to next year's syllabus.

LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

LECTURE BY MR. WILLIAM MACKAY.

ONE of the largest meetings ever held by the Gaelic Society of Glasgow welcomed its Hon. President, Mr. Wm. Mackay, Solicitor, Inverness, on 25th ult. The subject of his lecture was "Life in the Highlands in the Olden Time," illustrated by many interesting manuscripts and charters. The Chair was occupied by Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, President, who briefly introduced the lecturer. Mr. Mackay exhibited a large number of very valuable old books and manuscripts, and allowed the audience to handle charters granted by the Scottish Kings as far back as the twelfth century. These were valuable as indicating in many ways the state of social life in the country in early times. He did not profess to give a complete account of Highland manners, but rather a "Sop as gach Seid." He would take a wisp from each sheaf, as time did not permit him to do more. It might be convenient to sketch the customs incident to the principal events of life.

BIRTH.

No great stir was made over the birth of a child until the mother was able to go to church to be kirked. As soon as she was strong enough to do this, the parents and child went to the church in state. As soon as the service was over the whole company adjourned to the ale-house, which usually nestled conveniently near the church eaves. There mirth, piping, fiddling, and dancing were maintained throughout the day. Even the clergy took part in these proceedings. This was after, as well as before, the Reformation. A liturgy was read in church and the parents professed their faith The Reformation involved the disuse of many of the old baptismal forms, but many of the old customs continued. The clergy prohibited their people from staying too long in the ale-house. It was not going there they objected to, but remaining too long. After the Puritan spirit spread over Scotland public baptisms were given up in many parts. After the child had grown a little it was often given to foster-parents to rear. This custom was due to the dangers to life and property. A great chief often gave his son to one of his vassals to be reared as that vassal's son. So completely did he become domesticated that he even got a share of his foster-father's estate on his death.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage was regular or irregular according as the rites of the Church were or were not performed. Marriage in Scotland is very easy. So much is this the case that people in Scotland are sometimes legally married ere they are aware of it. Two forms of marriage were known in Scotland, the ordinary and "handfast"—a terminable contract. A formal written contract of marriage was entered into. In the old days the clergy were the lawyers and the deeds were short. When the lawyers appeared matters changed. Several contracts of marriage entered into by well-known Highland lairds in olden times were shown. In one case the father-in-law was taken bound to keep the bride in meat, and

drink for three years, and the bridegroom had only to promise clothing and necessary ornaments. The wedding ceremony was performed usually on a Thursday. Great conviviality, dancing, piping, and carousing ensued. The married pair rejoined the guests on the following day and the feasts were kept up. On the Sunday the parties went to church and another great celebration took place. On one recorded occasion the minister went to church preceded by a fiddler, dancing as he went. After the service all parties, including the parson, made for the ale-house. The usual piping and dancing were renewed, and the rejoicings sometimes continued for several days longer. The "Penny Wedding" was very frequent. He had himself attended one, and paid the sum of half a crown into the general funds. The Church began to object to the fighting and irregularities that often took place at wedding parties on Sundays. Regulations were passed, but, as usual, disregarded. Even fifty years ago a marriage that did not last for two days was counted no marriage at all.

Death.

Even in the face of death conviviality prevailed. As soon as the man or woman had died the people assembled and wailed the coronach or dirge. Then drinking began. The younger men and women started a dance, and a riotous scene often ensued. On one occasion the company who assembled for the funeral of one of the Forbes' of Culloden were so liberal in their potations that they set out and arrived in solemn procession at the High Church of Inverness ere it was found they had forgotten the coffin. A similar incident happened in Petty on another occasion. In Glen Moriston there are two graveyards, one at the head of the glen and the other lower down. A large company was following the coffin of an old lady and had arrived at the place where the two roads branched. A dispute arose as to their destination. They laid down the coffin and came to blows. When the combat ended, there were not enough men left standing to carry the coffin. So they buried their old friend by the roadside as they stood, and the grave may still be seen. The question arose—Do people in the present day live as long as their forefathers? His own impression was that they lived longer. Mr. Fraser, the minister of Kirkhill, more than two hundred years ago had completed a list of "very aged persons" known to him. There were none over ninety, and people of seventy-six were included, and even from these ages some deduction should be made to allow for exaggeration. People naturally exaggerate the age of old people. This record also shows that the people of that day lived longer than their ancestors. And was it not likely that men should live longer nowadays? They are better housed, clothed, and fed, and epidemics of small-pox and fever do not now carry away hundreds in a parish.

Land Customs.

Many very old grants of land are in existence. One of the very oldest was shown—an original charter by William the Lion, granted about 1170. Others by King Alexander II. (1222); Fraser of Guisachan (1595); and King Charles II. (1676) were shown. They were written in Latin. Besides old writings, there was no doubt that the Church held lands at even earlier dates than these. Each Baron Bailie held a court for his own barony, although some of these were small. They had the power of life and death. Some of the records preserved were very interesting. A certain Hugh was charged with the crime of excessive drinking of "aqua vitæ," to the dilapidation of his holding. The Court deliberated on the case and decided that Hugh should not get more than one half mutchkin, and that all whisky supplied to him in excess of that amount should be confiscated. As the decree does not say in what manner the "aqua vitæ" was to be confiscated after Hugh had drunk it, or how often he was to get his half mutchkin, the decision may be regarded as pretty favourable to Hugh. In those days cattle-stealing was very rife. Smaller holders had to bind themselves to fight for the larger landowner.

War Methods.

The Highland clans were very often engaged in wars. They fought among themselves, and were out at Worcester, Killiecrankie, and the risings—he would not call them the rebellions—of the '15 and '45. Before the clans gathered for the expedition that ended so fatally at Worcester, a solemn fast was proclaimed throughout certain parishes. The order for this fast was shown. It was in most reverend terms. The Highlanders were in a strange country though, and they were almost decimated at Worcester. The gentlemen of Argyle made a resolution in 1715 to fight for the King. A copy of this was shown. The actual instructions given to the English army after Culloden were exhibited. They called for an alphabetical list of all accused and surrendered persons. A list of these was examined by the meeting. Another very valuable document shown was the mandate signed by the King authorising payment of the charges connected with the trial of Simon Lord Lovat of the '45. They included two pounds for a carriage to drive him to the Court on each day of the trial and an entry for driving "Simon late Lord Lovat" to Tower Hill for his execution. On many occasions a systematic canvas of the Highlands was made for fighting purposes. Among other documents produced by Mr. Mackay were several specimens of manuscript books, dating both before and after the Reformation.

Although the Gaelic Society has had many highly distinguished Hon. Presidents, they have never had a more enjoyable presidential address than that delivered by the gifted author of "Urquhart and Glenmoriston." A most interesting discussion followed, in which Messrs. Henry Whyte (Fionn), Malcolm Macfarlane, James MacKellar, James Grant, Wm. M. Mackenzie, M.A., Jas. A. Mackeggie, and others took part, each testifying to the educative treat to which they had just listened. A vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

Clans' Association of London.—This energetic body have just completed the arrangements for their great Annual Burns' Concert in January, which promises to be one of the most attractive Scottish gatherings of the year, and presents several novelties calculated to delight a national audience. The artistes are all of the highest standing, no trouble or expense being spared by Mr. James M. Sutherland and the committee in ensuring a successful concert. Full particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

FOLKLORE OF SUTHERLAND.

Strathnaver Stories.

THE last meeting of the County of Sutherland Association (Glasgow), took the form of a *Ceilidh*, to which members contributed short papers. The following was one of those read :—

Bonnie Strathnaver, rich in all that makes the Highland glens beautiful and dear to the Celtic heart, must have at one time been rich in those tales in which giants performed feats of strength, and fairies charmed the ear by their wonderful music, and constrained the careful housewife to resort to various well-known devices for warding off their wicked pranks.

The massive hills overlooking the loch, suggestive of sublime strength; the thick clumps of trees nestling in the dark hollows, the weird murmur of the winter blast sweeping down the hillside, the great boulders tossed as with a mighty hand, the river winding in its long course, tarrying in some deep pool, dark in the shadow of overhanging trees, all would seem to echo the tales that once were told around many a cheery fire.

Full many a year have these fires been quenched, and now but a few moss-covered stones, scarcely seen among the brackens, mark the place where once they were. Here were reared heroes who willingly went forth to uphold the banner of the Empire and to shed their blood on a thousand battlefields. The reward came in the shape of the torch, and the bonnie slopes were dotted with blackened ruins. A brave, loyal, God-fearing community was blotted out, and with them vast treasures of mythical lore. Separated from associations around which circled so many weird tales, they had neither the heart, nor the inspiration to keep them alive, so that when we try to gather the folklore, we can only secure a few bones that we are very doubtful ever belonged to the one and the same body. They have been arranged, and re-arranged, but Nature will not help us as it helped those children torn from their inheritance—who lived in her bosom, and to whose heart she whispered such wonderful tales. We have to be content with the bleached bones, and take them as we get them.

Here are a few of the old-world stories which one may yet hear the old people tell round the *Ceilidh* fire in the long winter evenings. They are a stepping stone to pre-historic times, when tradition asserts the land was inhabited by giants.

A Giant Contest.

Down by the west side of Loch Naver, and at the edge of the water, almost hid by a few scraggy trees, lies a huge boulder, and right across the loch one can see another of identical size and shape but a few feet up from the loch, lying on a grassy slope. One cannot help noticing them, for they have no companions. The boulder on the east side lies on a slope that is unbroken for long distances on every side. We wonder how it came there, and think of its friend on the west side, and revise our geological lore, and seem to find an explanation in the glaciers of the age of ice. The real explanation is at hand, for we are told by tradition (which, of course, never errs!) that near by, at Grumbeg, lived a giant who was very jealous of the strength and size of a certain neighbour on the opposite side of the loch, who used in sportive moments to pluck up trees by the roots, and otherwise show anything but an enfeebled constitution. The distance across the loch is considerable at this point, but as the lungs of the giants were in proportion to the rest of their anatomy, they found no difficulty in conversing. They wished to settle once and for all time which was the stronger. One wonders why they did not go round the loch and settle the question at close quarters, but that involved some walking, and giants are said to have been not over fond of continued exertion. Whether this was the case, or whether prudence and an uncertainty as to results directed the methods of test we know not, but they finally agreed to settle the matter by each throwing a stone across the loch. They were to take (to them) an ordinary round pebble from the loch side, and standing at the edge throw it across. He who threw it furthest was to be acknowledged the stronger.

Each threw his pebble, doubtless with an inward prayer that it might hit the other, and the Grumbeg giant was gratified to find that he won by a good many feet. The giant of the other side, called the giant of Balansealoag, turned away disgusted. Tradition has no more to say about him. There these great boulders rest, each half the size of an ordinary cottage, a testimony to the sensible and pacific way in which those giants of old settled their quarrels. A recognised and habitual disinclination to sustained exertion forbade a second chance.

The Split Stone.

A mile or so further on, where the road still winds along the loch side through a magnificent avenue of trees, and brackens like huge hedges on each side, the long high ridge running parallel to the loch turns abruptly towards it, and breaks off to be continued on the other side of the loch. The rugged face is densely wooded even to the summit, which a pair of golden eagles make their base of operations. Great masses of granite protrude through the trees. The wild grandeur of the scene and the death-like stillness are inten-

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sified by the silent, powerful sweep of the great birds as they circle overhead.

Some distance from the wood, and under the shadow of the hill, lies a huge square block of stone, split in two. It seems that the Grumbeg giant for some purpose or another known only to himself, and not disclosed as far as we know, wished to carry it home. Judging from his strength, and from that to his size, it would make a handy seat by the fireside, and the shape was all that could be desired. It is said, but some doubt the story, that he tied it on the back of his pony. They had strong Highland ponies in those days! The pony being mettlesome and the stone having a flaw, it suddenly split into two almost equal parts. Another tradition has it that he was carrying it on his own back, and that when it split he left it as no longer suitable for his purpose.

Harold, a Danish Prince.

A few miles further along, past the end of the loch, and on the east side of the river Naver, is Dalharold, with its upright stones marking the place where Harold, a Danish prince, fell. At the head of his men he had marched up the side of Loch Naver, where he was met and defeated. During the retreat towards the coast he was killed, and the stones mark his resting place. It is a little puzzling, however, when we notice that this marking of the grave is exactly in accordance with Danish and Scandinavian custom, and suggests that although Harold the prince was killed, the victory was on the side of his friends.

The voice of tradition sounds feebler with every year. The rocks, hills, and torrents that spoke in weird whispers to the men who lived among them, bound by ties riveted by generations, speak no longer of giants, fairies and ghosts, but from every ruined cot and crumbling wall that mark the bonnie strath from end to end, there comes the pathetic tale of "man's inhumanity to man."

Altnaharra. (Rev.) George Mackay.

THE MACLEANS OF CROSSAPOL.

BY THE REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

BELFAST, P.E.I., CANADA.

THERE are three distinct theories with regard to the origin of the Macleans of Crossapol. Some maintain that they are descended from the famous Neil Mor, who was murdered at Clachan Dubh in 1596 or 1597. Others hold that they are descended from Neil of Drimnacross, son of Lachlan, seventh of Coll. It is supposed that he had a son who was known as Neil Og, and that this son was the first Maclean of Crossapol. A third party maintain that the Macleans of Crossapol are descended from a grandson of John Garbh, eighth of Coll. Those who adhere to this view differ among themselves as to which of John Garbh's sons was the father of the first Maclean of Crossapol.

Neil Maclean was tacksman of Crossapol when Dr. Johnson visited Coll in 1773. He was paying a rent of seven pounds a year, and was in good circumstances. He was born probably between 1724 and 1729, certainly not earlier than 1724. He married Julia Stewart and had by her Donald, Margaret, Allan, Neil, Janet, Catherine, Flora, Una, and Ann. Donald, the eldest of his family, was born in 1752. Allan married Mary Maclean, by whom he had Neil, John, Donald, Catherine, Christina, Janet, Julia, and Mary. He died in 1832. Neil succeeded his father in Crossapol, and died unmarried in 1855. John died in 1826. Donald died in 1834. Catherine was married in Edinburgh to the Rev. Donald Allan Fraser, who came to Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1817, and died in St. John's, Newfoundland, February 7th, 1845. Christina was married to the Rev. Lachlan Maclean, and Mary to Ewen Maclean, in the Isle of Rum.

Donald, eldest son of Neil of Crossapol, was minister of Small Isles. He married Lillias, daughter of Alexander Maclean in Gott, Tiree, and had by her Margaret, Alexander, Neil, Hector and Julia. Alexander was a doctor, and died in 1818. He left a son, whose name was also Alexander. This Alexander was a lieutenant-colonel in the army, and died in 1878. He was the father of Hector A. C. Maclean in London, the present representative of the Macleans of Crossapol. Neil, second son of the Rev. Donald Maclean, was minister of Tiree. He had six children; Donald, Harriet, Mary, Alexander, Lillias, and Isabel. He died in 1859.

Harriet, daughter of the Rev. Neil Maclean, was born in 1817 and died in 1892. A slip of paper which is said to be in Harriet's handwriting, contains the following genealogical statement:—"Alexander, son of Alexander, son of Donald eldest son of Neil, son of Hector grandson of the Laird." This document was discovered shortly after the death of Alexander Maclean, father of H. A. C. Maclean, in 1878, It is really the only particle of evidence in existence to show that Neil of Crossapol—the Neil of 1773—was the son of Hector, grandson of the Laird.

At a meeting of Session held in Coll in 1732, Hector Maclean of Coll, Hector Maclean, and Allan Maclean were present as elders. The names may perhaps be Hector Maclean of Coll, Allan Maclean, and Hector Maclean. I do not possess a copy of the minute and consequently cannot tell in what order the names are given. I assume, however, that the laird's name comes

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first, although the usual practice is to give the names of the elders according to the date of their ordination.

It is supposed by some persons that the Hector Maclean who was present at the meeting of Session in 1732 was Hector of Crossapol. It is also supposed that the Allan Maclean who was present was Allan of Totaranato. For these suppositions there is no ground. As Hector, son of Allan of Totaranato, was over fifty years of age in 1732 he is as likely to have been an elder at that time as his father. It is indeed probable that his father was not living then. Allan of Grishipol, second son of Neil of Drimnacross, was a man of as much prominence as Allan of Totaranto. He was born about 1665. Catherine Maclean, his wife, was born in August, 1668, and was living in June, 1764. Lachlan, his eldest son, was born June 21, 1793. Allan of Grishipol was not living in 1764; it is pretty certain, however, that he was living in 1732. Then, those who maintain that the name of the father of Neil of Crossapol was Allan may also maintain that the Allan of 1732 was Allan of Crossapol.

It is said that the daughters of Col. Hugh Maclean, the last laird of Coll, expressed, a few years ago, their readiness to acknowledge the head of the Crossapol family as chieftain of the Macleans of Coll An expression of this kind proves nothing, except good-will on the part of those making it. If Col. Hugh's daughter's had stated that they had good and sufficient reasons, from traditions heard by them when they were young girls, for believing that the Crossapol family was descended in the legitimate male line from Hector son of Ewen, son of John Garbh, or from Ewen, son of John Garbh, or Ewen from John Garbh, their statement would carry a good deal of weight with it. But a statement of this kind they have not made. As women of intelligence and hereditary nobleness of nature they would have made it, if they could.

Hector, third son of the Rev. Donald Maclean, was minister of Lochalsh, and died in 1869. In a letter written by him in February, 1860, to his nephew, Col. Alexander Maclean, he refers to the death of his sister Julia and makes the following statements:—"She forgot that you are the descendant of Neil Mor, and that you should have something to remind you of that pedigree. I have a few articles of plate belonging to your great grandfather Alexander, after whom your father was named." The first sentence seems to imply that the Macleans of Crossapol were descended in the male line from Neil Mor —that their "pedigree" was to be traced back to him. The second sentence seems to refer to an entirely different matter. It may be held, however, that there is a logical connection between the two sentences and that taken together they mean that Alexander Maclean in Gott was descended from Neil Mor, that the writer would send some articles of plate which had belonged to Alexander to Col. Maclean, and that these articles would be something to remind the Colonel of his pedigree. I am sorry that I am not able to trace Alexander Maclean back to his ancestors. I know nothing at all about him.

(To be concluded).

LULLABY.

SLEEP, little one, there are sweet voices calling,
Voices of night that invite thee to rest;
Sleep, little one, there are soft shadows falling,
Sleep, gently sleep, by thy mother carressed.

Sleep, little one, o'er the high misty mountain
Rises the moon clad in pale robes of light,
Calmly reflected in loch, stream, and fountain,
Like a proud princess in silver bedight.

Sleep, little one, o'er the loch's deep, dark waters
Softly the moonbeams a pathway have thrown;
Now is the time when the weird sons and daughters
Of legends old, tread their dark way alone.

In our warm sheiling set snug in the deep glen,
No eerie spirits can come to alarm;
Be still, m'eudail, precious, sleep, softly sleep, then,
Guarded, protected by love's tender arm.

Lenzie. MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY.—There was a large gathering of members of this Clan and friends in the Queen's Rooms on the occasion of the Annual Social Gathering. Mr. George A. MacMillan, London, Chief of the Society, occupied the chair and delivered a most interesting address on matters relating to the Clan, in which the question of the hereditary chieftainship was discussed, the last occupants of that dignity being, it is understood, the Macmillans of Dunmore, Kintyre. The representative of this family in the male line is now wanted. The chief's scholarly address was greatly enjoyed. Speeches were also delivered by Mr. James P. MacMillan, President, Bailie D. Macmillan, Partick, and others.

"THE GAY GORDONS."—

"The gule, the Gordon and the hoodie craw,
Are the three worst things that Moray ever saw."

This saying arose at the time of the religious persecutions, as the Gordons were warm adherents of the old faith, and the men of Moray no less zealous for the new. The gule (gool) is a sort of darnel weed that infests corn.

The expression "Gowks o' Gordon" took its rise from a tradition that certain men belonging to the village of Gordon, in Berwickshire, attempted to drown eels, and also built a wall round a tree frequented by the cuckoo, hoping that, if they could detain the bird the whole year, they would enjoy perpetual summer. Having failed in their object, they accounted for the result by alleging that the wall was not built high enough.

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OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

AT a recent meeting of the Executive of the Comunn Gaidhealach it was agreed to offer prizes at the coming "Mod" for the best rendering of an example of the class of Gaelic songs called "*Orain Mhór*." These songs partake much of the nature of a recitation or chant, and are capable of varied expression. The airs associated with such songs are usually well adapted to the declamation of long descriptive or historic poems.

The following Lament for Alexander, Chief of Glengarry *(Alasdair Dubh Ghlinne Garadh)*, who died in 1724, is by the famous bardess Julia Macdonald *(Silis na Ceapach)*, who lived from the time of Charles II. to that of George I. This song has been taken as the model of various compositions of a like nature. The air is of the nature of a recitative, and can be used with great effect, the notes being lengthened to suit the accent and rhythm. FIONN.

ALASDAIR-GHLINNE GARADH—ALEXANDER OF GLENGARRY.

KEY E. *Moderato.*

: l₁ . l₁	r . r : r . m	f . f : f . f	f . l : s . f	m . r
Alasd -	air á	Gleanna	Garadh, thug thu 'n	diugh gal air mo	shùilean,

: d . d	r . r : r . m	f . f : r . r	s . s : f . s	l . l
'S beag	ioghnadh mi bhi	trom chreuchdach, gur tric	'gar reubadh as	ùr sinn

: l . l	d' . d' : l . s	m . s : l . r	r . m : r . l₁	d . d
'S deachdair	dhòmhsa bhi gun	osnaidh, 's meud an	dosgainn th' air mo	chàirdean,

: r . r	f . f : m . r	m . r : r . s₁	l₁ . l₁ : d . m	r . r ‖
Gur tric	an t-eug oirnn a'	gearradh taghadh	nan darag is	àirde.

Chaill sinn ionnan agus còmhla
Sir Dòmhnull, a mhac 'sa bhràthair,
Ciod am feum dhuinn bhi 'ga ghearan
Dh' fhan Mac 'ic Iain 'sa bhlàr bhuain,
Chaill sinn darag làidir liath-ghlas,
Bha cumail dion air a chàirdean,
Capull-coille bhàrr na giùbhsaich,
Seobhag sùl-ghorm, lùghmhor làidir.

Dh' fhalbh ceann na céile 's na comhairl',
Anns gach gnothuch am bi cùram,
Aghaidh shocrach, sheòlta thaitneach
Cridhe fial, farsuinn mu'n chùineadh;
Bu tu tagha nan sàr-ghaisgeach,
Mo ghualainn-thaic 's mo dhiùbhail;
Smiorail, fearail, foinnidh treubhach
Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiùbhart.

Bu tu loch nach faigeadh taomadh
Bu tu tobair faoilidh na slàinte,
Bu tu Beinn-Neamhais thar gach aonach,
Bu tu chreag nach fhaoite thearnadh,
Bu tu clach mhullaich a' chaisteil,
Bu tu leac leathann na sràide,
Bu tu leugh loghmhor nam buadhan,
Bu tu clach luachmhor an fhàinne.

Guidhean t-anam a bhi sàbhailt'
O'n a chàireadh anns an ùir thu,
Guidheam sonus air na dh' fhàg thu
Ann ad àros 's ann ad dhùthaich;
Guidheam do mhac a bhi t-àite
Ann an saibhreas 's ann an cùram
Alasdair á Gleanna Garadh,
Thug thu'n diugh gal air mo shùilean.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—This Society met in 5 St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, on 15th December, Mr. Donald Mackay, "Strathnaver," Seton Pl., President, in the chair, and among those present were Dr. Geo. Mackay of Bighouse, John Mackay, S.S.C., ex-President, L. M. Mackay, Commercial Bank, Hugh Mackay, M.A., John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Hon. Secy., and others. It was decided to hold the Social Gathering, which would take the form of a Conversazione, in Edinburgh in February. The Secretary intimated that he had received a sum of about £5 from clansmen to be given for prizes in a shooting competition at Christmas among the members of the Volunteer Coy., just started in the Mackay country.

CORN FLOUR AS A WINTER FOOD.—In winter it is necessary to take more food of a heat-giving nature than in summer, in order to maintain the warmth of the body. Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour is a pure starch food, and by reason of its digestibility can be strongly recommended as a part of the daily winter diet.

Many hot dishes, light and wholesome, can be prepared from Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour. Recipes for these are included in Brown & Polson's A Cook Book, which will be sent at once by Brown & Polson, Paisley, on receipt of a penny stamp. The recipes are mostly of a simple nature, and the directions are full and clear.

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ARCHIBALD FERGUSON.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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ARCHIBALD FERGUSON,
Conductor, St. Columba Gaelic Choir.

THE subject of our sketch this month was born at Ballachulish, near the wild and romantic mountains of Glencoe. When a young lad he left his native village and came to Glasgow, where he found ample scope for prosecuting his studies in music.

Shortly after he came to the city the Gaelic precentorship of the St. Columba Gaelic Church became vacant, when out of a number of applicants he was elected leader of the Gaelic Choir, on the retiral of Mr. John Macintyre, a post which was also held by Mr. Ferguson's eldest brother, Donald, before Mr. Macintyre's time. Prior to that gentleman's period of office, Gaelic song rendered in four-part harmony was almost unknown. There was no printed choir music, and considerable difficulty was experienced in providing harmonised music for practice. To enable him to overcome this difficulty Mr. Ferguson attended for two sessions a course of lectures in Harmony under the late Mr. Colin Brown, and afterwards studied under several of the leading musical teachers of the city. In this way, and with the help of local musicians, he was able to provide music for the choir as occasion required.

A Concert of Gaelic song in four part harmony, with solos by members of the choir, is held annually in the Spring of the year, and is always looked upon as one of the most attractive features in connection with the Gaelic movement.

The greatest impetus which Gaelic song received, however, was the publication of "*A Chòisir Chiùil*" concurrently with the inauguration of the Annual Mòd in September, 1891, when the choir was asked to give the opening Concert at Oban under the presidency of Lord Archibald Campbell, to a distinguished audience of country gentlemen. Annual choral competitions have been since held at which the choir carried first honours for three years, after which they were debarred from competing for some time. Not a few of the members gained the gold medal, among whom may be mentioned Miss Margaret MacDonald (Mrs. Chatfield), Miss Tina Carmichael (Mrs. Allan), Mr. K. D. MacKenzie, Mr. Duncan D. MacDonald, while others took a prominent position in the prize list. The choir has held concerts in several of the principal towns in Scotland, but the consummation of their ambition was reached when they were asked to sing at the Anuual Concert of the Gaelic Society of London in November last. A party of twenty, representing the choir, sang to a large audience, and were well received. The choir is still in a flourishing condition, and the usual Concert will take place, as formerly, in the Waterloo Rooms, on 18th March. We understand Mr. Ferguson has in preparation and will be issued shortly, another part of the "*Còisir Chiuil*," which has done so much to popularize Gaelic choral singing.

Mr. Ferguson has been in the service of the Clyde Navigation Trust almost since he came to the city, which is now over twenty years. He occupies a prominent position in several Highland Societies, and is Treasurer of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, and a Director of *Comunn Gaidhealach*.

It may with justice be said of Mr. Ferguson and his celebrated choir that they were the pioneers in the great revival of interest in Gaelic music which has taken place in recent years, and it is pleasing to think that they have not been content to lag behind in the altered conditions, but each year introduced some new songs or harmonies to delight lovers of our national melody. Mr. Ferguson has himself earned distinction as a musical composer, his most popular effort perhaps being that beautiful melody "*D'on Chuthaig*" (The Cuckoo), which has proved so great a favourite among the competitors at the Mòd competitions.

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A HIGHLAND ROMANCE.*

BY MISS MURRAY MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR.

IN the High Street of Perth about the year 1745 there was a public-house, an ale-house or change-house it was called in those days. The landlord was from the Lowlands but his wife was Highland born, and there were few if any disputes between them, for, Highland as she was, she yet wore the breeks! Jamie Low was much the better for the stirring, quick-tempered Celt who looked well after him, his customers, and the bawbees. A boy and a girl had been reared by the worthy couple in the Fair City, running about the roughly-paved streets, trying to dig up a loose stone, and bathing their little toes in the puddles formed in the worn-down hollows. The centre of the street was higher than the rest, and the prouder citizens loved to walk along the "tap of the causeway" as we now make choice of the paved footpaths. An unsavoury open gutter or channel ran along each side within easy reach of the overflow of the houses: our "scavvies" were then unknown.

On the evening that we make the acquaintance of Jamie and Beenie Low their minds were troubled about the journey of their lassie Chirstie to the far-off Highlands. The uncle and aunt were very anxious to have her, and there were rumours of troublous times, which made the parents more ready to agree to the separation. Chirstie, who was nearly eighteen, was to be carried away early next morning by her uncle, Donald Fergusson, who had come to Perth for some necessary transaction. On a bright morning in August the uncle and neice set forth. He had with him a canny old Highland pony laden with some goods on a pack saddle, and the beastie was intended to carry the lassie also when needful. After many last words they started on what seemed really a very long journey. The roads even in the neighbourhood of the Fair City were bad, no cuttings and no embankments, the traveller had to climb every little knowe and dip into each declivity, the river Almond had to be forded, the summer dust was blinding, and yet to the young girl all was a fresh delight. After a few tears were wiped away there arose in her heart a longing desire to see the land of her mother's people, the "Hielands" which from infancy she had learned to love. They crossed the river Tay by the east ferry, the pony with them in the flat-bottomed boat, and breasting the hill to keep well above the river's dangerous banks, descended a very steep brae to Dunkeld, where they got a night's lodging at the house of a friend, John Ballantyne, the weaver. Chirstie was well pleased to think it was her own river Tay which she heard in the night skirling over the stones of Dunkeld. The little town was very busy—saddlers, and glovers, and shoemakers, as the markets for Highland cattle and sheep killed there furnished hides for the supply of leather.

Next morning Donald and his niece were up betimes, following the track through sundry parks to the river side and along it for some three miles before climbing up amongst the haughs. They spent another night on the journey, and then in the early morning found their difficult way through the Pass of Killiecrankie. One of the great advantages of the physical situation of the Highlands which kept the true Celts from much intercourse with the plains is, or rather was, that chain of the Grampian hills which our new associate, Mr. Coates, so admirably demonstrated lately as dominating the geological "fault," for which, whilst accepting some gains derived from it, we in Perth have to do penance! The only way of penetrating into the hilly country before the days of coach roads was by certain well-defined natural passes — in Gaelic "Bealach." The rivers and smaller streams had worn channels between the hills, steep ravines through which the traveller could descend or mount. It was seldom that the path could be safely kept beside the stream; it climbed up the rocks and through the woods as the wayfayer might find possible, leaving footprints for others to follow, but in days of trouble obliterated as far as possible, the visits of outsiders being undesirable. The real gate of the Highlands on the right bank of the Tay was the King's Pass at Dunkeld, but the haughs there allowed more freedom of space. At Killiecrankie, however, the wild Garry dashed down impetuously over its rocky bed to be joined by the Tummel soon after, and the narrow foot track wound high above it amidst a tangle of lovely birches and alders. The pony knew the way and skilfully picked his feet, so that before the close of the long summer evening the trio had reached their destination and received a very warm welcome from Donald Fergusson's wife and family. He was a forester in charge of the deer in a large deer forest, and had a black but comfortably thatched house, containing a "but" and a "ben," with the byre alongside of the end. It was built on the side of the hill, the ground above it in no way levelled. A beautiful amber-coloured river ran through the glen, its banks fringed with low trees, though with the exception of some rocky tops the hills were green, with short turfy grass.

The eldest son, Jock, a strong and well-built lad, assisted his father. He had never in all his

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*Read at the December meeting of the Gaelic Society of Perth.

life worn aught but the kilt. The family always spoke Gaelic, but fortunately Chirstie had learnt it in her infancy from her mother, and was therefore well able to understand her cousins, who were all hospitably bent on pleasing her. Her aunt showed her with pride two little black Highland cows grazing on the haugh about the house, and truly never was milk so rich and sweet. Chirstie occasionally was taken a long walk by Jock to the top of the green sloping face of the hill behind the house, and from thence she could see other hills rising one above the other for miles and miles, some covered with heather, and to her great delight she saw red deer, the little spotted calves were still beside the hinds which grazed quietly alone, while their lords, the gallant harts, kept mostly in separate companies or parcels, many of them less bold than usual having still the velvet on their fresh horns.

Soon after Chirstie's arrival a great commotion took place, numbers of men, tenants, wadsetters, and others, besides foresters and shepherds, spread over the hills, showing themselves in the opposite direction to where they wished the deer to go, and carefully driving them and other game to a certain given spot where many gentlemen met the chief to enjoy the "hunt." All the dwellers on an estate and even all the vassals were bound to repair for "hunting or hosting," the last term meaning attending a muster, whenever summoned by their liege lord, and to camp out for as many days as they were required. Jock confided to Chirstie that at such meetings, matters of greater importance than sport were sometimes decided, and he looked forward hopefully to some chances of adventure following the present gathering.

Meanwhile our friends, the Lows in the High Street, were troubled about their son, Archie, a lad of seventeen, who it was their ambition to send to College to become a minister maybe or a doctor, but he was not inclined to such douce ways. Falling in with a party of drovers, or possibly reivers, he betook himself with them to the wild country of Rannoch, where he gladly engaged to work on the holding belonging to Alastair Macgregor, a cousin of his mother. Had Archie only waited, he would have very shortly found in Perth enough to occupy him, body and mind. News travelled very slowly in those days; yet rumour had it that the young

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD

had landed on the west coast of Scotland and arrived, seeking to recover for his father, James VIII., the kingdom then held by George II., who was himself, by descent, in the female line a great, great-grandson of our King, James VI. In spite of all unavoidable differences of opinion, probably few generous hearts can now withhold their sympathy from the gallant and brave young Prince, who believed himself destined to win back the Crown for his father. Prince Charles, or the young Chevalier, had in reality landed at Borradale in Arisaig, in the parish of Ardnamurchan, Inverness-shire, on the 4th August, 1745, and his father's standard was raised in Glenfinnan, the inlet from Moidart into Lochaber, on the 19th August. Joined by many chiefs and their clans, the little army marched over the Pass of Corryarrick (in Gaelic, "Coire-eirigh," the rising ravine), leading from Invergarry to Garvemore, with the hope of falling upon Cope's army, but this being frustrated, they marched eventually by Dalnacardoch to the Castle of Blair, arriving on August 31st. There the Prince was entertained by William, Duke of Atholl, the eldest brother, who had been living in exile whilst his next brother, known as Duke James, succeeded to the title and estates in consequence of the forfeiture of his eldest brother after the "15."

On September 3rd the Prince marched to Dunkeld, and on the 4th, after dining at Lord Nairn's house in Strathord, entered Perth, where King James VIII. was publicly proclaimed. The following passage from Browne's History of the Highlands describes the arrival, after stating that Perth had been taken possession of by a party of Camerons the previous evening:—"Attired in a superb dress of tartan, trimmed with gold, and mounted on Captain Scott's charger, Charles entered the 'Fair City' attended by several gentlemen on horseback. These immediately repaired to the Cross and proclaimed the Chevalier" (Charles's father was known throughout the country as the old Chevalier, and he was, of course, proclaimed James VIII.), "after which ceremony Charles was conducted, amid the acclamations of the people, to the house of Viscount Stormont, which had been provided for his residence while in Perth." This is all that I have quoted direct from the above-mentioned book. It is the traditional account, and the house of Lord Stormont is believed to have occupied the site of the present National Bank in High Street. It is said that the Magistrates (probably bound to the Government by their official oaths) and some of the principal inhabitants abandoned the city on the appearance of the Highlanders, and fled to Edinburgh. The Duke of Perth, Lords Ogilvie and Strathallan,

ROBERTSON OF STRUAN,

Oliphant of Gask, and other well-known gentlemen joined the Prince during his stay in Perth. The most important of those who rallied to the standard was another brother of the Duke of Atholl, Lord George Murray, who, being already a brilliant officer, was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Prince's army, and ever faithfully

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served the cause he deemed it his duty to support. It may be mentioned that Lord George Murray's eldest son long afterwards married the daughter of Duke James, and the present Duke of Atholl descends from this union.

Prince Charles remained several days in Perth to give time to his adherents to raise their men and to obtain supplies of money. The city of Perth was compelled to contribute £500, and other subsidies were gradually collected, the Prince occupying the time in disciplining and training his men. Although brought up as a Roman Catholic, he attended service in one of the churches in Perth on Sunday, 8th September, probably from a desire to please his Scottish friends. The preacher, Mr. Armstrong, appears to have inclined to the Stuart cause, for the text was from Isaiah xiv., 1-2, in which occur the words: "The Lord will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land," etc. This incident was mentioned in the "Caledonian Mercury" as quoted in Browne's History of the Highlands, and the name of Mr. Armstrong may help to identify the church, which is believed to have been St. John's. On 11th September Prince Charles left Perth. He visited Scone, breakfasted at Gask, dined at Tullibardine, where Lord and Lady George Murray were

MORNING OF PRESTONPANS.

living, and slept at Dunblane, to which his army had marched, and where he was joined by the Macdonalds of Glencoe, a friendly clan well known to us. From Dunblane, Prince Charles proceeded, by several days' successful marching, to the seizure of Edinburgh Castle and the

VICTORY OF PRESTONPANS,

but it is not our purpose to follow the Jacobite movements further at present. During the occupation of Perth by the Highlanders Mr. and Mrs. Low had many customers, and drove a good trade. The town was full of kilted warriors, who had no regular uniform, and whose arms exhibited much variety. The burly form of Donald Fergusson appeared at his sister's door, fresh from his home in Atholl; also young Jock, full of eagerness for the fray, and all the better stimulated to gallant deeds by his acknowledged and reciprocated attachment to his cousin, Chirstie. Beenie felt real proud of her kinsmen, and gladly sped them on their way without misgivings as to the future. Jamie Low's thoughts were taken up with anxiety to propitiate his old customers as they gradually took courage to return to the town.

(To be continued).

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JENNIE CAMERON OF THE '45.

THE history of Jennie Cameron, and especially the part she played in the rising of 1745, is wrapped in a good deal of obscurity. All we know about her only makes us wish we knew more. Some reader of the *Celtic Monthly* may, however, be able to supplement the following notes with further particulars regarding her.

At the time of the Rising, and after, the tongue of slander delighted to exercise itself in besmirching the characters of the ladies who took an active part in furthering the cause of the Stuarts, and no one seems to have suffered more in this way than Jennie Cameron, It was said she loved the Prince too well, followed the Highland army into England, was taken prisoner at Stirling and confined in Edinburgh Castle along with the Duchess of Perth. Those rumours were made the groundwork of a Grub Street novel, which in its turn was woven into an infamous production bearing to be her history by a worthless cleric named Henderson, and in this way the ball of falsehood was kept rolling.

The following seemingly reliable material, though meagre, will I think enable the reader to portray for himself a different lady to that of Henderson's book.

Æneas MacDonald, who was with the Prince when he landed in Scotland, told Bishop Forbes (see Chamber's History of the Rebellion) that Jennie was present at the raising of the standard in Glenfinnan. "Here," he said, "a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen met to see the ceremony, amongst the rest the famous Miss Jenny Cameron, as she is commonly, but very improperly called, for she is nearer fifty than forty years of age. She is a genteel, well-looked handsome woman, with a pair of pretty eyes and hair as black as jet. She is of a sprightly genius and is very agreeable in conversation. She was so far from accompanying the Prince's army that she went off with the rest of the spectators as soon as the army marched. Neither did she ever follow the camp, nor was she ever with the Prince but in public when he had his court in Edinburgh."

Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern gave a gentleman from whom Chambers had it, a somewhat different account of her. He said "The lady who made so much noise in 1745-6 as Miss Jennie Cameron was a daughter of Cameron of Glendessery. She married an Irish gentleman named O'Neil with whom she lived several years in Ireland, till obliged by his brutal behaviour to divorce him. She then returned to Inverness-shire where her original name was given to her. At the time of the insurrection she managed the estate of her brother, Cameron of Dungallon, who

From Original Drawing [*by the late Lockhart Bogle.*

JENNY CAMERON.

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was out. She sent the Prince a present of cattle at the raising of the standard, but never saw him herself. She was a woman of beauty and fashion, of good manners and masculine understanding. She died in 1774 at her house of Mount Cameron in Lanarkshire."

Ure, the author of the History of Rutherglen, gives us a glimpse of her later history. He says "In mentioning the places of note in the parish of East Kilbride, Mount Cameron should by no means be omitted. It is a small eminence about three-quarters of a mile south-east from Kilbride, on which is built a neat and commodious dwelling-house. This place formerly called Blacklaw takes its present name from Mrs. Jean Cameron, a lady of a distinguished family, character, and beauty. Her zealous attachment to the House of Stuart, and the active part she took to support its interests in the year 1745, made her well-known throughout Britain. Her enemies indeed took unjust freedom with her good name, but what can the unfortunate expect from a fickle and misjudging world. The revengeful and malicious, especially if good fortune is on their side, seldom fail to put the worst construction on the purest and most disinterested motives. Mrs. Cameron after the public scenes of her life were over, took up her residence in the solitary and bleak retirement of Blacklaw. But this vicissitude, so unfriendly to aspiring minds, did not throw her into despair. Retaining to the last the striking remains of a graceful beauty, she spent a considerable part of her time in the management of domestic affairs. She showed by her conversation on a great variety of subjects that she had a decernment greatly superior to the common. But politics was her favourite topic, and her knowledge of that subject was not confined to those of her own country. The particular cast of her mind, especially during the latter part of her life, was rather melancholy. A vivacity, however, which was natural to her constitution often enlivened her features and conversation. Her whole deportment was consistent with that good breeding, unaffected politeness, and friendly generosity which characterise the people of rank in the Highlands of Scotland. She was not remarkable for a more than ordinary attachment to any system of religious opinions or mode of worship, which is not always the case with the unfortunate. She attended Divine service in the Parish Church in which she joined with becoming devotion. Her brother and his family, of all her friends, paid her the greatest attention. She died in the year 1773 and was buried at Mount Cameron, amongst a clump of trees adjoining to the house. The grave is distinguished by nothing but a turf of grass, which is now almost equal with the ground."

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

GAELIC NAMES IN BRAEMAR.

BY MISS L. E. FARQUHARSON, OF INVERCAULD.

THERE came into my possession the other day through the kindness of a relation, a somewhat interesting old list of Gaelic place-names on Upper Deeside. Lately it has been said that very little Gaelic is left in Braemar, but were this same list taken by an intelligent Gael and used to find out how much or how little was still understood by the natives, the result would be quite different from that obtained by the visitors who from time to time interest themselves in the matter.

It is through the medium of place-names that much might be done in the Highland districts to encourage and keep alive the interest in the old tongue. Why should we replace the names so well given by our forefathers, names which, as will be seen in the following remarks, are so suitable to the country and often reveal so much of its past? The Saxon race is not happy in its momenclature. In Africa lately writers have blamed the Boer for the want of imagination displayed in his innumerable Quagganets, Klipspringer's Kraals, Bontebok Vleis, Pardebergs and Spionkops, yet finding the *unimaginative* first settlers had named a Doovel's Kloof after the Dove which suggests Good Hope, their Saxon successors straightway transformed the Dove into a Devil, and the mountain next Table Mountain now rears its pointed head heavenward as Devil's Peak for ever.

As long ago as before 1850 Dr. MacGillivray, an enthusiastic naturalist and Gael, was quick to notice if any natural point of interest had taken on an English for a Gaelic name. Speaking of the somewhat celebrated Breakneck Fall near the head of Loch Callater in Braemar he says—"I had supposed the name of recent origin, but it is only a translation of the ancient name 'Eas-allt-brist-amhach'—fall of break-neck brook." The spelling may be wrong but an interesting little fact is preserved for the students of place-names in Braemar. The silver streak of water thundering down the rocks shows a band of white as soon as the bend of the loch is reached.

In like manner my little old MSS. contains many a fact now forgotten in Braemar. With greater movement, with more books, with increased competition of labour, the young people are not the faithful transmitters of legend their fathers were. The old man who wrote down these old names more than forty years ago, has been dead twenty years at least and as he was very old then, his birth may be placed in the very early years of the nineteenth century. He occupied the post of gardener and was one of those natural students and book-lovers once most peculiarly characteristic of Scotland. Botany,

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ferns, and grasses were his special study, but he had a great reverence for book-learning in general and Gaelic in particular, therefore he wished to foster a love for it amongst the laird's children, and if with little success at the time his effort has lived on to be a source of learning for a younger generation.

Without old Charles's interpretation the name of *Invercauld* itself would be hard enough to account for. It is written *Endercauld* in a Mackintosh Charter of 1595 and often *Inercald* in the family papers, and *Morchalla* in a book purporting to be by a thorough Gaelic speaker. "To the North of Invercauld is *'Clash cath buil'* being the valley where the battle was struck. 'Clash' a hollow, 'Cath' a battle, the *th* silent and 'buail or bual' struck or strike. Here then is the valley of the Battle. Nearer the Mansion of Invercauld is *'Cath Lag,'* 'Cath' a battle, 'Lag' a hollow. We often have the adjective before the noun. 'Inver' implies the lower end of any stream or hollow, 'Inbhir cath lag' Invercauld —*bh* sounded *v*, *th* silent. Before people could write or were book-learned Invercauld was always pronounced 'Inbhircathlad' being 'Lower end of the valley of combat.'" This seems a somewhat fanciful explanation, and gives no reason for the inclusion of a letter *d* as early as 1595. Even allowing for Braemar Gaelic being very nasal and guttural it would be difficult to prolong the sound of a final *g* into so pronounced a *d*. Perhaps some of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* could give a better derivation. *Morchalla* would be Valley of great battles.

Charles is most interesting when he touches on the meaning of *Lochnagar*. "*Lochangearr*, pronounced Lochanyar, but we have no *y* in Gaelic. Being literally 'short lake.' In this I am borne out by Mr. Lachlan Maclean of Glasgow, in his 'Adam and Eve,' who is the ablest Gaelic scholar I have met with; so the mountain takes its name from the small lake which it almost encircles. 'Lochan', small lake, 'Geara,' short. The highest point of Lochnagar *'Gaoth Charna'* means literally 'Horn of wind.'"

Another old man often told me that *Gaoth Charna* was the real name of the mountain, but that the other name had little by little attached itself instead. His derivation was different to Charles'. He said it came from a word meaning pointed, referring to the needle-like point, but he also allowed there were others who derived it again from the ever useful 'cath' seeing how prone the Celts were to fight; some again, he said, have suggested 'Gour' as he pronounced it 'Gobhar,' goats.

Describing Lochnagar Dr. Macgillivray says* "Its summit is three miles long and presents towards its eastern extremity the great corry, a thousand feet deep, slanting down to a somewhat circular lake, apparently of great depths, its water though very pure seeming almost black or deep blue. It is this lake which originally bore the name given to the whole mountain, Lochan-a-ghar; the precipices around it were named 'Creacan lochan-a-ghar.' The etymology of Loch-an-a-ghar is difficult. It is conjectured by a friend of mine, a first rate Gaelic scholar, to mean the little lake of the dyke or wall, Lochan a gharidh. I have often thought that the true name is Lochan-nan-gearr, the little lake of hare, of which there are many on the mountain." Thus we have five interpretations—Loch-an-cath, Lochan na-Gobhar, Lochangear, Lochan-a-Garidh and Lochan-nan-gearr, and all set down by men unable to spell Gaelic; for Dr. MacGillivray, though a fluent Gaelic speaker, did not in the vast unedited mass of notes he left behind him, attain any uniformity in his manner of writing Gaelic names, and his editor, Mr. Lankister, confesses the difficulty of dealing with the Celtic names as he calls them and does not state that he had any assistance in deciding on their proper reading. I have not Mr. Johnston's admirable work beside me, so I do not know whether he includes this beautiful mountain in his list, but I rather think he gives no rendering of its name.

There is no consecutive order preserved by Charles in writing down the sixty and odd names which occurred to him as needful to explain to his young friends. Sometimes in thought he will take some particular glen, going up it step by step, put down the names as he remembers them; writing no doubt in some long winter's evening by the firelight. This is what he makes of *Glen Candlic* which leads right up into the heart of Invercauld Forest. "*Glen Conleig* (Candlic) extends from Balnagour to Caich Cottage, derived from 'Con,' dogs, and 'Leig,' hunting: that is 'Glen of dog-hunting.'" The burns running into the Slugan Water in its course down Glen Candlic are "*Glas-allt*," green burn, "*Allt na Earb*," burn of the roe, "*Allt Bratachan*," the burn of banners. A wood near the mouth of the glen is "*Elricht*," from Elid, a hind, and Ruaig, to chase or pursue. A fairly good testimony to the Gael's pastime of hunting.

But another kind of pursuer lurked too in the narrow glen, for higher up we are told—"Behind a rising ground in the middle of *Caithoiche* (Quoich, modern) night battle, is *'Lub-na-Incarlach'* or curve of the thieves, where the caterans concealed their stolen cattle during the day and to the eastward is *'Clach-na-Freichtan,'* or stone of watching, where they were waylaid. To 'spoil the spoiler and from the robber rend the prey.' Probably from a

*Natural History of Deeside, p. 59, pub. 1855.

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night encounter with those thieves the glen got its name." This is somewhat vague I will allow, and Charles's spelling to which in every case I adhere, is more than indistinct. All the tales that fell on wondering childish ears in that wild glen were of thieves and battles. "The hill of the burdens" where the Cateran stayed to rest after a foray, the stone of watching where the robbers waited their prey, the valley of Battle where they from the north met them from the south, and we never thought to ask what cateran, what robbers, what men? And perhaps no one knew. Only once the fighters were given names and the scene was laid by the teller of the tale in *Glen Candlic* adding the Ettrick Shepherd had it different in a book he wrote when in Braemar long years back. The truth of that I do not know.

"The Erskines and M'Leans had a right feud and were hunting each other up and down the country. Headed by Lord Mar, the Erskines met their foe at the foot of *Capell Clerach* and a great battle was fought. When the M'Leans put distance behind them, a ghillie came up by the brae, dressed in a philibeg and said he would show Mar an easier road down to the Strath. The ghillie knew the way fine, but, coming to the head of *Glen Candlic* nothing would please the chief but going his way and not the laddie's, who said it was sair in his heart to see them gang that gate. Nothing would do for Mar but take his own road, and not far had he gone when from behind every rock about rose a M'Lean, till the glen fair rang with their cries. Hard was the work they wrought on them, great the blows they put by with the Claidhmor. The chief of the M'Leans drawing an arrow to its head let fly at Mar and it is a dead man he would have been, but the ghillie stranger threw himself before him and found death instead." In what words the *denouement* was conveyed to our twelve-year-old minds I do not remember, but the end of the tale revealed that the youth was the daughter of M'Lean in love with Erskine, who had thus sought to save him. Close by where she was supposed to have fallen were the *Three Knolls of the Fairies*, green mounds, shaded by silver birches, standing out amidst the surrounding grey and brown of rocks and purple of heather.

The old name of Castletown of Braemar, *Ceanndrochaide*, still well known, is here rendered Candrochit, Parish of Bridge-end; *Monaltrie*, is derived from *Magh altairn*, plain of altars; two very strange old stones are still to be seen in a field opposite the old house, last remains perchance of that Druid worship which St. Nathalan tried in early days to check in this lone Strath. Two more quotations from my little book and I have done. One shows the Celtic belief in hidden treasure *Altan-na-meinadh* —burn of the ore. "I heard a man, Alexander M'Dougal, say that when searching for his horse he picked up a lump of something there by far the heaviest of its size he had ever seen. He did hide it but could not get it again; that was long before people began to dig at California or Ballarat when such a thing was found at the Burn of the Ore; there may be something there yet to reward a search." The last testifies silently to the use of place names.

"*Clagan a-Ghuail*," valley of the charcoal. "It was customary to bury charcoal on Marches as it was a substance that would not decay, when dug up it would settle disputes. Claganghuail was and is the March between the Parishes" This is quite true and often the old woman living in the cottage told me how it was exactly on the boundary between Crathie and Braemar, but she never told me the meaning of the strangely sounding name which is still well known to the natives and one more proof to the fitness of the Gael's naming. So fitting are his place names in both Ireland and Scotland that a stranger who spoke the language could with the help of an ordnance survey, where names are mentioned, identify nearly every field and certainly every hill, valley, meadow, marsh or even ancient woodlands, and almost the character of the soil. This is particularly so in Ireland. 'The field with a stone where the thorn bush grows," still marks some old site and the short Erse word for it conveys at once the position and the fact that the stone and tree were there in far distant days, while the "Vale of Honey" tells of fair fertile lands where Clonmel now stands. How much too of these descriptive names relate to colour. Allt-ouradh, Allt-dearg, and Glas-allt, Liacharadh, Cor-aubhar and Corrie dubh, Bealach-dearg and Bealach Buidh, Meal-gorm and Cairn-gorm. How varied then and imaginative. I think of the Pinknell's Hollow, Bowden Hills, Weathercock Hills and One o'Clock Bushes of South England, and in this as in many points I feel the Gael has the better of the Saxon. Does the latter ever pause to think of the old Celts whom his ancestors drove out when he reads names like Andover and Southampton "An dwfr" the water, "An ton" the wave?

One more shout of battle. "Meal-tional, that is Hill of Gathering." "Meala Bhuaidh," Hill of Victory. "From the number of cairns of stones on its south-west brow it would seem something was decided there."

Let us leave Charles with his vague echoes of unimportant frays and make a solemn resolve to try like him to preserve each in our district some slight record of its place-names, once well known, but now rapidly passing into oblivion.

AN ODE ON THE 300th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF GLENFRUIN.

Dedicated to Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, (Chief of the Clan) and to the Clan Gregor Society by their Honorary Bard.

ON the 8th February, 1603, was fought this famous clan battle, the victory of which by the MacGregors over greatly superior numbers, led to their name being proscribed, and the Clan being persecuted with great cruelty till the year 1774, when Scotland's royal Clan was once more resuscitated by a special Act of the British Parliament, never, we hope, to die again.

The Clan, though it fell so low, prides itself on its high origin and romantic history, as well as on the unique distinction of being the only name on record that has, so to speak, risen from the grave, wherein it had lain for nearly two hundred years. It is, moreover, the only family name in the Kingdom, high or low, that possesses the exclusive privilege of bearing the crown on its crest in recognition of its ancient royalty—*Vide* "History of the Clan Gregor" vol. I., by Miss A. M. MacGregor of MacGregor, or the Introduction to Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Rob Roy."

With mingled thoughts of joy and woe,
We hail once more that stormy day,
When, three long hundred years ago,
Was fought Glenfruin's fateful fray;
That doomed Clan-Alpine's royal line
To be deprived of name and land,
Betrayed by traitors' dark design,
And vile usurpers' ruthless hand.

Though few they were, compared with those
Who gloried in their hoped-for fall,
Our fearless fathers faced their foes,
And there opposed them, one and all;
And if in self-defence they drew
The sword, and slew with might and main,
Not theirs the crime, but of the crew
That on Glenfruin's field were slain.

Methinks I see the ambushed band,
Surprised—but not at all dismayed,
As on they rushed with sword in hand,
In that wild, furious charge they made;
Methinks I hear their slogan's roar,
"*Ard-choille*"—while they closed in fight,
Until the field reeked red with gore,
And fled their foes in hopeless flight.

Ill-fated day!—with triumph crowned,
Yet clouded with results so grave,
In years to come, when Fortune frowned,
And rudely trampled down the brave;
Who fell a prey to worthless laws
That lacked regard for justice due,
And suffered for the sacred cause,
For which they warred so staunch and true.

But as the Phœnix from the fire
Arises into life again,
E'en so the brave, through trials dire,
Will often rise from grief and pain
For thus it is that heroes bold
Come forward in the hour of strife,
To wrestle with the wrongs untold,
With which this woeful world is rife.

And if 'tis not to heroes all
Is granted to command success,
If not a few are doomed to fall
By lurking foes, in sore distress;
Yet e'en when dead, their fame survives,
To keep alive the fiery glow,
That marked the tenor of their lives,
Against the wiles that laid them low.

The royal Unicorn is ours,
And ours the Lion, crowned, for crest,
The antlered Stag that lightly scours
Along the heath-clad mountain's breast;
Our badge—"Clan-Alpine's Honoured Pine!"
So fresh and fair, so always green,
These be the emblems of our line,
And such, from ancient times, have been.

We pledge ourselves, with loyal zeal,
Due homage to our Chief to pay,
While we shall all, for woe or weal,
Be bound together—come what may;
So was it with our sires of old,
Those stormy years that now have fled,
So be it of our sons re-told,
When we, their sires, lie cold and dead!

Mere gilded lords may spring from naught,
As creatures of created kings,
But yet an older stock than that
Lived long before such modern things;
The offspring of the kings of old,
The Clan that died—*and rose again*!
Within our royal selves we hold
The oldest and the noblest strain.

Though long, indeed, our tribal star
Was wrapped in clouds of awful gloom,
MacGregor still, in peace, in war,
Shall flourish with untarnished bloom;
On Highland heath while grows our Pine,
Or blows the breeze through Lowland vale,
So long Clan-Alpine's name shall shine
In many a fireside song and tale.

And thus, throughout our lives' brief round,
Where'er on earth our footsteps stray,
Be ours to live in honour bound
To be as faithful found as they;
Who fought through conflicts dark and drear,
Against the fearful wrongs they bore,
And left to us, through far and near,
Proud memories of the years of yore.

For though our fathers' lifeless clay
Has mingled with the parent dust,
To us they have bequeathed for aye
A solemn and a sacred trust:—
The trust to guard, with watch and ward,
The heirloom of their warlike fame,
And treasure, with devout regard,
The magic of their matchless NAME!

J. MACGREGOR, M.D.,
Lieut.-Colonel.

Ardgay, Ross-shire.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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BOUND VOLUMES.—Volume X. can now be had, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt lettering, for 7/6 post free. Volumes VI., VII., VIII., and IX. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 per volume. Apply John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

CLAN M'ROBBIE.

As references to this clan are by no means numerous the following may interest *Celtic Monthly* readers. In the days of James IV. the Clan of M'Robbie inhabited Balloch, and rendered the Drummonds Signal Service on an adjoining height at the battle of Knock Mary, where both defeated the Murrays. The Drummonds granted the M'Robbies an aisle in Muthill Church for the burial of their slain, which right is still held by the chief of the clan, and a document in connection therewith was produced in 1826, when the dispute was brought up regarding the right to erect an Episcopal Chapel on the old site of the Muthill Parish Church. The beautiful valley of Balloch lies about three miles westward from Crieff. Mac Rob, MacRobb, MacRobie and MacRobbie are Septs and dependents of the Clan MacFarlane. Who is the present chief?

Aberdeen. ROBERT LAWRANCE.

RANNAN AIR A' BHLIADHN' UIR.

THA 'n Nollaig Bheag* a teannadh dlùth,
Ach c' àite 'm bheil na balaich ;†
A thogadh air ar cridhe sùnnd
Mu' m bristeadh neòil na maduinn'?

Tha cuid air falbh 'an dùthaich chéin,
Ri saoghal cruaidh a' cathadh ;
'S cuid dhiu sinnt' air leaba thinn
A b' àbhaist bhi 's an rabal.

Cuid eile paisgte anns an uaigh,
Bha lùghmhor luath 's làn aighear,
Ach ghairmeadh dhachaidh iadsan tràth,
A thoirt d' an càirdean rabhadh.

Bha e dhuinn mar naigheachd shith‡
Nach bitheamaid bhos ach tamull ;
Bha 'n saoghal a dol leinn gun strì,
Cur sgàil air smaointinn fallain.

Tha 'n roth a dol mu'n cuairt gu'n sgios
Gu luath, bìth dé cho fada ;
'S bochd a ni mur bi sinn réidh
'S cho geàrr 's tha 'n ùine a th' againn.

Gabhaibh misneach, sithse tha sgith,
Tha 'n saoghal uile a cathadh ;
Tha smudan fein 'os ceann gach fòid,
'S cha 'n e so baile 'mhaireas.

Na gabhaibh farmad ris gach neach
Tha 'n coltas, aoibheil toilicht',
Cha sibhs' ga léir de'n t-ealach trom
Tha paisgte suas na 'm broilleach.

Is iomadh curachd 'théid mu cheann,§
Mu 'n tig an t-am so 'n ath bhliadhn,
'S cha 'n e feàr tinn a 's dluithe 'n chrich,
Ged 's dùth dha bhi neo-mhaireann.

Tha cuid do'n t-shluagh a dol mu'n cuairt,
Nach 'eil ro fhuasach neart-mhor ;
'S ged chumas iad 'san t-snàthaid snàth¶
Cha chum iad suas ri caismeachd.

Mar sin, mo chàirdean cleachdaibh sìth
Le ainneart o na gleachdadh ;
Cha 'n fhiach an sàoghal 's anabarr stri,
Ach dichioll, slochail, beachdail.

BROG CUTHAIG.

*13th January. †Friends, young men first footing. ‡Fairy tale. §A phrase indicative of people dying. ¶A phrase indicative of just being able to hold out, but not equal to contest with his companions.

GAELIC CLASSES IN BRAEMAR.—With a view to forming a Gaelic Association in Braemar, an evening class is being held twice a week in Castletown, and twice a week at Inverey ; forty-eight pupils attend at the former, and forty-five at the latter place. The services of Mr. Smart of Strathglass have been secured by a committee including the Rev. Mr. Gordon, the Rev. Canon Paul, Mr. James Aitken, Banker, Mr. Badenoch, Schoolmaster, and Messrs. Macgregor, Macpherson and Macdonald. The movement was initiated by Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, and receives the support of the Duke of Fife and Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld.

A FAVOURITE SUTHERLAND ANGLING RESORT.

IN a remote part of the Highlands, far from the stir and strife of the crowded city, and known to only a few enthusiastic anglers and others of the sporting fraternity, there is a bit of country that for rugged grandeur has few rivals in all Scotland. This romantic spot lies in the south-west corner of Sutherland, more than thirty miles from the nearest railway station. As the slow rumbling mail-coach emerges from the dreary monotony of Ealag Moor, and breasting a slight incline in the road, dashes down hill with a roll and a rattle, there bursts on the view the panorama of the Assynt hills—a picture that is, in many respects, unique even in the land of the "mountain and the flood." Away in front and apparently in our path, the twin peaks of Suilvein rise in the flooding light of the declining sun, one mass of purple and gold. To the right and somewhat nearer hand, Cannisp rears its bold outline in the evening stillness, while away to the south the graceful slopes and deep corries of Coulmore —the queen of Assynt bens—gradually unfold themselves to our admiring gaze. Between us and those towering masses in the background, the eye lingers longingly on green knolls and heath-covered hills, glimmering lakes, and narrow valleys even now looking dark in the gathering shadows. The heather-scented Highland air sweetly assails the grateful nostrils, and above the thud of the horses' feet and the crunching of the wheels on the gravelly road, the crooning of distant burnies falls soothingly on the ear. But with a ho! and a bump, we are across the Aultnacealgach burn, and the next minute we find ourselves at our journey's end, tired and dusty, but happy—supremely happy. Later on, after a refreshing wash and an excellent dinner we silently smoke our pipes in front of the hotel, amidst the darkness of the summer night and the indescribable solitude of the mountains, while the wind sighs over the moors, and the waters of Boarlan lap the shingly beach.

The ubiquitous angler has left few places unexplored in his pursuit of the gentle art, and no sooner do the first breezes of summer sweep over the mountains and curl up the surface of the lakes than the enthusiastic disciples of old Izaak Walton, tearing themselves away from dingy offices and smoky cities, ay, and from wives and families, rush into this remote Highland glen, and for a few weeks forget their worries and anxieties as they breathe the ozone-laden breezes from the Western Atlantic, thrash the clear blue waters in search of their finny inhabitants, and eat the simple mid-day sandwich in the shade of the willow and hazel copses. And then the inevitable dessert in the shape of the well-seasoned briar! What havana can compare with its mellow aroma on a Highland loch, under the shadow of the Highland mountains, with the blue vault of the eternal heavens overhead! The best spent life can hold no sweeter memories!

Of the many lochs in this anglers' paradise perhaps Veyatie possesses to the man, who is not merely an angler but also a lover of what is grand and picturesque in Nature, greater attractions than any other. From the neighbourhood of the straggling crofting township of Elphin it runs north-west for a distance of six miles, its breadth varying from a quarter to half a mile. At its eastern extremity it receives the waters of three other lochs of considerable size, in addition to the overflows of several mountain tarns. The More river which conveys the accumulated waters into Veyatie is barely a quarter of a mile long; and, about fifty yards from its mouth, it forms a beautiful fall twenty feet high, where it dashes itself in sparkling foam into the Black Pool below. After heavy rains the Pool, which is of uncertain depth, becomes a veritable Maelstrom. The tumbling waters rush hither and thither with amazing rapidity, whirling round in eddies and counter eddies, rising and falling and bubbling and splashing, while above the general din the roar of the fall in a strong deep monotone can be heard far out on Veyatie.

The Pool is a favourite haunt of monster specimens of brown trout, experienced wary warriors, heroes of a hundred fights, bearing the scars of many a stout tussle in which the human foe has been worsted. No doubt many of them belong to the loafing and itinerant classes of the finny tribe, for some have been fished out of the Pool—in the height of the season, too—that were simply a disgrace to their kind, long, black, big-headed fellows, who preferred a life of laziness and semi-starvation to one of activity and comfort. There is a story—or rather a legend—told by the very oldest local ghillies about a huge monster surpassing in size even the "large fish" of angling mythology, that lived for years in the Black Pool, defying every attempt that the wit of the angler could devise to coax him to destruction. Not that this doughty inhabitant of the Pool was a modest recluse. On the contrary he made frequent dashes after the gaudy lure offered to him, and even got himself hooked now and again—on an average six times every season, old Callum told me—but his raids were so unexpected, and made with such lightning rapidity, that he either carried away the tackle at the first rush, or, before he could be checked, got to some cavernous recess from which no human ingenuity could dislodge him. And in either case the disappointed angler went away with broken tackle, using strange words not found in the vocabulary of polite society. The finny warrior lived on for

years, wooed by many an angler, won by none. But alas! that one should have to record an inglorious end to such a brilliant career! One Autumn there came a heavy spate, and when the waters receded they left behind, high and dry on the green sward, a lifeless fish, long, lanky and ugly, with an enormous head defaced by many scars, and in which were fixed two rusty hooks—the sole trophies of a life of perpetual warfare! And from that date no other Terror has haunted the Black Pool.

From a spot near the middle of the loch, fully two miles from the mouth of the More river, the view on a clear sunny day is of surpassing beauty. To the north, and only a few miles distant, rises double-peaked Suilvein with its steep sides shewing clear and well cut against the blue of the summer sky. To the south, and rising in majestic stateliness from the very shores of the loch the mighty Coulmore towers proudly to the height of nearly three thousand feet. Far up its sides we gaze, in admiration, on the wonderful effects produced by the playing of the lights and shadows among the corries—those deep, silent corries, the home of the wild fox and the lordly stag. Still further down the slopes, where the purple heather grows long, and the green foliage of the birch, hazel, and mountain-ash spreads like a mantle to the water's edge, the black-cock and grey-hen rear their young in safety and solitude, and the mavis and black-bird warble their love songs to their mates. Crystal streams like white ribbons rush merrily down, ever babbling their soft liquid notes; and as we listen we are conscious of another sound in a deep monotonous bass—the sound of the Black Fall, which we can see like a patch of snow embowered amidst the red of the heather and the green of the bracken. But Robert, the ghillie, whose cradle was rocked to the music of the mountains, and to whom every nook and cranny on Coulmore are as familiar as his own hearthstone, though he admires what is beautiful in Nature, appreciates the playing of a two-pound trout still more, and his growing impatience at our apparent indifference to sport, has at last broken bounds—not an unusual thing with Robert when the reputation of the angler is at stake—and he reminds us that "if we want to get fish we had better try and catch them." So in the Reedy Bay we set to, and the soul of Robert is happy as he sees a beautifully-spotted, plump fish after another finding its way into the basket.

The shores of Loch Veyatie present every variety of bottom. There is the reedy bay where the playing of a heavy fish is a ticklish operation; the yellow, sandy beach where a silver-bellied beauty is likely to be got; the stretch of deep, dark water lying in the shadow of a bluff, black rock, where the salmo-ferox loves to hide; and there is the low, stony coast, with the water deepening slowly, where you may catch anything. At the head of the loch the mouths of the More river and the Knockan burn are most likely spots after a flood, and at the far west end a capital fishing stream runs into Loch Fewn, from which issues the Kirkaig river carrying the waters of half-a-dozen lochs into the Minch.

Every angler has his favourite loch or stream, rendered dear by some fond memories of the past. An unusually heavy basket on an unpromising day, or a long and exciting struggle in some well-remembered pool, is sufficient to make the scene of the incident a spot sacred above all others. One such experience must suffice here. One evening, some years ago, after a heavy spate following upon a long period of drouth, I went to fish the mouth of the More river. It was already dusk, and the conditions were not specially promising. On reaching the scene of operations I found the stream larger than I had expected. A spit of land running out between the mouths of the More river and Knockan burn was almost entirely under deep water—a thing unprecedented in my experience. Wading out to a small hillock that was not submerged I fished the overflow of both streams—to right and left—and in about two hours and a half landed thirty-five trout weighing rather more than twelve pounds. "It was grand," said Robert, as he emptied my flask after counting and weighing the catch; and I agreed with him: it *was* grand.

D. MACLEOD.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY CELTIC LECTURES.—Professor Maclean delivered the sixth of his course of lectures on 27th January. Taking as his subject "Dugald Buchanan and the Religious Poets and Hymn-Writers," he said that the lyrical outburst of the "'45," which gave us so many of the finest songs and descriptive poems in the Gaelic language, was scarcely less remarkable for the number of hymns and other sacred pieces it produced. Since the days of St. Columba there had not arisen in Gaeldom any notable religious poet or any marked genius for hymn-writing. Stray pieces, generally of indifferent merit, might be traced in the course of the long ages, but few hymns, in the Scottish Highlands at least, fit to take their place in any choice anthology. The times were wild and unsettled, and the Reformation was slow in taking effect in the Celtic Arena of clan strife. But after the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Jacobite-cataclysm burst the bonds and fetters of the past, preparing the way for the new regime and its fresh inception of ideas, there came that wonderful recrudescence of hymn and song which has rendered the period the most pregnant in the history of Highland poetry. After a vivid sketch of the life of Buchanan and an account of his sublime and impressive spiritual songs, Dr. Maclean surveyed the lives and sacred lays of such other prominent Highland hymn-writers as the Rev. Peter Grant, the Rev. Dr. James Macgregor, John Maclean, John Morrison, and a number of minor bards, whose names are enshrined in the Gaelic hymnology of the North.

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THE PASS OF THE SHADOW.

BY ASHMORE WINGATE.

Author of "Distinctions of Ossianic Poems."

IF I look from where I write, across the open valley that separates us who reside on the ascent of the Grampians from those who live by the Ochils, I see, unless the day be misty, a wonderful defile piercing the range of the latter hills. This is the defile of Glen Eagles; and possessing as it does, walls of great altitude ascending at a considerable angle, enclosing a contracted space, like an embrasure in the earth-works of a vast fortress, it forms a splendid break in the monotony of these frontiers of the Highlands. And there is this remarkable distinction attaching to it, that for a great part of the day, however brightly the strath may glow, there will rest a shadow therein. At eventide the effect is more noticeable. For then the dying sun loving to clothe himself in the orange and amethyst of his infant dawn, as some discarded Du Barry or La Valliere, might in her last lonely and inevitable hour be moved to greet the final summons with a masquerade in the robes and "bijoux" of her exquisite prime —the dying sun loving to depart in this fashion,

SHERIFFMUIR GATHERING STONE.

the whole region is rapidly stained with an inimitable series of colours.

But there is ever the notable exception of this formidable glen. Sombrely it lies, in spite of all this glory; sombrely, and, unless the wind be in the North, exceedingly quiet and still. And withal there is little wood within it. And from my vantage point only one pine-thicket is discernible, to the left of the white road that led former generations of Celts to the temptations of the unknown plains far South; a mere black blotch then. Yet if one were close to it, how large it might appear, and how full of our Scottish flora and fauna. With this exception the glen seems "empty, swept, and garnished," a place of beautiful desolation, except when the mists move within it, sometimes gray and frayed, but at other times of the colour of spotless marble, and massed and solid, like snow filling a cup. Then it is arrayed with a garment of suggestion and of mystery, making it clear by example, how the vapours of Olympus might have inspired the Hellenic imagination with ideas of the presence of the gods.

Now it is notable, but as I think, appropriate that this defile, the Bolar Pass of Scotland, Glen

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Ogle being the Khyber Pass, should communicate something of its sadness, something of its unhappy exemption from sunlight, if I may use the expression, to the destinies of those who pass through it.

Long ago, the power of Rome, after throwing out far-reaching tentacles of camps and earthworks to the North, was compelled step by step, league by league, to return to the defence of Italy. The indestructible memorials found at intervals among the Grampians have outlived the statemanship that caused their construction. The Latin domination receded Southwards from our Highlands, like a tempest slowly vacating the enormous arc of the heaven. And the last of the spears of the magnificent Cæsarean legions vanished, according to trustworthy historians, down this very defile, Glen Eagles. Did the silver images of the imperial bird transmit their name to the Pass? Or has the place been a favourite haunt of the living king of the air? It matters not. The fact, I believe, is established that that last retreat through the heart of the Ochils was the sign, as it were, of the immediate decadence of the most splendid empire of the world.

Centuries, almost a millenium and a half crept by, and in 1715 Perthshire was crossed by gorgeous, clashing regiments; and to observers high up on the hillsides, the roads far below must have seemed somewhat like startingly mottled serpents; for each was a long mosaic of moving tartans. The celebrated Earl of Mar was in the van in that day, and the glens were filled with pipe-music, echoed by other and phantom music from the distant rock-falls. The House of Stuart never lacked devoted adherents. But now it came to pass that Mar must march to Sheriffmuir, to meet Argyll where the Ochils drop gradually into the Western plains, a point just beyond my vision from the heights of Central Perthshire. From Perth, then, the Jacobite army stepped forth. Now before they had gone half way to the scene of the great battle, so the legend runs, Mar dispatched a certain force down Glen Eagles, a force which was to work circuitously, and appear in Argyle's rear in the hour of danger. Who composed this force is uncertain. Were they Stewarts of Appin, every man with the darag or the cluaran sprig for his crest, or were they Farquharsons from Mar's own country, the people of the lus-nam-ban-sith? It matters not. And history is extraordinarily silent on the matter. Yet we may still think of them parting from the main body, and disappearing from the bright sunshine of Strathearn down into this Pass of the Shadow. Were their thoughts only of victory as they went? Did they play boastful music, something akin to the Argyllshire air, "The glen is mine?" That air itself we may be sure they did not play; though mayhap they were reserving it to deceive the enemy at the critical time. Did they shout their clan mottoes up the bare slopes, to be answered with faint, cheering signals from an occasional herd girl? We do not know. But they seem to have vanished from recollection itself, "as a tale that is told." There is no word of their appearance, of their brilliant flank movement at Sheriffmuir. Possibly a strange spell gathered round them, and they returned towards home, feeling that destiny was against them. It does not matter, the gloom of the Pass of the Shadow has enveloped them for ever. And something of their misfortune smote the Earl of Mar, and the Cause of the Stewarts; was it through the loss of those men, or was the evil spell contagious, as it were? At any rate, for some unaccountable reason, Sheriffmuir was not well won, and bye-and-bye the whole campaign ended in ashes.

And now look thirty years ahead. The hour has come to strike another blow. Intrigues have proceeded for years, intrigues between St. Germains and Scotland; flying documents have gone hither and thither, like the winged roll of Ezekiel. A Stuart of the younger generation lands, and again the country rises as before. In the ranks are many veterans of the "'15," not so light-handed as formerly, but with all the old sentiment. Again the land fills with war-like sounds of innumerable pipers, and presently a much greater host than that of Mar is under way. But in leaving Perthshire they seem to have been driven by fate through no other glen than Glen Eagles itself. Just as the lost regiments had done thirty years ago, this army enters the defile; but, unlike its predecessor, at the very hour of twilight. The September day was drawing to a close, and far to the West the Aberuchils must have shone in the tropical blue that their volcanic forms assume in summer, before it is the season for the red fire of the brackens. The sky would afford them the relief that it always does, with its gorgeous pink ebbing imperceptibly into an aerial sea of pale green.

While the tramp of these armed masses filled the lonely glen startling a younger generation of returning herd-girls, the arc above gradually was scattered with the silver dust of countless stars. Darkness came, and seeing nothing clearly one would have imagined that one heard the tramp of the ghosts of the Imperial Legions. Dimly at the head might have been seen Prince Charles Edward looming in unison with the shadowy elegance of his charger. In his French outlines he must have borne a resemblance to the equestrian statue in some great capital, which according to legend, used at certain hours to escape from its pedestal. The victory of Prestonpans was to come in a short

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time, that of Falkirk, and that of Carlisle later on; but the eye of prophesy could have seen that this distinguished army was marching to what would, at length, prove to be its doom.

Nor was it merely the army in the glen that was drawing so near to ruin, it was the whole Stuart cause, travelling across history to a melancholy end. The *Mauvais Pas* of Scotland had cast its spell upon it. For at least the third time the same curious phenomenon occurred. We have all known of people who would insist upon walking over certain places, or touching certain objects. Dr. Johnson used to do so. And the late Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Memoirs of Childhood" makes no secret of the fact that he was accustomed to surrender to this curious fancy. And there have from time immemorial been spots supposed to confer unique benefits upon those who visited them, such as the famous Blarney Stone in Ireland, and the Witches' Heath near Cawdor in Scotland. But here is a place which seems to have influences of a very different character. No army can pass through it and prosper. Just as when the dead of the classical ages reached the river Lethe, and crossed over it, their past glory ceased, and all the remnants of their old lives slipped from them, so it would seem that the powers of those who lead their armies through this fatal defile fade before the fierce breath of the "Zeit-Geist"; their weapons come to rust. Only the "souvenirs" of earthwork, temple, and sculpture in the one case; only the sound of faint martial music lingering long upon the wind and in the national ear, in the other, serve to remind the great world of a splendour that is gone.

(To be continued.)

THE MACLEANS OF CROSSAPOL.

BY THE REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

BELFAST, P.E.I., CANADA.

(Concluded from page 79.)

IT is not stated in any Maclean MS. or in any authentic document of any kind, that Ewen, the son of John Garbh, was married, or that he had a son, or that he was the progenitor of the Macleans of Crossapol. It is thus impossible to prove that certain persons or any persons are descended from him. The probability is that he was not married. Still I admit that he may have been married. I also admit that he may have left a son.

As Ewen the son of John Garbh was killed at Inverkeithing in 1651, Hector his son, if there was such a person, must have been born at least as early as 1652. Then, if Hector was the father of Neil of Crossapol, who was born about 1724, he must have been seventy-two years of age at the time of the birth of his heir. Owing to this plain fact I cannot believe without positive evidence that Neil of Crossapol was the son of Hector, son of Ewen, son of John Garbh.

Neil of Crossapol had three sons, Donald, Allan, and Neil. Is it not highly probable that he followed the excellent custom of his day and named either his first or second son after his father? It seems to me altogether probable that Allan was named after his paternal grandfather. We know that Donald, Neil's son, named his second son Neil. We also know that Allan, Neil's son, named his first son Neil.

The following genealogical statements, which may or may not be facts, were sent to me by persons who undoubtedly regarded them as facts. According to Hugh Maclean of Ruel Cottage, near Dunoon, Neil Og of Crossapol had two sons and three daughters. Allan, the elder son, succeeded his father in Crossapol. Charles, the second son, had a son named John, who had a daughter named Flora. Hugh Maclean of the Urick family married Flora, and had by her John, Hector, Ewen Og, John Og, Una, Flora, and Marion. John was the father of Hugh of Ruel Cottage. Hugh, who was about seventy-five years of age, died March 24th, 1899.

According to an Edinburgh correspondent, Charles, fourth son of John Maclean, second of Grishipool, married Mary, daughter of Neil Maclean of Drimnacross, and had by her John and two daughters. John married Margaret, daughter of Neil Og of Crossapol, and had by her John of Arinangour, who was born about 1710. John of Arinangour married Mary MacLachlan of the Coiruanain family, and had by her Lachlan of Kilmore, Ann, and Marjory.

According to the Ardgour MS. the name of Charles Maclean's wife was Janet, not Mary. I may state, however, that the Ardgour MS. cannot be depended on in all cases with regard to the Christian name of wives.

In a song said to have been composed about John son of Charles, son of Neil Og of Crossapol, the following lines occur:—

"Do chairdeas ris na tighearnan mor,
Ogha Neill Oig nach maireann thu."
Your relationship is to the great lairds, [not.
You are the grandson of Neil Og who remains

If we have these lines as they were composed, they clearly show that there was a Neil Og in Coll about the year 1700.

Lachlan, seventh of Coll, was born about the year 1575. The correct date of his birth is given at p. 138 of "The Clan Gillean. The date given at p. 371 is either a pen-slip or a printer's error. Lachlan had four sons, John Gallda, John Garbh,

Hector of Muck, and Neil of Drimnacross. John Gallda was tacksman of Mingary in 1627. He was married and left children. John Garbh was born about 1600. He appears as a witness in 1617 and is described as fiar of Coll in 1623. He had three sons by his first wife, Hector Roy his heir, John of Totaranah, and Ewen. He married his second wife, Finvola, daughter of Hector Og of Duart in 1649. The witnesses to the marriage contract were Hector Roy, younger of Duart, Neil Maclean, Donald Maclean, and Hector Maclean, the writer of the contract. Neil Maclean and Hector Maclean were John Garbh's brothers. Donald Maclean was Donald of Brolas. John Garbh died about 1680.

I may here state that the contract of marriage between John Garbh and Finvola Maclean was signed at Kilmaluaig, July 7th, 1649, and that Sir Lachlan of Duart, Finvola's brother, was a party to it. The Ardgour MS. states that Sir Lachlan died in 1648. The Macfarlane MS. states that he died in 1648 or 1649. He was living July 7th, 1649, but must have died shortly afterwards. This is a bit of information which I am very glad to get.

In July 1642 John Garbh gave a charter of the lands of Coll and others to Hector Roy, his son and heir. The principal witnesses were Hector Maclean of Muck and John Maclean in Crossapol. Hector of Muck was John Garbh's brother; but who was John in Crossapol. It is possible that he was a son of Neil Og, son of the heroic Neil Mor who was murdered at Clachan Dubh. It is also possible that he was a son of John Garbh. Indeed, if we had not to take into account the high respect in which the Macleans of Coll held the memory of Neil Mor, I would have no hesitation in saying that John in Crossapol must have been a son of John Garbh. But Neil Mor had done so much for the Macleans of Coll that if his son Neil Og left a son, that son could not be overlooked. If then John in Crossapol was the son of Neil Og son of Neil Mor, it is likely that his successor must have as his name either Neil or Hector. It is alleged that John Maclean, second son of Allan of Crossapol, stated at the time of his brother Neil's death in 1855, that Crossapol had been in possession of his family for nearly 200 years. As John had no leases or old documents of any kind to consult, it is at least possible that he was mistaken with regard to the date at which his ancestors had received Crossapol.

Lachlan Maclean, a Coll poet, was undoubtedly a grandson of John Garbh. He was known, however, as Lachainn Mac Mhic Iain, or Lachlan son of the son of John. He was never spoken of as Lachainn Mac Mhic Iain Ghairbh, or Lachlan son of the son of John Garbh. Thus, then, whether the Macleans of Crossapol were descended from John in Crossapol or from John Garbh the last name in their pedigree must be simply John. But John in Crossapol and John Garbh were contemporaries. In course of time the former would be forgotten, whilst the latter would be remembered. Consequently John, son of Allan of Crossapol, and those who lived in his day, might easily, and with perfect honesty, confound the one John with the other. So far, then, as the fixing of precise dates is concerned, I attach no importance to the statement said to have been made by John Maclean in 1855.

It was undoubtedly believed by some of the people of Coll seventy years ago that the Macleans of Crossapol were descended from Neil Mor. The earliest printed account of Neil Mor came from the pen of the Rev. Neil Maclean, minister of Tiree. It will be found in the New Statistical Account of Argyleshire. Mr. Neil was evidently intimately acquainted with Neil Mor's history. Then the Rev. Hector Maclean of Lochalsh seems to affirm by the word "descendant," but especially the word "pedigree" that the Macleans of Crossapol had sprung from Neil Mor.

Lest I should be misunderstood, let me say that I do not regard it as a historic fact that the Macleans of Crossapol are descended in the male line from Neil Mor. I cannot say that I have even a belief regarding their origin. I am inclined, however, to believe that they are descended either from Neil Mor or from one of the sons of John Garbh. Of course I don't believe that Neil of Crossapol was the son of Hector son of Ewen son of John Garbh. I certainly think that he was the son of Allan, son of Neil Og, whose father may have been named either Neil or Hector.

I belong to the Sinclairs of Strath-Halladale by my father and to the Macleans of Ardgour by my mother. I was named Alexander after the old laird of Coll, Alasdair Ruadh. For that and other reasons I take an interest in the Macleans of Coll. But I have no Coll blood in me. I have therefore no temptation to be biassed either for or against any branch of the Coll family. I want to get at the truth; that is all.

HONOUR TO A MACLEAN.—Clansmen will doubtless be pleased to learn that Captain Donald C. H. Maclean of the Royal Scots, son of Major General C. J. Maclean, Isle of Wight (whose portrait and sketch we gave in our issue of October, 1901), has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order and been twice mentioned in despatches by Lords Roberts and Kitchener.

COMING REUNIONS.—The Cowal Shinty Club Concert takes place on 5th March, the Marquis of Graham in the chair; and the Natives of Cowal and friends meet in the Waterloo Rooms on 6th February, Mr. J. S. Ainsworth, of Ardanaiseig, presiding.

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THE ANGLICISING OF THE HIGHLANDS.*

BY W. C. MACKENZIE, LONDON,

Author of "History of the Outer Hebrides."

AN English statesman who is now living in retirement made reference in one of his caustic moments to what he called the Celtic fringe of these islands. My subject is concerned with a fragment of that fringe. It may be observed, by way of a preliminary remark, that a fringe is not infrequently the most ornamental portion either of a garment or a country. The Celtic fringe may, like all well-behaved fringes, exist on the edge of the national life. It may, from an utilitarian point of view, form an insignificant factor in that life. But no one will deny its picturesqueness. And picturesqueness adds grace to a nation if utility forms its strength. We cannot do without either quality. Each forms the complement of the other in building up a national life which contains the germs of permanency. What would the British nation be without its Celtic element, which, by the way, is more widely diffused even in England than is popularly supposed? It would be a nation bereft in no unimportant measure of its dash, its fire, its imagination, its enthusiasm; of those qualities which have enabled its soldiers to conquer in the field; its statesmen to blend the ideal with the practical: its poets to enter the realms of the Beautiful; and its preachers to reach the mountain peaks of spiritual exaltation.

In considering the events which have contributed, and are contributing, to change the face of the Highlands and modify the character of the Highlanders, it will be useful to listen to the voice of History. It is not the present intention to discuss the origin of the Highlanders. Whether they are descended from the Picts of ancient historians, that elusive people whose ethnology has not yet been satisfactorily determined; or from the Scots, who came over from Ireland and imposed both their rule and their name on Alban; or from both Picts and Scots, we need not stop to consider. Whatever elements may enter into the composition of the modern Highlander—and that these are not exclusively Celtic is certain—it is at least clear that he still differs occasionally in language, and congenitally in temperament from his fellow-Scot of the Lowlands. A recent writer has indeed gone the length of drawing so sharp a line of demarcation between them as to describe the people North of the Border as "Highlanders and Scotch." The distinction between the two sections of the Scottish people dates as far back as the time of the earliest Scottish historians. The following is the testimony of some non-Highland chroniclers.

John of Fordun, who wrote about 1380, tells us that the Highlanders and islesmen "are a savage and untamed nation, rude and independent, given to rapine, ease loving, of a docile and warm disposition, comely in person but unsightly in dress, hostile to the English people and language, and owing to diversity of speech, even to their own nation (the Lowlanders), and exceeding cruel." There's a nice complex character for you! John Major (about 1521) states that "one half of Scotland speaks Irish (*i.e.* Gaelic) and all these, as well as the Islanders, are reckoned to belong to the Wild Scots. After describing the state of society among the wild Scots, he adds: "They hate the householding Scots on account of difference in speech as much as they do the English." The testimonies of these Lowland historians may be compared with those of three Englishmen. Writing in 1635, Sir William Brereton says:—"Many Highlanders we observed in this town (Leith) in their plaids, many without doublets, and those who had doublets have a kind of loose flap hanging loose about their breech, their knees bare. They inure themselves to cold and hardship, and will not diswont themselves; proper, personable, well-complexioned men, and able men; the very gentlemen to their blue caps and plaids." As a set-off to this description, Brereton describes the inhabitants of Edinburgh as a "most sluttish, nasty and slothful people," which is certainly severe on Auld Reekie's citizens.

Thomas Tucker (1655) who was sent to Scotland by the English Parliament in connexion with the proposed incorporation of Scotland with England in one Commonwealth, states that the Hebrides are "inhabited by the old Scots or wild Irish and speaking their language, who live by feeding cattle up and down the hills, or else fishing and fowling, and formerly (till they have of late been restrained) by plain downright robbing and stealing." The English Puritan could hardly be expected to appreciate the fine distinctions involved in the honourable occupation of cattle-lifting! Richard Blome, who published his *Britania* in 1673, says that "the Highlanders are very rude (the word is of course not used in the modern sense) having much of the nature, disposition, speech and habits of the Tories or Wild Irish." "In the Out Isles," he adds, "the people are utterly barbarous." If we take the testimony of one who was neither a Scotsman nor an Englishman, Don Pedro de Ayala, Spanish Ambassador to the Court of James IV., we read the following account of the outlying parts of the Highlands. "The inhabitants speak the language and have the habits of the Irish. . . . They are very warlike and agile. I saw them in the last war. They do not know what

*Read at the December meeting of the Gaelic Society of London.

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danger is. The present king keeps them in strict subjection. He is feared by the bad and loved and revered by the good like a god. None of the former kings have succeeded in bringing the people into such subjection as the present king." The explanation of all this may not improbably lie in a further statement of Don Pedro. The king, he tells us, speaks "the language of the savages who live in some parts of Scotland and on the islands." James IV. was, so far as we know, the last king of Scotland or Great Britain who could speak Gaelic.* And the Highlanders showed their appreciation of the fact by shedding their blood for him at Flodden, although at that period they were just as willing to fight against, as for, the reigning monarch of Scotland.

But the most eloquent proof of the way in which the Highlanders were differentiated from the Lowlanders is to be found in the Records of the Privy Council and the Acts of Parliament of Scotland. They are full of invective against the savage lawlessness of the wild clans of the North. From the point of view of the lords and barons of the South (who themselves were only coated with the veneer of civilisation) the Highlanders, and especially the Islesmen, were untameable barbarians. They were, in short, regarded much in the same way as, at the present day, we should regard the Highland clans of Afghanistan. So permeated were the Lowland people with this idea of their fellow-Scotsmen that an event like the battle of Harlaw in the year 1411, which was the outcome of a dispute in connection with the Earldom of Ross, has been magnified into a fight for supremacy between the Celtic and the Teutonic sections of the nation. Even modern historians like Dr. Hill Burton and Dr. Skene have taken that view, which serves to show how potent a factor ethnology has proved in the history of Scotland.

We have little written evidence of the attitude of the Highlanders towards the Lowlanders during the clan period. The sword was a mightier weapon than the pen, and the antagonism of the Celts towards their Anglo-Norman countrymen is loudly proclaimed by their actions. In truth, they made small distinction between the Lowland Scot and the Englishman—they were both Sassunaich *i.e.* English speakers, and that was enough for them. We find the Chiefs of the Hebrides, with the Lord of the Isles at their head, declaring themselves in the sixteenth century to be the "auld enemies of Scotland," and in the seventeenth century we find the Highlanders calling themselves the "auld enemies of England." This attitude of detachment clearly illustrates their view that they were a distinct people, akin neither to the Lowlanders nor to the English. One testimony, that of John Elder, an exile in England during the reign of Henry VIII., may be quoted as giving the Highland view of the different characteristics of Highlanders and Lowlanders. Elder, who was a native of Caithness, and who was educated at St. Andrews, Aberdeen and Glasgow, states that the Irish (*i.e.* the Gaelic speaking) lords of Scotland were called "Reddshaucke"—an obvious allusion to the deer-hide of which their buskins were made—and that they were descended from the Picts. The Highlanders, he tells us, surpass the Lowlanders "in faith, honesty, policy and wit, in good order and civilitie, for where the Highlanders promise faith, they keep it truly"—the inference being obvious.

So here we have a considerable divergence of opinion as to the attributes of the Gaelic-speaking and the English-speaking sections of the Scottish people. The truth, as is so often the case, probably lies between both extremes. The Lowlanders despised the Highlanders as barbarians; the Highlanders despised the Lowlanders as their inferiors both in prowess and in honour. They believed that the Lowlanders had dispossessed their ancestors of the fertile plains in the Low country, and their imaginary wrongs accentuated the feeling of antagonism towards a people who were chiefly of an alien race, and who spoke an alien tongue.

We have seen that up to, and including, the seventeenth century, the isolation of the Highlands from the rest of the island was complete. Besides the racial barriers there were the barriers of Nature. The chain of mountains dividing the Highlands from the Lowlands shut in the Highlanders, and shut out the Lowlanders. The Highlands were without roads. Intercommunication between different parts of the country was difficult, and communication with the Lowlands was practically restricted to cattle-raiding and sheep-lifting. *(To be continued.)*

*James V. who was fond of wandering throughout the country, may have had a smattering, or perhaps more than a smattering of Gaelic.

THE EIGHT MEN OF MOIDART.

SIR,—On page 20 of Vol. II. of the "Rebellion in Scotland, 1745" is the following:—"He—Prince Charlie—was accompanied by seven men. The Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service, Francis Strickland, an English gentleman, Æneas MacDonald, a banker in Paris, brother to Kinlochmoidart; and Buchanan, a messenger." Descendants of Francis Strickland came to Canada. Major Strickland wrote "Thirty Years in Canada," Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Thrail died a few years ago at the age of ninety-seven. Both Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Thrail wrote many interesting works on pioneer life in Canada.

British Columbia, Canada. J. F. S.

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XIII.—The MacDonalds *(Continued).*

ONE of the most stirring of our pipe tunes is "*Piobaireachd Dhòmhnuill Duibh*" which is claimed by more than one clan. As stated when dealing with the music of the Clan Cameron they claim this tune on the ground that "*Mac Dhòmhnuill Duibh*" is the patronymic of Lochiel, the chief of the clan. The MacDonalds affirm that they also had a famous *Dòmhnull Dubh* who, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, was an aspirant to the forfeited title of Lord of the Isles. On his escape from Inchchonnal Castle he raised the standard of revolt, and made Lochaber his headquarters. In 1501, with the assistance of Donald Glass of Keppoch, he laid waste the lands of the Camerons and MacKintoshes. It is difficult to decide as to the respective merits of the claims put forward by these rival clans to the tune. It may be stated that in a collection of music called Oswald's "Caledonian Pocket Companion" published in 1764 the tune is called "*Piobaireachd Mhic Dhònuill.*" Another tune which is claimed by the two clans already referred to, is "*Ceann na Drochaide Moire*"—Head of the Great or High Bridge, which will be found in several collections of pipe music. "*Ceann na Drochaide Bige*"—The Head of the Little Bridge is one of the Clan Gatherings. It is said to have been composed in 1645 to celebrate the battle fought by Montrose against the Campbells when the MacDonalds were among the victors. This tune is in Donald MacDonald's Collection. The Massacre of Glencoe, which occurred in 1692, was the occasion for the Lament "*Mort Ghlinne Comhan*" which is given by Angus Mackay in his Collection of Piobaireachd. "*Leannan Dhòmhnuill Gruamaich*"—Grim Donald's Sweetheart, is given in MacPhee's Collection, while "Spaidsearachd Dhomhnuill Gruamaich"—Donald Gruamach of Sleat's Lament for the death of his elder brother—is given in D. MacDonald's Collection as well as in David Glen's Ancient Piobaireachd. "*Blar Sròn*" commemorates a desperate conflict between the MacDonalds of Glengarry and the MacKenzies in Wester Ross. There is a Pibroch called "*A Mhic Iain Mhic Sheumais*" which celebrates a battle between the MacDonalds and the MacLeods of Harris. The hero of the fight was John MacDonald of North Uist. It would

From W. L. Munson's A MACARTHUR PIPER. ["*The Highland Bagpipe.*"

HEREDITARY PIPERS TO THE MACDONALDS.

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appear that he was wounded by an arrow, and in the Gesto Collection of Highland Music there is an "*Oran Luaidh*"—Walking Song, which was composed on the occasion by his step-mother, and which was sung by the women present to drown his groans, as the arrow was being withdrawn from his body. "*An Cath Gailbheach*"—The Desperate Battle, will be found in D. Glen's Collection. It refers to a battle fought between the MacDonalds and the MacLeods at the Cuchullen Hills, Skye. *Là Blar Dhruim Thalasgair* celebrates another battle fought between the Uist MacDonalds and the MacLeods of Skye. It is known historically as the Battle of Waternish. (See History of the MacLeods.) In Ross's Collection of Pipe Music we have a Lament to MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart, a March called "The MacDonalds' March" and a tune called "Flora MacDonald's Lament for Prince Charlie."

In Major-General Thomason's "*Ceòl Mór*" we find the following tunes belonging to this clan, not already referred to. "Angus MacDonald's Assault," "Lady Margaret MacDonald's Salute," "*Cumha Morair Chlann Dònuill*"—Lord MacDonald's Lament, "*Tha Clann Dòmhnuill sochcarach*"—The MacDonalds are simple, "MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart's Salute," "*Uaill Chlann Dòmhnuill*"—The Parading or Pride of the MacDonalds, a "Lament for Captain MacDonald," and "The MacDonald's Tutor's Lament." This latter is given also in David Glen's "Ancient Piobaireachd."

Before proceeding to refer to the MacArthurs who were hereditary pipers to the Clan we must refer to some members of the Clan who have rendered signal service to the cause of Highland Music. As early as 1784

Rev. Patrick MacDonald,

Kilmore, a native of Sutherlandshire, minister of the Parish of Kilmore, near Oban, published a Collection of vocal airs collected in the Highlands. In that Collection he included four Pibrochs for the pipes, this being the first attempt to publish pipe music. In 1803 he published a "Treatise on the Theory, Principles and Practice of the Great Highland Bagpipes; etc., prepared by Joseph MacDonald, Sutherlandshire." This Joseph was a brother of the minister of Kilmore, to whom we are indebted for his efforts for the preservation of our Highland Music. He died at Kilmore, 25th September, 1824, in the 95th year of his age.

Donald MacDonald,

Edinburgh. Lovers of pipe-music owe much to the patriotic efforts of this musical Skyeman. Donald was the son of John MacDonald, Glenhinisdale, Skye. His father, as a lad, got a shilling from Prince Charlie when on his way to Kingsborough, for pointing out a well or spring to the Prince. Donald was taught pipe-music by the last of the MacArthurs, hereditary pipers to Lord MacDonald, and turned out a very superior performer on the *pìobmhor*. Through the influence of Sir John Sinclair, he was appointed piper and pipe maker to the Highland Society of London. He had his workshop in the Lawn Market, Edinburgh. He died in 1835, and was over eighty years of age. His first edition of "The Ancient Martial Music of Caledonia *(Piobaireachd)* must have been published about 1806, for we find that at the annual bagpipe competition that year "Sir John Sinclair by desire of the Highland Society of London, called upon Donald MacDonald and informed him that a prize had been voted to him by the judges for producing the greatest number of pipe-tunes, set to music by himself; and it was recommended to him to continue his exertions in that way, and to instruct such others as might apply to him to be taught."

Donald had a family, three of them at least pipers, for we find them among the prize-winners in 1806, 1809, 1820, and 1821, in the Highland Society of London annual competitions. It is said that his family died before himself. The third edition of MacDonald's "Martial Music" was published in 1831.* MacDonald intended publishing a second volume of Martial Music, with historic notes on the various tunes given in both volumes. This second volume he left in MS. and it is now in the possession of Major-General Thomason, author of *Ceòl Mór*. It contains the promised notes.

The MacArthurs, who were hereditary pipers of the clan, will be dealt with in next issue.

*This work was re-published in 1855 by Messrs. J. & R. Glen, who also re-published in 1848 a "Collection of Quicksteps, Strathspeys, Reels and Jigs," by Donald MacDonald & Son, Edinburgh, which first appeared in 1829.

Clan Mackay Society.—This Society met in Glasgow on 15th January, Mr. John Mackay, vice-president, in the chair. It was intimated that the Social Gathering of the Clan takes place in the Cafè, 70 Princes Street, Edinburgh, on Friday, 6th March, Mr. Donald Mackay, president, in the chair. It was decided to hold a local Social Meeting, to suit Glasgow members, about the middle of March. A large attendance is expected at both functions. Mr. John Mackay, Hon. Secretary, mentioned that although the circular regarding the proposed Benevolent Fund had not yet been posted, a donation of fifty guineas, two of ten guineas, and three of £5 had been already promised. The Clan feel confident of raising the £1000 aimed at. Sympathetic reference was made to the death of Mr. A. R. Mackay, Edinburgh Secretary, and Alex. Mackay, LL.D., a Councillor of the Society.

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Rev. GEORGE H. CAMERON.

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Mrs. GEORGE H. CAMERON.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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THE CAMERONS OF WORCESTER.

REV. GEORGE H. CAMERON, RUSSIA.

WE have pleasure this month in giving a portrait of a representative of that celebrated Jacobite family, the Camerons of Worcester. Mr. Cameron has kindly furnished us with some notes on the history of his branch of the Clan, which are so interesting that we have decided to print them as sent to us. We therefore give the Rev. G. H. Cameron's narrative in his own words.—

There are few Camerons living who have as much English blood in their veins as myself, for every Cameron ancestor of mine—since Thomas Cameron (born about 1613) married Jean Macaulay of Ardincaple—has married an English wife, nevertheless in spite of this strong admixture of English blood, I reckon myself a Highlander. I have myself broken the family tradition of nearly 300 years, for my wife though born in London, comes of a Scottish family for some time resident in England. Her father, Edwin A. Brassey Crockett, is a direct descendant of the famous Jacobite Earl of Kilmarnock, whose silver bowl with his name and arms upon it, is one of the most cherished heirlooms of his family. As regards my own ancestry, the birthbrief of my great-great-grandfather, drawn up by the Lyon Office in 1730, derives it from Thomas Cameron "who was a nephew of the ancient and honourable family of Lochiell in Argyleshire," but an old paper in my possession goes back a step further, and states that the father of the said Thomas Cameron was John Cameron, minister of Dunane, and the youngest son of a Lochiell, and uncle and guardian of Evan Dhu. This is, of course, an error, for it was Allan MacIunduy who was placed under the guardianship of John Cameron at Dunoon, when removed by the Clan from the care of his uncles. (See Mackenzie's History of the Clan, p. 86.)

The fifth in direct descent from John Cameron of Dunoon was John Cameron who was deprived of his benefice at Kincardine by the Privy Council in 1689, for refusing to pray for King William; his son Thomas was my great-great-grandfather. He settled in Worcestor as a physician in 1727, and married in 1747 Anne, daughter of William Plouden, who had been an officer in the guards of King James VII. I have in my possession an old copy of a Confession of Faith of that monarch, in which he gives his reasons for becoming a Roman Catholic; it was probably obtained from Mrs. Cameron's father, who was himself a Roman Catholic. Thomas Cameron was a staunch supporter of the cause of the Stuarts, and kept in close touch with his relatives beyond the Tweed.

There are scattered among the different members of my family several interesting old Highland pictures, including one of the first and likewise the best engravings of Sir Ewen Cameron; another of the rare prints is that of Miss Jennie Cameron; all these were originally in the possession of Thomas Cameron. I myself have inherited from the same source a certified copy of the papers written by Dr. Archibald Cameron in the Tower, (see History of the Camerons, pp. 273-276) together with a copy of an unfinished letter to his son, dated Tower of London, 6th June, 1653, and a statement of the last words he spoke concerning his family in the presence of Mr. Falconer on the morning of his execution. I have also an old copy of a letter from Prince Charles to his father, dated Pinkie House, Perth, September 21st, 1745. Thomas Cameron seems to have advanced his views on matters political with considerable vehemence, which it was fairly safe to do in Worcester, for the faithful city was full of Jacobites.

The doctor lived till the year 1777, when on his death he was succeeded in his practice in Worcester by his eldest son Charles, who had been educated at Oxford and Edinburgh. The

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following extract from a letter from him to his mother may be of some interest to my fellow clansmen.

"Dumblane, August 29th, 1770.

In my way here I met a venerable old grey-headed man, his wife and two or 3 children. I liked the looks of the old man, stoped my horse, and ask'd him where he came from, but alas he coud not speak a word of English; his son, however, a boy about nine yrs old, said 'from the Highlands' and that his name was John Cameron; soon after parting with him I met another troop, preceded by a tall, well-looking young man leading a horse with panniers, in which were children. I asked their names and found they were all M'Donalds, except the man who was leading the horse, and he was John Cameron, and came from Lochaber. Many other Highlanders did I meet but asked no more questions, for I found that it was rather dear work, but these are not the only Camerons I have met with * * * * * * I have also seen Lochiel, who was in town for some days; his name is Charles and he is only a few months older than I am. He has been lately in the Highlands, casting a mournful look over what ought to be his own, all that he now has in lieu of it is a large silver snuff-box, which goes into a case; it has this inscription upon it—'P. C. S.'s Box (or dram cup). While sculking in the Highlands, given by him to Lochiel at Paris A.D. 1748.' I filled it full and drank to Lochiel's health and success. He is not at all dejected by his adversity, but thinks that if his estate was to be sold he could get friends and money enough to purchase it."

A friendship seems to have sprung up between Lochiel and his namesake, and through the former's good offices he was introduced to a Miss Raymond and subsequently became engaged to be married to her; the projected alliance appears to have met with the approval of his mother, from one of whose letters I gather that she was 'a sensible girl of 17, a fortune of £6000 and her father an angel'; but the match was not to be, as Miss Raymond died, and Charles Cameron consoled himself by marrying Ann Ingram, the daughter of his father's solicitor.

Charles Cameron was succeeded on his death in 1818 by his son Charles Richard, vicar of Snedshill, Salop; he was born in 1779. It was his wife, Lucy Lyttelton Butt, whose name, together with that of her sister Mrs. Sherwood, was well known at the beginning of last century as the writer of numerous Children's Books. Mrs. Cameron's "Life" was published in 1859, and has passed through two editions. Charles Cameron's second son, Francis, was a Lieutenant in the R.N.; he saw a good deal of service under Lord Nelson. In one of his letters dated 'H.M.S. Prince George, off Cadiz, August 15th, 1797,' he gives an interesting account of Nelson's abortive attack on the Island of Teneriffe (on which occasion the Admiral lost his arm); concerning which, although I believe all historians regard it as one of the least successful of the great Admiral's ventures, he speaks in glowing terms, and concludes the account with the satisfactory assurance that 'nothing can resist British pluck.'

Charles Richard was succeeded on his death in 1866 by his eldest son Charles, who married in 1851 Marcia Burrell, sister of the present Lord Gwydyr; he died at a comparatively early age, when his only son, Charles Hamilton Hone, became the head of our family. He married in 1878 Mary Louisa Savile, daughter of Robert Mexborough Shepherd of Cheltenham, and has two sons, Charles and Ewen. My father, Francis Marten, was the youngest son of Charles Richard; he was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and was for 38 years Rector of Bonnington, Kent; he died in 1900 in his 76th year.

I am the second of his six sons. After taking my degree at Cambridge in 1884 I was ordained to a curacy in Warwickshire, and was subsequently, from 1890 to 1900, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Birmingham. I came to Russia at the end of 1901; the cause which brought me here will perhaps best be explained by a quotation from the *Church Times* of Feby. 1st, 1902. "The Rev. G. H. Cameron, lately Vicar of Knowbury, near Sadlow, has been appointed chaplain to the English residents at Baku, Russia. It will be remembered that Mr. Cameron was Vicar of St. Stephen's, Birmingham, his ten years ardous work in which parish seriously impaired his health. His appointment to Knowbury a couple of years ago, would, it was hoped on account of the less exacting duties of the post, entirely re-establish his strength, but that, unfortunately, did not prove to be the case. Acting on good advice he accepted the offer of the Baku chaplaincy, the work of which is light."

There is only to mention, in conclusion, that the arms of the Camerons of Worcester, which were matriculated by my great-great-grandfather in 1730, are as follows:—*argent*, three bars gules within a bordure *azure* Above the shield an helmet befitting his degree with a mantle *gules* doubling *argent*, and wreath of his colours is set for his crest, a dexter hand grasping a sword proper. Motto in an escroll above '*Pro Rege et Patria.*

Baku, Russia. GEORGE HENRY CAMERON.

THE ANGLICISING OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY W. C. MACKENZIE, LONDON,

Author of "History of the Outer Hebrides."

ABOUT the middle of the seventeenth century, the soldiers of the Commonwealth pierced their way to the Highlands and Isles, and afforded an opportunity to the natives to study English methods and the English language at first hand. The proverbially good English spoken in Inverness is said to be due to its occupation by Cromwell's troops. The same may be said of Stornoway

where still better English is spoken, and where an English fishing colony had preceded the Protector's soldiers. But in both cases, the cause assigned is probably illusory, for Highland English generally, including that spoken in parts never occupied by English troops, is generally admitted to be superior to the Lowland variety—it is the result of bookish, as against colloquial, acquirement. There is, however, no reason for doubt that these visits by the Southron were among the first steps in the Anglicising of the Highlands, although it cannot be supposed that their effects were important. A new epoch was reached in 1725, when General Wade came upon the scene. His roads, although constructed primarily for military purposes, were, like another place, paved with good intentions. They ultimately became the highways of commerce and the pathways of civilisation. They opened up the Highlands as nothing else could have done. They were the best friends of those who were peaceable, and the worst foes of those who were lawless. They facilitated trade and they discouraged 'ploys.'

The law of compensation in Nature is one, the operation of which there is no gainsaying. The insurrections of 1715, '19, and '45 were hopelessly abortive and left apparently nothing but a legacy of suffering to the unfortunate Highlanders who participated in them. But these risings or rebellions—which you will—were the direct cause of great social and economic changes in the Highlands. Those of 1715 and 1719 brought General Wade and his roads; that of 1745 marked the destruction of the Clan System. They hastened the evolution of the Highlands by generations. Had they never taken place, the Highlanders of Scotland, with their innate conservatism, might not yet have emerged from the tribal stage. Instead of make-belief Clan Societies in Glasgow, we might perhaps have the genuine article flourishing in all its pristine vigour in its native soil north of the Grampians. The Caledonian Canal and the Highland Railway might have no existence. The telegraph and telephone might be things of the Evil One. Cycles and motor cars might be classed with fairies and kelpies. In short, one has only to select the most backward portion of the Highlands and Isles at the present day, to realise what might conceivably have been the conditions applying to the Highlands generally, had the blood of Highlanders not reddened the heaths of Sheriffmuir, Glenshiel, and Culloden.

I am far from saying that the changes were all beneficial or desirable. The contrary is the case. In weeding a garden you have to be careful not to take up the flowers with the weeds. In the social and economic revolution which followed Culloden, some of the choicest flowers in the Highland garden were rudely plucked up by the roots and cast upon the dunghill. Sentiment, *genuine* sentiment—not its mawkish counterfeit—is one of the finest flowers that the Almighty has planted in the human breast. He who has no sentiment is defective in his mental equipment. But sentiment is a tender plant, easily killed by the biting blast or the sharp frost, and it flourishes only in congenial soil. The successive Governments of Scotland and of Great Britain in their dealings with the Highlanders recognised the fact that sentiment was that which gave them coherence, and thus rendered them formidable. So they endeavoured to weaken that sentiment by promulgating laws against the Gaelic language and against the Highland dress.

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of language in preserving the spirit of patriotism. Eliminate a language and you straightway denationalise a people. Anything that impairs the one emasculates the other. Listen to the shrewd Lords of Council who in 1616 ordained that all the children of the Highland Chiefs who were over nine years of age were to be sent to schools in the Lowlands to learn to read, write and spell English, and that any of their children who had not been so instructed were to be excluded from their inheritance. It was the desire of my Lords that the Irish (*i.e.* Gaelic) language which, they said, "is one of the chief and principal causes of the continuance of barbarity and incivility among the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands, may be abolished and removed." This, being interpreted, means that the destruction of racial sentiment which they desired had to be preceded by the destruction of the racial language.

It has been claimed for Gaelic that it was the language of the Garden of Eden. If so, there is some excuse for our first parents, for a more insinuating language the Enemy of mankind could hardly have employed to work their destruction. Its graces are manifold and its expressiveness is unsurpassed. It was the language of the Court, as well as of the people, of Scotland until Malcolm Ceanmore, influenced by his Saxon wife, introduced a swarm of Saxons to the country, whose language, customs, and power gradually supplanted those of the Gael. The Anglo-Norman colonisation under David I. accelerated the process until, finally, the Lowlands became almost completely de-Celticised, and the Gael with their language were cooped up within the hilly fastnesses which were thereafter to be their permanent home. Yet, as we have seen, according to John Major, the half of Scotland spoke Gaelic in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. At the present day, according to the latest returns, the proportion of Gaelic speakers in

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Scotland is only about 4½% of the total population. Even in the Highlands, the proportion of Gaelic speakers—and in each case I include those who speak English as well—is only about 50%. A dying language, you may say, and its demise is practically certain unless a widespread revival takes place. Nothing affords such striking testimony to the Anglicising of the Highlands as the figures just quoted. Is the decay of Gaelic a fact to be deplored, or is it matter for congratulation? It is said that it is an uncommercial language, and in a commercial country like ours, it is consequently an anachronism. But in some parts of the Highlands it still continues to be the vehicle of everyday commerce. In no part of Great Britain, so far as I know, are Latin and Greek employed by Englishmen or Scotsmen to sell fish or buy corn. Yet these languages, which are dead, while Gaelic is still alive, maintain their supremacy at the Universities of a country which still claims—although its claims are not unquestioned—to be the commercial centre of the world. From an educational standpoint, the discouragement of Gaelic in the Highlands must be deplored. The bi-lingual difficulty is a real one in some Highland schools, especially those in the out-lying districts. In certain parts, particularly in the Outer Isles, English is still a foreign tongue. Gaelic is the language of the homes. It is the language which is taught at the mother's knee; the language of the people's Bible; the language of their deepest emotions. The natives may speak in English, but they think in Gaelic. If you give them their choice, they will pray in Gaelic and swear in English; they will court a maid in Gaelic and sell a stirk in English. Yet their children are frequently taught a knowledge of English, much in the same way as one would attempt to teach a preternaturally intelligent parrot to describe an isosceles triangle. I am not aware that other things being equal, Highland School Boards show any marked preference for teachers possessing a knowledge of Gaelic, but it must surely be obvious that in the interests of the children, such preference should be given. Otherwise, there is the danger—by no means an imaginary one—of insufficient play being afforded to the intelligence of the children; of their acquiring without assimilating knowledge; and of their shedding to-day like a superfluous garment, the superficial attainments of yesterday. But apart from the utilitarian standpoint, it cannot be an outrageous demand that Gaelic shall be taught as a specific subject in every Highland school, in order to secure that every Highlander shall have a knowledge of his native language which, after all, is a classic equally with Latin and Greek. The Governments of the present day are not, like those of the past, openly hostile to Gaelic, but they are certainly indifferent to its perpetuation. Were it not for fostering agencies like the Highland Trust, the Gaelic Society of London and its sister Societies, the ancient tongue would be left to take care of itself. Not many years ago, it was considered to be a sort of mild disgrace to possess a knowledge of Gaelic, and in many cases such knowledge, where it existed, was carefully concealed. Of all forms of snobbishness, surely this was the most silly as well as the most reprehensible. Fortunately, the tide has turned and this idiotic form of Anglomania has had its day. A knowledge of Gaelic is now considered—and of course rightly so—to be an accomplishment of which to be proud. But in spite of Celtic revivals and Celtic Mòds, it is to be feared that genuine enthusiasm for the native language does not yet find its chief expression in the Highlands, Glasgow, London, and perhaps most of all, Colonial—and especially Canadian—Celts being more active in its perpetuation. Signs are however not wanting that a reaction in the Highlands is slowly but surely setting in, Gaelic classes and Gaelic choirs springing up in some of the most Anglicised centres. If the people of the Highlands were really in earnest about preserving their language, all difficulties would disappear, Government recognition of its claims would become imperative, and all danger of its being Anglicised out of existence would be averted.

(To be continued.)

THERE IS A VOICE THAT HAUNTS ME STILL.

THERE is a voice that haunts me still,
Upon the moorland, on the hill;
When in the teeming haunts of men,
Or in the green and lonely glen.

It is the voice that murmurs low
Of sweetest things that man may know;
Music far off, yet, sweet and clear
It's message comes to hearts that hear.

It ever round about me floats,
The magic of its heavenly notes
Whispers among the swaying trees,
Is heard in throbbing of the seas.

It is the song the poet knows,
Or rapt musician; and it throws
Upon the lives of those who hear,
A glamour ever new and dear.

Yet in its sweetness there are tears,
Faint sobbings as from long-past years;
Like the weird minor note which thrills
The soft wind sighing o'er the hills.

Like angel voice it haunts me still,
Upon the moorland, on the hill;
In green, and cool, and shady glen;
Within the noisy city's ken.

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A HIGHLAND ROMANCE.

BY MISS MURRAY MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR.

(Continued from page 84.)

MEANWHILE Donald's wife was left behind in the house in the glen, where a few other women folk also remained. Chirstie was a great comfort to her aunt, whose other children consisted of a rather delicate little girl and a big boy, who was "no wise enough," and the only work he could do was, under guidance, to look after the pony and the cows. The mother's love for poor Dan was very great, and he followed her or those to whom he attached himself with great fidelity, but his language consisted of very discordant noises, which at first frightened Chirstie greatly. Hardships came upon them all, as time went on, and the weather grew colder. They had a good store of meal and some braxy mutton hanging from the rafters, but although the peats were ready cut and dried, it had not been possible to get them in before the men were summoned away, and the work was difficult for the women alone, and they had to go some distance to look after them. In their absence one day, poor little Maisie wandered out, and, playing beside

From R. R. M'Iain's ["*Highlanders at Home.*"

FERN CUTTING.

a little burn, which fell into the river, she slipped, got caught between two small rocks, with her feet in the water and her body lying over the stones, and had to remain there, as from the manner of the fall, she was unable to help herself. Her screams were heard by the poor idiot boy, who joined his cries to hers, but although the little one was supposed able to look after herself, Dan had been fastened into the house. The mother heard nothing till she and Chirstie were on their way home. When Maisie was with difficulty extricated from her strained position, she was scarcely conscious, and though put into bed at once the frail little life passed away in two or three weeks. Great was the grief of Mrs. Fergusson over her "Uan beag." Two old men left behind in the clachan dug a little grave, and the fair-haired child was laid to rest, the murmurs of the little burnie singing a sweet lullaby. Patiently, though wearily, the bereaved mother worked on, hourly missing her darling, yet comforted by the thought of her safety, where nothing could harm her more. Often the two women longed for news from those who had taken the field, but no word reached them from outside for many an anxious week.

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Young Archie Low had found a happy abode

in Rannoch beside the beautiful loch, and amongst Highland friends most genuine and hearty. On the one shore the Slios-garbh, or rough side, with the Robertsons; on the other the Slios-min, delicate or smooth side, with the Menzies'; and, in addition, at the western end some stalwart families of the aboriginal inhabitants, the MacGregors, with one of whom he was staying. Archie worked hard on his cousin's croft, and sometimes got a chance of helping the men, who were fishing for the Menzies Chief. He got a holiday for the Fortingall market, and crossing the loch by boat to the village of Camghouran, found a lad of the

COLONY OF CAMERONS

there, inclined to accompany him. They walked to Dall, and then by a wild path through the beautiful black wood, over the hill into Glenlyon, and down that glen to Fortingall. It was a very lively market; many were "fou," disputes arose, weapons were drawn, and, without taking strong part on either side, Archie got a cut with a whanger, which disabled his right arm. After spending a few days at Fortingall, he was sent to Aberfeldy, and thence over the hill by Loch Freuchie to Alastair Macgregor's brother in Glenalmond. Archie would probably have been included in the early levies for the Prince's service had it not been for his wound, which made his right arm weak for some time. Several of Archie's cousins, under the leadership of

GREGOR MACGREGOR OF COYNACHAN,

were hastily despatched to Perth on the 31st October. On the previous day, which was King George's birthday, a mob lighted bonfires in the Fair City, and besieged Oliphant of Gask in the Council House till 8 a.m. on the 31st. Gask had been left Deputy-Governor in charge of the city for the Jacobites under Viscount Strathallan, the Governor, who hastened to secure the peace of the town with ninety of Lord Nairne's men from Strathord, sixty from Drummond of Logiealmond, and seventeen Glenalmond men, tenants of the Duke of Atholl. This little incident, it may be mentioned, is authentic.

About this time the Highland Army was invading England, one circumstance connected with Lord George Murray's men may be heard with interest here. I quote from an account related in 1807 by two old Atholl men, who had been with them:—"When the regiment came to the Tweed the river was high, and not thought to be fordable. The men halted, and hesitated what to do. Lord George, accompanied by Murray of Solzarie and Robertson of Easter Bleaton, instantly leaped into the river and forded, while the soldiers looked on with amazement from the bank. When Lord George and his companions got out of the deep and strong current, they leaped and danced in the river to show the soldiers there was no great danger, and encouraged them to follow, which they instantly did." It is also told in an old letter that the men danced when they got to shore to dry themselves. But the Jacobite army passed through many vicissitudes on the march to and from England. On the way back, near Carlisle, in December, Donald Fergusson fell, far from his own and from the hills he loved so well, but although after his mortal wound he remained conscious for a short space, he did not fret, but willingly

GAVE HIS LIFE FOR THE PRINCE,

who won the hearts of his men throughout his campaigns. Many of the men, however, after the Battle of Falkirk in January, 1746, dispersed for a time to look after their own homes. The Prince, therefore, decided to raise the siege of Stirling, and retire to the Highlands till more men could be gathered. He himself, with one division, marched by Aberfeldy into Atholl, and remained at Blair Castle, where he was entertained by Duke William from the 6th February to the 10th. Another division went north by Dunkeld, and the third, under Lord George Murray, marched by Perth to Aberdeen, and thence northward. The rear guard only left Perth on the 4th February, and on the 5th the advance guard of the Duke of Cumberland's army arrived in pursuit of the main body and remained some time, sending out detachments to the country; one of these detachments, under Sir Andrew Agnew, took possession of Blair Castle, from whence the Prince's forces had retreated to Badenoch.

Glenalmond, like many other parts of the country at this time, was in a very disturbed state between the two antagonistic armies—two hundred of Cumberland's men lay at Crieff and Monzie, a troop of horse at Drummond Castle, and "a party of Campbells, who came up the King's Road every day for information." Archie Low, having recovered from his wound, was busy weaving a tartan web one day early in February, when Gregor Murray from Coynachan hastily entered much disturbed. The honest man did not know what to do between his two masters, Duke William of Atholl and Duke James, and he had just received from the former, who was always specially kind to him,

A "CROIS-TARAIDH," OR "FIERY-CROSS"

Order, desiring him to raise every man he could and to send it on by a trusty person to Donald M'Laren, tenant of Innernentie, in Balquhidder. Archie, being a trusty lad, was instantly dispatched on this errand through country occupied by the enemy. The "Crois Tàraidh" was the

ancient means of raising a Clan with the utmost rapidity. It consisted of a small cross, the four points kindled in a fire and quenched in the blood of a goat; it was carried by a running messenger as fast as he could go, then handed to another, with no conversation except the name of the place of muster. Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lady of the Lake," gives a very poetic description of the custom,—the mourning son called by the symbol of duty from his father's bier, the bridegroom leaving the bride of his love. A few lines from the poem may here be read to show the tremendous excitement caused by the arrival of such winged messengers—

From R. R. M'Ian's ["*Clans of Scotland.*"

CLAN MURRAY.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They pour'd each hardy tenant down.
Nor slacked the messenger his pace;
He show'd the sign, he named the place,
And pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamour and surprise behind.
The fishermen forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half cut swathe his scythe;
The herds without a keeper stray'd
The plough was in mid-farrow staid,
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left his stag at bay.

The place of rendezvous was generally well-known beforehand. It is said that in 1715 the Laird of Glenlyon sent the cross round Loch Tay, a distance of thirty-two miles, and raised before the evening five hundred men to join the Earl of Mar's Standard, and General Stewart of Garth states that one of the last

instances was in 1745 when Lord Breadalbane sent it also round Loch Tay to raise his people and prevent their joining Prince Charles.

But in February, 1746, Duke William of Atholl's summons we know to have been not a real cross but a dispatch intended to be forwarded with equal rapidity, as he wrote from Blair on the 7th February to Gregor Murray in the following words:—"Herewith is enclosed a general crosstarie order for raising all the able-bodied men in Glen Almond; this order is executing through all Atholl with the utmost exactness and expedition." Archie Low, who had been all over the country with his cousins taking droves about, crossed the Almond near Coynachan, and struck over the hills for Glen Leidnoch, which he crossed, and keeping by the hills crossed also Glen Ogle, eventually descending by the Monachyle Burn, which falls into Loch Voil. He continued by the northern shore of Loch Doine to Innernentie, a holding which eleven years previously had been the scene of a revengeful murder by a son of Rob Roy. Archie could not but admire the interlacing folds of the Braes of Balquhidder as he looked west from Loch Doine, and he received a

WARM WELCOME FROM THE MACLARENS,

with whom he marched north again to join the Jacobite army at Dalwhinnie.

(To be concluded).

THE PASS OF THE SHADOW.

BY ASHMORE WINGATE.

Author of "Distinctions of Ossianic Poems."

(II.—Continued from page 95).

DECADENCE OF CELTIC CIVILIZATION AND POLITY.

SO much for this historical fancy of mine. And now that we have watched the last Stuart Prince and his cause vanish in the prophetic shadows of that summer night, so many years ago, we may turn and observe a spectacle somewhat vaguer, and somewhat vaster, a spectacle brought before the mental vision by memory and suggestion.

It is nothing else than the unfortunate decadence of Celtic polity and civilization as a whole. And yet the Celtic genius could never decay. Indeed, just as outward adversity is said to quicken the spiritual talent of an individual, so it might be supposed to quicken that of a race. It will continue to be a doubtful question whether material prosperity compensates for the want of intellectual fire.

At the present moment Europe presents the appearance of a great commercial establishment principaled by dull, calm, sure men, some of whose subordinates are really full of fierce inspiration and perception.

Look at Russia, Austria, Germany, Great Britain, France, predominating respectively over Finland, Hungary, Poland, Ireland, Brittany; look at these and you will understand. Does it not bode ill for the world that the balance of administrative power tends to separate from the balance of "l'ésprit"? It is true that the predominant partners (a hateful phrase, for I question if God intends any such predominance), have no lack of brilliant souls, but these have not that fury and weirdness of despair, that pre-European tinge of inspiration, which the children of the losing sides possess. For example take Beethoven and Chopin. Beethoven, as Matthew Arnold remarks, steadily cultivated his musical feeling with enormous perseverance and with scientific mechanism; Chopin was doing the same, when Death shut the keyboard from his fingers; and yet in his short life he has contrived to compress into his work as much poetry of sound as Beethoven produced in all his ponderous volumes, from which you play hundreds of bars at a great pace, so as to catch the notes of the theme in a close enough succession to prevent the listener quite forgetting that there is such a thing. Not that Beethoven is found wanting; on the contrary, he is grand; but Chopin has the advantage of him in being a Pole, one of a crushed despairing people. All the joy of life was driven, partly by racial feeling, partly by an uncrowned love, out of Chopin's soul, into his music, where it becomes a very different emotion. The wail of the trio in the Marche Funebre, which I have noticed causing a physical melancholy and shuddering, is the fruit of condensed passion and pain; a height is attained from which Beethoven with his marvellous mechanisms looks very prosaic. A friend of mine pointed out to me that Beethoven made the very most out of his themes. Perfectly true; but Chopin seems not to require to make the very most out of his themes, to dilute his swelling inspiration; he has more than he can force into the briefness of life.

> "Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

And it is just this sadness of a subject race that has made Chopin what he is. And Chopin is a type of the children of the losing sides; Beethoven of the brilliant souls of the predominant partners.

And when we speak of the losing sides of the world we are brought to consider what is next to us, the unfortunate decadence of Celtic polity and civilization. As the great author of "An Essay on the Study of Celtic Literature" remarks, "the world has been more and more slipping out

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of the Celt's grasp." Yet there is a sense in which it may not have been slipping out of his grasp so much as we suppose, for it is possible that the population of many of the Western countries in Europe, besides that of the United States of America, may be far more Celtic than they look, and are named; it may even be, that when the early Britons were defeated by the invaders from the Continent, the conquered had to adopt the language of the conquerers, and were called in future by Teutonic names, just as the slaves of the Roman Empire were called by Latin names, no matter who they were. Look at the primitive transports of the fifth century, and you will realise that the Teutonic invaders of Britain cannot have been numerous enough, especially at any given time, to extirpate the Celtic population. Besides from what we know of the Celts as having been the fiercest fighters of the world, as they are to-day, it is ridiculous for us to suppose with the late E. A. Freeman that they were practically exterminated in what is now England, only escaping in Wales. My view is that they were nothing of the kind; that they were slowly overpowered by numbers, forming a vast percentage of the English lower classes even now. Although every soul in England spake English, that does not give anyone the right to count the speakers an Anglo-Saxon race. In Belgium, for example, French is universally talked, a Latin language, among a people anything but Latin. The fact is that some tongues and dialects are, if I may put it that way, peculiarly contagious; and English has shown itself to be one of these tongues and dialects. So then we dare not assume that the popular notions on this matter are true. It may be that the Anglo-Saxons were absorbed into the Britons, like the Normans in later years, but, unlike the Normans, having made their language the language of the people, only the Britons in Wales would be enabled to keep themselves a pure race, owing to the wild natural fortifications which their country affords.

But this is not the place to enlarge upon such theories, and I only introduce them to show that there is a sense in which the world may not have been slipping out of the Celt's grasp so much as we suppose. Yet, unfortunately, the question of whether these theories of mine are right, cannot blind us to the sad truth that there is another sense in which the world has most certainly been more and more slipping out of the Celt's grasp, the sense in which that grasp is the grasp of administrative hands.

Scientific topography, scientific anatomy, scientific philosophy may tend to multiply the numbers of the Celtic peoples in European racial statistics; but the fact remains that the Celt is much in the position of the Jew—distributed throughout the nations—that his generation is like that of the metal antimony, indispensable to the use of so many other metals, but not employed "pure et simple."

What we miss in the map of the earth is a genuine kingdom of Celts—"qua" Celts—governed by Celts, talking Celtic in their Government offices.

Again, stinging as the phrase, "Celtic fringe," untruthfully and impertinently uttered by a Conservative Statesman—stinging as the phrase is, to those who remember what a light of Christian civilization their Ireland once flashed upon mankind, it cannot be so stinging to them as the speech of newspaper editors, and of some antiquarians who affect a kindly humorous tolerance towards their nationality, like that of a famous physician towards an intensely interesting imbecile. This kindly amused tolerance reminds them that they no longer form independent states, for people do not assume such an attitude with regard to Spain or Holland for example.

And, even such a genial cosmopolitan as Matthew Arnold himself, while he maintained a position of respectful interest with regard to the Celts (notably in Ireland and in Wales) so far as their genius and literature were concerned, maintained a very different position with regard to them so far as their national and political sentiments were concerned. For example,—with regard to the Irish Home Rule movement, which he never lived to see brought to a crisis, Matthew Arnold would probably have assumed the standpoint of that Presbyterian clergyman who shivered Mr. Gladstone's arguments by saying, "Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder"; a very admirable truth, no doubt, but of no value in this case, unless it were evident that it was *really* God, and not some one else, who was responsible for the union.

But, seriously, what concerns me is not merely the general tendency to look upon Celtic politics as pernicious; but the tendency even to look upon Celtic works as interesting relics, the tendency to look upon modern translations of them as false. It seems to be almost impossible, for example, to get people to reject the notion of James MacPherson's being a forger, the notion that his Ossian was the product of Rousseanism; to get people to realise that the detection of the Shakespearian frauds, the detection of the Chattertonian mares-nest, and the mighty influence of Voltaire and of Hume must have inevitably intensified the atmosphere of scepticism through which MacPherson's compilations had to pass.* *(To be continued).*

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* See an able article by Mr. George Eyre-Tod in the "Canterbury Poets'" Ossian.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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MARCH, 1901.

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NOTICE TO READERS.

CELTIC LITERATURE.—Our Book List this month, which appears on third page of cover, is of particular interest to all interested in Highland literature. It contains particulars of many curious and rare works.

BOUND VOLUMES.—Volume X. can now be had, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt lettering, for 7/6 post free. Volumes VI., VII., VIII., and IX. can also be had, in similar binding, at 7/6 per volume. Apply John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

MACARA CLAN.

As references to this Clan are by no means numerous, the following may be of interest to those bearing that name. Frank Adam, F.S.A., Scot., in his "What is my Tartan" says they were Septs and dependents of Clan Macgregor. Buchanan in his book on "Ancient Scottish Surnames" states that they were a branch of Clan Macgregor and that they formed a pretty numerous Sept in the north part of Perthshire. In the 17th century Macaras were portioners of Drymmie in Strathearn. The Lyon office seems to have recognised the descent from the Macgregors, for in 1814, the following Arms, closely resembling those of Macgregor, were granted to Lieut.-Colonel Robert Macara:—Ermine or, tree eradicated in bend dexter, surmounted of a sword in bend Sinister, the latter bearing on its point an imperial crown all proper. Colonel M'Ara commanded the 42nd Regiment at Quatre Bras in 1815, and fell on the battlefield. D. Macara of Edinburgh published in 1881 a book on Crieff in which is given the following notes on the Clan:—"Among the braes of Monzie near Crieff the Clan of M'Ara were nursed, but few of the name now remain to tell the tale of their fathers. Like all localities, it had its traditions, and with a few exceptions they are all forgotten. It is said at one time the Macaras had enraged some neighbours, who in retaliation caught a number of the clan and forced them into a boat, which was scuttled, and launched on Lochlog, and all were drowned; but being allied to witches their ghosts haunt the borders of the lake still in the shape of hares, which may be seen in the neighbourhood any day. Another story is that one of the clan was a giant and the terror of Highland raiders. On one occasion some of the M'Gregors from the west of the country were anxious to cross swords with him, and made a visit to his cottage one evening. M'Ara, who was beyond the hearth, guessed the mission of the strangers, and was on the alert. A quarrel soon arose about some sheep, and the M'Gregors drew their swords. M'Ara at once knocked the nearest man down, and, reaching above the bed, caught hold of his broadsword, and sweeping it downwards, missed the next M'Gregor, but cleft a large pot in two, which so disheartened the intruders that they retreated with all speed, and were soon lost in the darkness. Of the Clan M'Ara who claimed the parish as the place of their birth, only one family in 1881 bearing the name resides on a farm near headquarters. The M'Aras as Septs of Clan Macgregor wear the tartan of the Macgregors. Can any reader inform me who is now the chief?

Aberdeen. ROBERT LAWRENCE.

GLEN EAGLES.

SIR,—A contributor to your last number makes the enquiry "Was this glen named from the presence of the Roman or the Highland eagle?" The answer is—from neither; but as an ignorant corruption of the Gaelic *Aigas*, from Eglise, an ecclesiastical building. By the old inhabitants of the Ochils, in its vicinity, Glen Aigas is the name still given to it. The Haldanes of Glen Aigas are entered on the Ragman's Roll. A church still stands at the foot of the glen and it is said an older church existed at the top of the glen. St. Mungo's Well is marked on the Ordnance plan on the west side, and can easily be identified on the spot as the source of a small pond; while opposite and near the public road are the ruins of a small narrow building presumably the cell of the saint. At the Battle of Sheriffmuir, Rob Roy delayed in leading his men to the charge, and his cousin offered to lead them; but Rob said "What do you know about leading men? You are not now driving cattle from Glen Aigas!" There is still living at the foot of the glen a man, one of whose forbears was compelled by Rob Roy to drive cattle from the glen; and at the top is a well near the road, beside a boulder, called "Tobar Rob Ruaric." Eilein Aigas on the Beauly River is another instance of the term. Were Mr. Ashmore Wingate to hear Glen Aigas nasally pronounced, he might imagine that the beveridge "negus" has been invented there; but that is not the fact.

Yours, etc,

Glen Devon. KENNETH MATHIESON.

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THE SEVEN MEN OF GLENMORISTON.

GLENMORISTON was no less famed in the past for its warriors, than it is to-day for its picturesque and romantic scenery. The property of a renowned family of the Clan Grant, it has been from time immemorial the cradle of men who supplied the minstrel and the bard with material for song and story, and the historian with names illustrious in the annals of the nation. It was of John Grant of Glenmoriston (Ian-a-chraggan), who fought under Dundee at Killiecrankie, that Sir Walter Scott sang—

> "Glenmoriston from wood and glen
> A hunter warrior came,
> His carbine true to earth he threw
> And drew his sword of flame."

The Grants of Glenmoriston, unlike their kin on the banks of the Spey, were devoted Jacobites; and if participators in the fleeting glory that at times cast a halo round the efforts of the Stuarts to regain the Crown, they were also sharers in the misfortunes and reverses of that ill-starred family. But it is not of the gallant chieftains of Glenmoriston that I would now write, but of men who though not entitled to adorn their bonnets with the feathers of the eagle were as leal Highlanders as ever trod the heather. In the Hanovarian reports of 1746 those men appear as a band of desperate and cruel freebooters, revengeful as any Corsican banditti, slaying and robbing, and the terror of the English soldiers engaged in stamping out the embers of a rebellion which nearly cost King George his crown, and his subjects their civil and religious rights and liberties. To us they were men who fought for a cause which they believed to be a just one; who on their return from a lost battle found their dwellings burned, their wives and children homeless and foodless, their daughters the sport of brutal soldiers, their comrades who surrendered shipped as slaves to distant lands, or if taken, shot or hung, and who swore in that dark hour to slay the slayer, spoil the spoiler, and refuse to be caught. Such were "The Seven Men of Glenmoriston," whose names were Patrick Grant (commonly called Black Patrick of Craskie), John MacDonell (alias Campbell), Alexander MacDonald, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, and Grigor MacGrigor.

The braes of Glenmoriston and the rugged shores of Lochness were the scenes of their first exploits. About the beginning of June 1746, four of them waylaid seven soldiers who, with two horses laden with bread and wine, were making their way from Fort Augustus to Glen Elg, killed two of them, and secured the booty. Some days after they met a Government spy named Robert Grant, whom they shot. They then cut his head off and stuck it on a tree beside the road as a warning to similar evil doers. Three days after they heard that a party of soldiers had driven away all the cattle belong-

From R. R. M'Ian's ["*Clans of Scotland.*"

GRANT OF GLENMORISTON.

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ing to a relative and they immediately went in pursuit of them. When they overtook the red-coats, the officer in command drew up his men and ordered them to surrender. Black Patrick replied that they did not come there to surrender but to take the cattle. The officer staggered at their boldness, instead of fighting ordered his men to proceed with the cattle. This they did, exposed to a running fire from Patrick and his comrades. After a time, however, their pursuers disappeared and they proceeded some distance unmolested. But their troubles were not yet over, for when they came to a narrow and dangerous pass they found its steep and rugged sides occupied by their late assailants who, from behind rocks and boulders, fired upon them with such accuracy and effect that they had to flee, leaving several dead comrades and the cattle behind them. In this manner the (now notorious) seven men continued to harass the terrified Government soldiers until the time that was to test their fidelity drew near.

Meanwhile the fugitive Prince Charles, after many hair-breadth escapes in the Hebrides, found himself even in greater danger on the mainland. On the west, gun-boats were cruising which cut off all chances of escape by sea, and to the south, east, and north of him stretched a line of posts and sentinels from Fort William to Fort Augustus and thence to Glenelg, hemming him in on every side. But he was in good hands, those of MacDonald of Glenaladale, MacDonald of Borodale, and a trusty Glengarry clansman, and on the 28th of June he and his guides succeeded, by exercising all the care and tactics of deer-stalkers, of seeing yet not being seen, creeping amongst heather and rocks, crawling over moss and swamp, and wading up the channels of peaty burns, in breaking through the perilous cordon.

It was then that the Glengarry man told the Prince about the seven men who were lurking in that wild district and suggested that they should be taken into his confidence. The Prince hesitated for some time but was at length persuaded to do this, and Glenaladale and the Glengarry man went in search of them, leaving Borodale to guard the Prince. On finding the men Glenaladale arranged with them for a meeting at the cave of Corighodh in the braes of Glenmoriston, but did not tell them that the Prince was one of the fugitives that needed their aid. Glenaladale then returned, and the Prince, he, and the others set out for the cave. Shortly after their arrival there three of the freebooters, two MacDonalds and Alexander Chisholm, made their appearance. Glenaladale went a little way to meet them and told them that young Clanranald was one of the fugitives. But no sooner did the general meeting take place than they recognised the Prince. Instead of shirking the dangerous duty, great was their demonstrations of joy and fidelity, and they took an oath at Glenaladale's request "That their backs should be to God and their faces to the devil; that all the curses the Scriptures pronounced would come upon them and their posterity if they did not stand by the Prince in his greatest danger, and if they should let anyone know he was in their keeping until he was out of all peril." The Prince then proposed that he and Glenaladale should take a similar oath of fidelity to the men, but the latter would not have it. Then the Prince, after a forty-eight hours' fast regaled himself on mutton, butter, cheese, and some whisky the men brought. On the following day the other four men joined them, driving a live ox before them, and carrying a dead deer. They also recognised the Prince, and took the same oath as their comrades. Seeing that he was badly in want of underclothing the seven set about securing him some. They hid themselves amongst the trees and rocks on the shores of Lochness, some miles from the cave, and swooped like eagles on the first party of soldiers, bearing luggage, that came the way, and to their delight found it partly consisted of an officer's outfit. This they carried to the cave, to the great comfort of the Prince.

They shall guard, and clothe, and feed him
With unwearied loving care,
O'er the mountains safely lead him
And for him all perils dare.

While there's one of them remaining,
Sure of foot, and strong of arm,
With devotion never-failing,
They will shield him from all harm.

Recruited by three days' rest and nourishment in that place they moved on the 2nd August to another cave, distant two miles, where they remained four days. Hearing that one Campbell, a captain of militia, was encamped within four miles of them, they decided to move northward into the fastnesses of Strathglass. Their course lay over Ben-a-bhan. Behind them rose Mealfourvonie, keeping eternal watch over Glenurquhart and Glenmoriston, and before them Maumsoual and Sgurnalappich reared their summits to the sky. The Vale of the Glass which they crossed on the 6th of August, was under a cloud which no sunshine could dispel, for many of its stalwarts went to Culloden, never more to return; and away near the ford of Innis-nan-ceann was the widow of one of them bewailing her loss in a lament that is not likely to be forgotten while the Gaelic language lasts—"Mo run geal og." At night they repaired to a shieling on the north side of the Glass, where they kindled a fire, had some refreshments, and passed the night, the Prince sleeping on a bed of sods, grassy side

uppermost. From this place, where they remained for two or three days, the Prince sent one of the men to Poolewe to learn if any vessel touched there, to whom he gave instructions to meet them on his return at a particular place in Glencannich. That wild and romantic glen, then inhabited but now a deer forest, stretches from its junction with the Valley of the Glass to the Bealach of Kintail, a distance of about thirty miles. On the morning of the 10th the fugitives made their way into this glen, passed the day in a wood, and at night found shelter in an adjoining hamlet.

On the following morning they climbed Benacherine, on the north side of the glen, and from a shieling on its side two of them went in search of provisions. The two foragers having returned with a good supply they remained there for two days. There is a local tradition that they were in Glenstrathfarrar, on the north side of Benacherine, and found shelter in a cave (now named "Uaimh a Phrionns"), between Dannie and Culigran, but of this there is no certainty. The messenger from Poolewe returned on the 13th with the intelligence that the only vessel that touched there had sailed away after leaving two men who set out for Lochaber in search of the Prince. They therefore at nightfall recrossed the river Cannich and arrived in the morning at Fasnakyle in Strathglass. There they remained, in the daytime hid in the woods, and at night sheltered and provided for by a farmer named John Chisholm. He took the same oath as the others and none of the inhabitants of the place, except himself, knew they were there. The Prince bore the hardships and privations to which he was exposed with never-failing cheerfulness, drank to the health of his rough yet leal companions when he had the means of doing so, and at times reproved them for swearing, to which they were much addicted. He never allowed them to take off their bonnets while attending him, and he would at times give directions about roasting the meat and other cookery himself. From Fasnakyle he sent men across the hills to ascertain if he could with any degree of safety attempt crossing the Great Glen and join Lochiel and Cluny in Badenoch. On the 17th the men returned with favourable news, and the entire little party set out by an unfrequented way to the Braes of Glenmoriston. There, however, they heard that a strong body of Government soldiers were on their way to the braes of Glengarry in search of them. Nevertheless, on the morning of the 18th three of the men undertook to endeavour to get to Locharkaig and arrange a meeting between the Prince and Cameron of Clunes; and also to bring back intelligence regarding the soldiers. Before the return of the messengers, however, the Prince became impatient and wished to proceed, but the remaining men would not allow him, and had, as he was positive, to threaten they would leave him if he did not heed their council. "I find," said he, "kings and princes must be ruled by their Privy Council, but I believe there is not in all the world a more absolute Privy Council than my present one." The men's reply was "that they would rather tie him than allow him to put himself in danger." On the 19th the messengers returned with news that the route they wished to take was clear, and at nightfall they all set their faces toward Glengarry and Lochaber. When they came to the river Garry they found it much swollen, but wading breast deep they safely crossed it, and amid heavy rain reached Achnasoul next morning. There they met MacDonell of Lochgarry, and on the following day were joined by Cameron of Clunes. These two gentlemen then conducted the party to a dense wood at the foot of Locharkaig, where wrapped in their plaids they lay for the night. Next day, 22nd August, the Prince requested the Glenmoriston men to return to their own glen as he would be well guarded by Glenaladale, Lochgarry, and Clunes. But eyes that never quailed before a foe became moist when the Prince "whom they loved with a love surpassing all ordinary loyalty," bade them farewell. "Stay with us," they said, "for great men may forsake, betray, or sell thee for gold, but our wants are few, and money is no temptation to us. The very rocks would fall and crush us if we betrayed thee." And in that way the Prince and his seven faithful protectors parted, never to meet again.

We do not know much of the subsequent history of the Seven Men of Glenmoriston except that in 1751 Alexander MacDonald and Alexander Chisholm were dead, Grigor MacGrigor was taken and imprisoned in Inverness but escaped, John MacDonell was taken in his bed, carried to Inverness, kept there for some months but there being no evidence against him he was liberated, and in August 1774 emigrated to America and there found a grave. Patrick Grant, in a state of poverty, got the length of Edinburgh in 1752 determined (although he could speak no language but Gaelic), to go abroad and seek out the Prince. He was, however, prevailed upon to give up the mad project. Poor Patrick! Had he been allowed to persevere in his quest and succeeded, he would have found that some evil fairy had stolen his darling of the cave of Corighodh and left a changeling in his place. In 1759 he was pressed into the army, and served in North America. He returned four years after, with a Chelsea pension, to his native glen. Hugh Chisholm long survived the others. He also spent some time in Edinburgh

between 1780 and 1790, and there met with Sir Walter Scott, who describes him in "The Tales of a Grandfather" as a noble commanding figure, over six feet, of stately demeanour, always attired in the Highland garb. It was Hugh who never gave his right hand to anyone after bidding the Prince farewell. He died in Strathglass in 1812 and no one could convince him the Prince was dead. He buoyed himself up to the last with the belief that he would again behold *Righ nan Gaidheal*. The late Captain Chisholm, Glassburn, had in his possession the sword Hugh wielded at Culloden, and valued it very highly. I knew several stalwart descendants of the Chisholms in my early days in Strathglass, one of them a brave Crimean veteran, but they are now dead or scattered far and wide; and my friend Alexander MacDonald, the gifted author of "Coinneach 'us coille," well known through his writings to the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*, is a worthy descendant of one of the MacDonalds.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

THE WANDERER.

IT was an evil day for Alan Macleod when he came back from the fishing to find his father lying across the threshold with the smile of the white peace upon his face. But Alan was a true clansmen, and it was not long before he took the blood-oath of vengeance; as soon as his father was buried and the cottage left in the charge of his foster-brother, he set out to avenge the murder. Well did he know who had done the foul deed, for Ian Macdonald, who was their greatest enemy, had sworn many a time to kill either Alan Macleod or his father Magnus—and the dirk had "I M C D" graven on its hilt.

So Alan set forth eastward to that part of the island where the hated Macdonalds dwelt, not knowing where Ian's cottage was (save that it was somewhere in the bleak hill country), but trusting to his hill-craft to track the owner of the dirk and in some dark glen to slay him amidst the mists which hung suspended in those lonesome ravines like the smoke of a newly-fired musket. He had formed no definite plan of revenge, but fierce passion burned within him, and even as he made his way towards the desolate uplands, he thought of nothing save the bitter joy of vengeance—a single word, a quick stroke or sudden flash and report—and his work would be done. So careless was he of all around, as he stepped up the steep mountain road, that he scarcely noticed the look of the sky, or saw anything amiss in the grim outline of the clouds.

But as he reached the rugged base of Ben Maol where the road loses itself in a maze of shaggy heather and grey boulders, he turned sharply to skirt the edge of the moorland and realised for the first time that a storm was rapidly approaching. A dark ominous aspect had crept into the sky, heavy masses of black cloud hung vaguely, while white-grey tufts of vapour floated idly before them. The wind rose mysteriously and soon a great raindrop plashed warm upon his cheek.

"It will be a wild night," he muttered; and as he spoke, the darkness seemed intensified with unnatural suddenness. Away to the North a vivid streak of lightning winked and vanished—to be followed by a harsh rumbling. Then the heavens were pierced with flash after flash of yellow-white fire, while the deep-mouthed thunder echoed a thousand-fold amid the hills and corries. The rain came down in a blinding mist and many a time Alan stumbled as he groped his way upward and onward over the broken ground. At length he paused, and, creeping under the shelter of an overhanging rock, looked around him into the gloom.

By this time he was thoroughly soaked. The rain dripped from his bonnet; a fringe of drops formed on the edge of his kilt—his brogues were swimming in peat-water, and even his pistol was scarcely dry though he carried it under his plaid. Chilled as he was to the very marrow, and aching in every limb, his physical discomfort was not, however, unbearable, for his hot thoughts of vengeance and the thirst for another's life would have kept him on the strain for many an hour—used to the wild weather of the Minch and the naked Skye coast was Alan Macleod.

But he did not know where he was. Never, even in his young and roving days, when he loved to explore the dark recesses of the caves and unknown corries, had he set foot in this district, and the sharp, jagged edges of the Cuchullins gleamed black and dreadful against the grim sky. As he lay there on the wet heather, however, turning many a plan over and over in his mind, he suddenly noticed a star burning low on the horizon—thought it strange—then realized that it was some earthly light, but what, he knew not. And soon that steady gleam, feeble though it was, set him a-hungering after rest and warmth, a seat by the fire, with the dog at his feet and maybe a glass to drive the ice-chill from his bones. Visions rose before him of a cosy interior, the bairns playing on the floor in the fire-light, while the goodwife sat contentedly knitting. And Alan's misery rose up and choked his red-hot passion. With a groan he rose and stumbled out into the riot of the storm again, fighting his way vaguely towards the light. The track was ill to find and the water was over his ankles more than once. At last he lost the light with startling suddenness,

then found it again streaming in what was to his bewildered and dazzled eyes a glare of liquid fire. In a moment he reached the low door and smote upon it with his knuckles. There was no answer, so he struck the rough wood with his dirk-hilt and the harsh metallic note brought a response. The door creaked and opened a few inches. He slid his foot in as quick as thought. A woman's face, white with some great anxiety, appeared, and as a flash of lightning rent the blackness for a second, she saw that the new-comer was a man. With a cry of joy, she flung the door wide open, and half-dragged him in, dripping with the rain and confused with the abrupt transition from the darkness without. When she saw him in the light of the oil lamp which illuminated the little kitchen, she shrank from him as a stranger.

"I thought you were my man," she said in the Gaelic, with a sigh.

"'S olc an aimsir so" (this is bad weather)," was the Macleod's indefinite reply, as he pulled off his sodden bonnet and looked longingly at the peats.

"'S mosach an uair a th' ann," the woman agreed; then her eye fell upon his kilt, and she said evasively—

"It is not often that we are seeing your tartan hereabouts," and as she spoke she fingered the plaid which she had cast about her head and shoulders, when she went to the door.

It was of Macdonald tartan, and his hand crept instinctively towards his bosom where his dirk lay hid, but the goodwife saw the movement and shook her head.

"There are no men-folk here," she said. "My man is away to Portree, and I cannot be expecting him back until to-morow, but I thought maybe he was come earlier."

"Can you be letting me have a sleep by your fire, goodwife?" he asked, hesitatingly.

She asked for his weapons with a caution bred of the uneasiness of the times. He pulled out his skean dubh and handed it to her without a word. He still had his trusted dirk hid in his bosom though he surrendered his pistol and powder-flask.

"The powder is useless," he remarked- "I am nearly drowned."

She went to the door and peered out into the darkness, full of the noise of the storm. Nothing was visible save a lurid flash which lit up the weirdness of the scene, then left the gloom deeper than before.

"It is not a night to turn a dog out," she said, half to herself. "You may bide where you are."

Then, as if the hospitable solution of the problem gave her no little satisfaction, she gave him of what simple fare she possessed, watching him quietly with her cool, blue-grey eyes until he had finished, and set back his stool with a heavy sigh of content. After a while he made as though he would sleep, and when she had tended the peats, the goodwife wished him good-night and withdrew to the inner room. The Macleod stretched himself on the rough earthen floor in front of the dim-glowing peats, glad of the warmth and rest, and yet not sufficiently satisfied of his safety to allow himself to give way to sleep.

"One who wears the juniper must be wakeful here," he muttered, as he raised himself to a half-sitting attitude, and looked around. Sleep was heavy on his eyelids.

Some time later, the goodwife crept softly back and looked at his prostrate figure. She stood over him with a look of strange sympathy in her eyes, whispering, as she watched his tossing, "He will be in some distress; he sleeps uneasily." She paused, and added with a sigh, "May the good God grant a safe night to my man at the hills." She stole back as noiselessly as she had come, but Alan, who had only feigned sleep for his better hearing, lay thinking. Had she not said that her husband was at Portree? What did she mean by "my man at the hills?" He pondered this thing for a time uneasily, but it seemed but a moment or two before the pale dawn looked in hesitatingly through the tiny window and then grew clearer. He sat up, realising with a shudder that he had been sleeping. He cursed himself for a fool, but after feeling for his dirk and finding it, rose gently and looked around. There was nothing to alarm him. He stretched his cramped limbs, drew off his brogues and set to work to kindle the peats. In a few moments the goodwife came in smiling to see his industry.

"It is a little thing," he said, simply.

"But the lass will be thanking you," she replied, and seeing his bewilderment, she turned and led forward a shy wee maid of some seven years, with golden hair and fairness of cheek which seemed the daintier for the early sunshine which kissed them. She said her pretty "Gun robh math agad," and Alan was fain to lift her in his arms and salute her as the sunbeams were doing. Then Alan unbarred the clumsy door to let the morning in.

"See, Maisie, show him where the burn is," cried the goodwife, and without more ado the little golden-haired lassie linked her tiny hand in his great palm, and talking gaily the while to her new friend, led him down past the cottage to a spot where amidst the dreary boulders there ran a clear stream of ice-cold mountain water.

It was a dew-pure morning. No trace of the storm remained, but all was fresh and smiling. The early sunlight danced on the surface of the

bubbling waters. Maisie sat and laughed to see Alan plunge his head and arms into the chill burn-water, then run to and fro to dry and warm himself. And he too felt strangely joyful. The clear sun-scented air, his blithe child-companion, the rough cottage with the peat-reek stealing skywards in its homeliness—all these things brought peace to him. But then there came over him the thought of his mission; how away up amongst those hills whose naked sides were now bathed in sunshine and caressed with fleecy clouds, lay one whose life he desired for a black crime done to his father; and these dark thoughts cut short his meditation and overshadowed the yearning for rest and peace.

"Come, child," he said, stretching out his hand to Maisie. "It is time we were going back." And she, wondering at the change in him who shortly before had been so cheery and full of high spirits, led the way to the hill-cottage in silence.

It was high noon when Alan left the cottage and set his face towards the hills on his grim errand. The little lass was away somewhere on an errand and he was sorry not to take leave of her. His pistols had been restored to him by the goodwife, of whom he had taken a hearty farewell. As soon as the door closed after him he slipped back, and drawing a couple of pieces of silver from his sporran, laid them secretly on the door-step. "Sure, may the good folk smile upon you," was his wish, as he turned away. It was not long ere he was among the wild hills, for they sloped down almost to the burnside at the back of the cottage, which seemed a lonely sentinel at the edge of the wilderness, and the awfulness of the weird scenery seemed the more oppressive for the sight of that tiuy dot of human habitation. The afternoon was calm and still, and the solitude of the place rested on Alan's mind like a bird of ill-omen. All around him the jagged cliffs and precipices frowned stern and cold, and the bare summits looked even more forbidding as the mysterious whirls of white mist floated and intertwined with their peaks. Unconsciously the mountain-gloom came over him, as the resistless tide sweeps up a narrow bay. Then he fell a-whistling to cheer him, as many a man in like straits has done for the self-same reason. But after a while he bethought himself that his errand would be better done in silence, so he was forced to stop his shrill music and plod on his monotonous way as best he could without its aid. Hunger made him halt as evening came on, and he sat down at the side of the rough stony path to eat the bread and meat which the goodwife had pressed upon him. The path here followed the edge of the great Ben around which it circled, and below the spot where Alan lay was a sheer drop of fifty feet or so; below this again was little save the sharp rocks which gleamed in the waning light like the fangs of a ravenous wolf. Indeed it was no better than a dark pit full of treacherous crevices and jagged rock-traps.

"A black place," muttered Alan.

But across the path trickled a small mountain burn, fed by some distant tarn, and as it flowed over the edge into the chasm, this streamlet gathered volume and but a few feet below Alan noticed a small natural cavity, scooped out by the patient hand of Nature, where a pool of water lay dark and sullen, albeit wondrous cold. To reach this Alan lowered himself by his hands, then, swinging well out, he dropped clear on to the narrow platform of rock where the water-filled hollow lay, scarce sufficient to admit of his standing on it in comfort; indeed he had not noticed it at first in the dim evening light. Alan carefully stooped to drink, and as his range of vision was lowered, saw to his astonishment that beyond the rock-cup and below the rough pathway gloomed the dark mouth of a narrow cave, mysterious and black as the throat of some evil beast. Instinctively his hand went to his pistols. What if this should be the hiding-place of Ian Macdonald — such indeed would be a likely shelter, for few ventured so far into this strange country; none indeed passed that way unless they were obliged, for it had an evil name, especially of nights. Like a flash Alan's mind went away to his home, and he saw his father's body lying across the threshold, and he prayed that this indeed might be the lair of the man-wolf who had struck that cruel blow. A faint sound of footsteps on the road above made him turn swiftly—and lo! peering over the rocky edge was the bonnie wee face of Maisie.

"Well, little eyes of sunshine, what will you be seeking here so late and far from home?" he asked, with a shock of relief.

"I've come to see my father!" she made answer, shaking her head gravely with an air of importance, that sat quaintly upon her little ladyship.

Then a great fear laid hold of Alan's heart and crushed it with its icy fingers; but he spoke lightly—

"Does your father stay hereabouts?"

"Aye—and see here, this is his supper and breakfast!" and she gaily swung her basket above his head.

Then there was a wild cry, a child's shriek of pain and fear, and before Alan could divine its meaning, a little patch of pink below him told at once that the child had somehow over-balanced herself, and lay silent on the granite fangs far down in the dark pit. For a second he stood horror-struck, then recovered his self-possession. Bending down, he swiftly untied his brogues and

kicked them off. He quickly divested himself of his rough coat, then slid softly on to the crag below him, gripping the rough projecting points with his strong arms. He half-crawled, half-jumped on to a lower ledge, then scrambled down inch by inch until he reached the little lass lying so still amidst the gloom and shadows of the unholy spot. "God has been good," he thought, for a sharp point of rock had caught the child's frock and broken her fall, though ever so slightly. The basket too had saved her from instant death, and she still breathed, though blood was flowing from a deep wound in her forehead. Alan raised her gently and measured with his eye the distance she had fallen, then cast about for means to get them both up again.

Suddenly he was startled by the sharp report of a pistol, and splinters flew from the rock but a few feet from the spot where he stood. Ian Macdonald peered down upon him from the narrow cave mouth, his face white and haggard. His was an evil face, but now showed more fear than devilry, and Alan saw at once that it was but little he had to do, if it ever came to the death-struggle. But now there was other work in hand.

"Ian Macdonald, murderer of my father!" his voice cried out from the darkness, "before I slay you, help me to get your wee lass up from this evil place. She is sorely hurt."

The other ran instinctively into the cave and brought a rope which he let down, scarcely knowing what he did, for the horror had gripped him. Alan meanwhile had unbuckled his belt and passed it round Maisie, then he fastened the rope to the belt and called for his coat, which he wrapped round the tiny lass, so white and still, forming a rough cradle for her and preventing the bonds from chafing.

"If he should let me drop," he thought; "it's ill trusting a Macdonald, but the lass must be safe."

Ian had twisted his end of the rope round a rock-pinnacle, and stood back from the edge to get the better purchase. Giving the word to pull, Alan gripped the rope, and half-clinging, half-climbing, guided his precious burden, sheltering it as best he could from the rock face Once he slipped and the rope swayed ominously, but Ian was a giant, and with a hoarse laugh hauled at the rope with a "Hold Fast!" (the motto of the Macleod Clan), until the two were drawn up into comparative safety. They carried Maisie into the interior of the low-roofed cave, where she was gently laid on a bed of heather, and her wounds bathed with water from the burn. The Macleod was a rough surgeon in his way, and between them the two men bound up the sore places with what improvised bandages they could make. Soon the little maid opened her eyes and looked round in a dazed manner. Ian was lighting a candle, and his back was turned.

"Where am I?" she asked, then recognising Alan, whispered "You are kind, and it is a stranger that you are—give father my—love." Then she turned and slept the white sleep.

"Take your dead lass, Ian Macdonald, the lass with the sun in her golden hair, but the pale moon in her cheeks, and go back to your wife. But I—cannot go back to—my people." Then he broke down.

That night Macdonald stumbled blindly into his lonely cottage far down the wind-swept glen, with his dead child in his arms and this cry on his lips, "A life for a life! and a cold fireside to me, wife!"

But Alan Macleod became a wanderer from that hour. Kill his sworn foe he could not, for Maisie's sake. Return without killing he dare not, for his dead father's sake. And I heard this strange story from his own lips, when he dwelt in a land of strangers far from his native isle.

COINNEACH DUBH.

PLACE NAMES IN BRAEMAR.

SIR,—Miss Farquharson has made many interesting remarks on this subject in your February number; but surely none of her five speculative derivations of Lochnagar arrive at the true root of the term. *Gar* is the cleft in the mountain ridge from which the loch is named. The loch is circular, then how can it be called short? There is a Gareloch on the Clyde and a Gairloch on the West of Ross-shire, both short lochs; but these are not termed *na gearr*. No one can reasonably believe that "Breakneck brook" had originally such a meaning in its primitive Erse name. It has a white speckled look, well described by "breac," which some wily Englishman hewing in the name has already corrupted. There seems to be some dubiety as the *cath-lug* of Invercauld. Would *coillie*, a wood, not serve as well? There remains another point of view still unobserved by the etymologists. *Cauld* as it stands is a word essentially a 'braid scots' meaning cold; then why are we shut up to derive it from the Erse? A traveller going westward up from Ballater is much protected by hills and trees; but when he emerges from the narrow pass at the eastern end of the *cath lug* he as once gets a sweep of the cold air and is literally "in for cauld" or Invercauld, *i.e.* at the outlet of the cold.

Yours, etc.,

Glen Devon. KENNETH MATHIESON.

THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIAL GATHERING takes place in the Café, Princes Street, Edinburgh, on Friday, 6th March, at 7-15 p.m. Tickets 1s. each. The Glasgow members hold their Annual Conversazione in the Albany Galleries, on Friday, 19th March. Tickets for either Gathering can be had from the Hon. Secy., John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Dr., Glasgow.

The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XIV.—The MacDonalds *(Continued).*

AS might be expected, so ancient and military a clan as the MacDonalds bestowed considerable attention on their martial music. Accordingly they had

Hereditary Pipers

of the name of MacArthur, who kept a school of music in Skye, and were esteemed next in excellence to the MacCrimmons. Pennant, who visited the Hebrides in 1774, eulogises Sir Alexander MacDonald's piper, in whose house or seminary he was very hospitably entertained, and was gratified by the performance of many *pìobaireachds.*

The most celebrated of the race was Charles, whose musical education was perfected by Patrick *òg* MacCrimmon, and regarding him the following anecdote is related :—"Sir Alexander MacDonald being at Dunvegan on a visit to the Laird of MacLeod, he heard the performance of Patrick *og* with great delight; and desirous if possible to have a piper of equal merit, he said to MacCrimmon one day that there was a young man whom he was anxious to place under his tuition on condition that he should not be allowed to return until such a time as he could play equal to his master, promising MacCrimmon ample satisfaction should he fulfil his task. MacCrimmon agreed to accept the youth as a pupil, and Charles MacArthur was accordingly sent to Borreraig, where he remained for eleven years, when MacCrimmon, considering him as perfect as he could be made, proceeded to Mugstad to deliver his charge to Sir Alexander, who was then residing there, and where *Iain Dall* Mackay, Gairloch's piper, happened also to be. MacDonald, hearing of their arrival, thought it a good opportunity to determine the merit of his own piper by the judgment of the blind man, whose knowledge of pipe-music was unexceptional. He therefore enjoined Patrick *òg* and MacArthur not to speak a word to betray who they were, and addressing Mackay, he told him he had a young man learning the pipes for some years, and was glad that he was present to say whether he thought him worth the money spent on his tuition. Mackay said if he heard him play he would give his opinion freely; but requested to be informed previously with whom the young piper had been studying. On being informed that he had been under Patrick *òg*, Mackay said he could not have had a better teacher. Young MacArthur was ordered to play, and when he had finished Sir Alexander asked *Iain Dall* for his opinion. "I think a good deal of him," said Iain, "he is a good piper; he gives the notes correctly, and if he takes care he will excel in his profession." Sir Alexander was pleased with such a flattering opinion, and observed that he had been at the trouble of sending two persons to the cottage at Borreraig that he might retain the best; so he said the second one should also play—that an opinion of his merits might also be given. Mackay observed that he must be a very excellent performer that could surpass the first, or compare with him. When Patrick *òg*—who acted as the second pupil—had finished playing, Sir Alexander asked the umpire what he thought of his performance. Indeed, sir, no one need try me in that manner," returned the blind man, "for though I have lost the eyes of my human body, I have not lost the eyes of my understanding; and if all the pipers in Scotland were present I would not find it a difficult task to distinguish the last player from them all." "You surprise me Mackay, and who is he?" "Who but Patrick *òg* MacCrimmon," promptly rejoined *Iain Dall;* and turning to where Patrick was sitting he observed, "it was quite needless, my good sir, to think you could deceive me in that way, for you could not but know that I should have recognised your perpermance among a thousand." Sir Alexander then asked Mackay to play, and afterwards called for refreshments. Drinking the health of the noted trio, he remarked that he had that night under his roof the three best pipers in Britain.

Charles MacArthur had two sons, Donald and Alexander, the former of whom was drowned in passing between Uist and Skye. The latter went to America. His brother Neil had a son John, who was taught by his uncle Charles, and who, settling in Edinburgh, was appointed piper to the Highland Society of Scotland, an appointment he held until his death. He was much admired for his fine style of performance. He taught the art to many students, from which he was usually styled "Professor MacArthur."

John *bàn* MacArthur, another brother, had a son named Angus, who went with Lord MacDonald to London, where he remained till his death. He left several MSS. of Pibrochs, most of which were noted down when he lay down on his death-bed, by John Macgregor, for the Highland Society of London. Some of them are his own composition, and they are, according to Angus Mackay, very creditable to

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his musical genius. He is believed to have been the last of the MacArthurs hereditary pipers to the MacDonalds of the Isles.

The following extract from a communication by Mr. William Mackenzie, Secretary of the Crofters' Commission, to one of the Highland newspapers, will doubtless be read with interest. Writing about the graveyard of Kilmuir, Troternish, Skye, he says:—"Here many who played important parts in their time find a last resting-place, including Flora MacDonald, the MacLean hereditary physicians, the Martins of Beallach, the learned Mr. Donald MacQueen, the famous Nicholsons (father and son), who were ministers of the parish after the Reformation, Mrs. Martin, grandmother of field-marshal Sir Donald Martin Stewart, late commander of the forces in India, and numerous others, including the MacArthurs, who were hereditary pipers to the MacDonalds of Skye. The following quaint epitaph marks the grave of one of those famous pipers:—

'Here ly
the remains of
Charles Mac
Karter whose
fame as an hon
est man and
remarkable pip
er will survive
this generation
for his manners
were easy and re
regular as his
music and the
melody of his
fingers will'

It will be observed the above epitaph is incomplete, and this circumstance is locally accounted for thus:—After MacArthur's death one of his admirers employed a local mason to carve an epitaph on his tombstone. The mason worked diligently, cutting out letter after letter with care. After a time he asked his employer to make a payment to account. The money, however, was not forthcoming. The mason thereupon declined to proceed further, and the epitaph remains unfinished to this day."

There have been MacArthurs in Proaig, Islay, for many generations; indeed it is said that the chiefship of the clan rests in this family. Some of these MacArthurs were pipers and armourers to the MacDonalds of Islay, and some of their representatives are pipers to this day. There is a story told of one of those pipers who played so well that he gave great satisfaction to MacDonald, who offered him a high reward (*"làn boineid de dh'airgiod 's de dh'òr"*) if he would change his surname from MacArthur to MacDonald. The piper's reply was characteristic—"No. You will always find me ready to follow your banner, wear your tartan and crest, and play your clan music, but my name must be MacArthur."

SOME TRADITIONS OF THE BEATONS OR MACBETHS.

Dear Sir,—In reference to Mr. Robert Lawrence's article on "The Beatons or Bethunes" I regret that I cannot add much to it, having left the "Land of the mountains and glens" when only 16 years of age, and I am now an exile of 50 years, having left Muile nan craobh on the 19th August, 1852. My father claimed descent from the eldest son of John Beaton, commonly called *Ant-Ollamh Muileach*, whose tombstone I believe is to be seen in Iona to this day. My father had many anecdotes relative to the "Ollamh Muileach." My father had the gift of poetry. About two years ago I sent a copy of some of his poetry to "Fionn." I always understood that the Beatons were a sept of the *Clann Domhnuill*. My father always held that opinion but I never heard that they were seanachies to the Macleans. At a Clan fight between the Macdonalds and some other Clan (which I don't remember), in the ranks of the Macdonalds was *Tri fichead Beatonach gu 'n fhiasaig*, besides others with beards. I also heard that they were a fiery tempered race. At a fight between the Macdonalds and I think the Macleods, the two Clans camped close to one another but each was loth to begin the fight. Macleod, or whoever he was, remarked to his men that he would like Macdonald to fire the first shot. One of his men on hearing this said that if there was a Beaton in the opposing ranks that he would induce them to begin the fight. With that he put himself in a prominent position and turned his back upon the opposing force, expressive of contempt. An indignant Beaton instantly fired at him and so the battle began.

The *"Ollamh Muileach"* was of the family of *Ant-Ollamh Ileach*. He left his family when he was very young. After he came of age and eminence he went to Islay to see his parents. When he got there his parents were out, but a brother whom he had never seen was at home. The *Ollamh Muileach* did not reveal who he was, and the other did not know him and shewed in various ways that he did not want his company, but the *Muileach* would not take a hint. *Ma dheireadh thoisich iad ri beireadaireachd air a cheile.* "De cho math 'sa chrimeadh thu curaimh?" orsa 'n t-Ollamh Muileach. "Chrimeadh mis e cho lom 's nach "thugadh fitheach gearr eadar dhà thaigh e" ars' an t-Ileach. "Chriminns e," ars' am Muileach cho lom 's nach innseadh tu codhiu bha feòil air am bliadhna na'n uiridh." Chuir an t-Ileach roimhe gun cuireadh e am Muileach a mach air dhoigh air choreigin, agus gu sin a dheanamh chaidh e mach is thug e ultach chonlaich a staigh, agus corra-shùgain agus dh' iarr e air a Mhuileach a tionndadh. Thionndaidh am Muileach gus an

robh an sùgan cho fada 's gu'n robh e air taobh a muigh an doruis. Ghrad dhùin an t-Ileach an dorus agus cha d' fhuair am Muileach a staigh gus an d' thàinig an athair dhachaidh, a rinn iad aithnichte da cheile.

The first of my lineage of whom there is record was Fergus MacBheth or MacBheatha, the progenitor of the *Ollaimh Ileach* and *Mhuileach*, who was, if I may use the term, Chancellor of the Isles for *Righ Innse-gael* in 1448. I may here state that I heard both terms *Innse-Gall an Innse-Gael* applied to them by old men when I was quite a youth. The *Ollamh Muileach* lived at Peighinn a' Ghaidheil in Mull, and it is related that he acquired that locality in this manner. He and Maclean (I do not know whether Duart or Lochbuie) were on a hill in that neighbourhood when the *Ollamh* picked up a chip with a small hole in it, and remarked to Maclean that he wished he had as much land as he could see through the hole in the chip. Maclean laughed and promised him all the land he could see. He put the chip to his eye and astonished the chief by the range of his vision. At last, however, they settled that he would receive Peighinn-a'-Ghaidheil. I have never heard that he or his descendants were Seanachies to the Macleans. Of course it is possible they may have been. I have heard an old tradition that one of the name rose to eminence at the court of Scotland, after the Scottish Court adopted the Norman laws and customs. As it was then the fashion that all courtiers were Normans in name if not in truth, this Macbeth dropped the "Mac," and as there was a place in France named "Bethune" he added *une* to his name, and thus became a full blown Norman—"Bethune." The Bethunes of Fife may be descended from this MacBethune, and the Betons of England (now Beetons) may have come over with William the Conqueror, but not the Macbeths.

Queensland, Australia. DONALD BEATON.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following song in praise of Breadalbane was composed in the 18th century by a shoemaker of the name of Macmillan, who for poaching or some such offence had to leave Breadalbane. The then factor, Campbell of Achalader, was so pleased with the song that he urged him to come back, promising him every encouragement, but in vain. A somewhat different set of the air will be found in the "Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs." FIONN.

FAILTE BHRAID-ALBAINN—HAIL TO BREADALBANE!

KEY E.—*Moderato.*

l :— :l | l :s :l | s :— :— | l :— :	| d' :— :d' | d' :t :l | l :s :m | s :— :—		
Moch 'sa mhaduinn 's mi dùsgadh		'S trom m' aigne 's mi tùrsach gu leòir	
m :— :m | m :r :m | s :— :— | s :— :	| l :— :l | l :s :l | r :d :l_1 | l_1 :— :—		
'Sìor chuimhneach na dùthcha		Far 'n do chleachd mi bhi'm bhuachaille bhò,	
f :— :f | m :r :m | s :— :— | m :— :	| r :— :r | r :d :d | r :m :s | l :— :—		
Gheibhte sithionn is icsg ann,		Agus eal-ac-han lionmhor air snàmh,	
l_1 :— :l_1 | l_1 :s_1 :l_1 | d :— :— | r :— :	| m :— :m | m :r :m | r :d :l_1 | l_1 :— :—		
Coileach dubh agus liath-chearc		'S ciod tuillidh a dh' iarradh tu ann?	

O! failt' air Braid-Albainn
Gheibhte féidh ann is earban is minn,
S iad 'nan luidhe gu cuanmhor
Ann am feadanaibh luachrach is clìb,
Na daimh 's na h-éildean mu 'n cuairt doibh,
'S iad nan laidhe air gualainn an tuim,
'S iad gu bior-shuileach, cluasach,
'Feitheamh ciod thig mu'n cuairt anns an oidhch'.

Tha iad earbsach à 'n casan
A chuir seachad na falaisg, 's an fhraoich,
Le 'n gasganan geala
'Siad a' dìreadh ri barraibh nam maol;
An earbag le 'minnein,
'Si glé phrìseil 'ga folach measg fraoich
Air eagal am forsair
Nuair thig e 'sa choin leis air thaod.

Locha-tatha nam bradan,
Tha tighinn o'n fhairge bu drabasta tonn,
'S iad gu dearg-bhallach, tarra-gheal,
Iteach, meanbh-bhreac, gorm-bhallach, lom;
'S iad a leum ris gu colgarr',
Glacadh chuileag air bharraibh nan tonn,—
Tha iad lionmhor 's gach linne,
'S iad a cladh air a' ghrinneal 's an fhonn.

C'àite bheil ann an Albainn
Aite 's feàrr na Braid-Albainn mo rùin?
Tir nan gaisgeach bha dìleas.
A sheasamh na firinn, 's a Chrùin;
Gheibht ann cruinneagan bòidheach
A sheinneadh dhuinn òrain bha binn,
Tir nam Filidh 'bha àluinn
'S lionmhor Bàrd a chaidh àrach 'n ad ghlinn.

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JAMES M. M'KAY.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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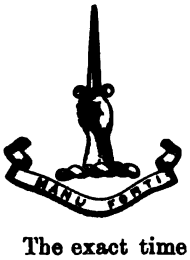
JAMES M. M'KAY, Ohio, U.S.A.



JAMES MORGAN M'KAY, whose portrait appears in this issue, is one of the many people of Scottish descent who have never seen the land of their ancestors, but who are yet keenly interested in every thing that pertains thereto.

The exact time when his ancestors emigrated to America cannot now be ascertained, but his grandfather was born in the State of Maryland in 1783, just at the close of the American Revolution. There is a tradition that five brothers emigrated from Scotland about 1750, settling in North Carolina; one of these brothers is said to have moved north afterwards and the present branch of the family is descended from him, but names and dates cannot now be ascertained. From Maryland the family moved to Western Pennsylvania and thence to Ohio.

In the maternal line Mr. M'Kay is also of Scottish descent, his mother's maiden name being Eliza Montgomery. Her people also settled in America before the Revolution. She was married to Wyatt M'Kay in 1843 and they settled on a farm in Brookfield, Ohio, where the subject of this sketch was born in 1859. He was well educated, engaged in teaching for a time, then studied law and was admitted to the Bar by the Supreme Court of Ohio in December, 1884. In January, 1885, he was married to Alice Rayl, and began the practice of his profession at Youngstown, Ohio, then a town of about 25,000. Like most young lawyers he was not specially busy at first but now he is one of the busiest men in a thriving town of 60,000. In 1889, he, with others, established The Home Savings and Loan Company, with the management of which he has been identified ever since. Organized under the Building and Loan Laws of Ohio, which are exceedingly liberal, the Company has added all the best features of Savings Banks, and has become, outside of Cleveland, the largest and strongest Mutual Savings Institution in North Eastern Ohio, with assets of nearly a million dollars.

Mr. M'Kay is deeply interested in Highland antiquities and especially in everything that pertains to the Clan Mackay. He is a Life Member of the Clan Society, a constant and interested reader of the *Celtic*, and has quite a collection of books pertaining to the Clan. Recently a copy of the Clan History came into his hands, and he sent to Glasgow for Mackay tartan silk with which he had the book handsomely re-bound.

Mr. M'Kay has never crossed the Atlantic, but he has often promised himself the pleasure of such a trip, and hopes to take it at a time when he can join the deputation in their annual tour to the Reay Country.

THE HIGHLAND EXILE.

Song to the Gaelic air "Air fillirinn."

Not the skiff on the wave, not the foam on the shore,
Not the blue mists that rise on the cliffs of Stravore,
Will gladden my eyes when they strain o'er the sea,
For the land that is dearer than life far to me!

Not the rush of the breeze, not the waterfall's roar,
Not the flap of their wings when the cormorants soar,
Will gladden my ears when they hearken in vain
For the sounds which are music and joy o'er the main!

Not the bay of the hound, not the bell of the deer,
Not the wild Pibroch's summons rejoicing the ear,
Will sound in the West wind that sweeps o'er the wave,
In the land which to me will give only a grave!

Not the sounds of my youth, not the scenes that I love,
Will gladden my heart in far scenes where I rove,
But behind the dark clouds and beyond the wide seas,
I shall find more than all in a glorious Home!

F. Mary Colquhoun.

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HOW THE FEUD BETWEEN THE CAMERONS AND MACKINTOSHES WAS ENDED.

THE story of this feud, bristling with battles, forays and slaughterings, and extending over 350 years, would fill a volume. Indeed considerable condensation is necessary in order to confine the latter part of it (fully given in MacKintosh-Shaw's excellent "History of the MacKintoshes and Clan Chattan," and in Lochiel's "Memoirs") within the compass of a magazine article. The cause of the feud, as is well known, was the persistent occupation of the lands of Glenlui and Locharkaig in Lochaber by the Camerons, which the MacKintoshes acquired by marriage, and to which they had charter rights.

In 1655 General Monk made an attempt to bring about a peaceable settlement between MacKintosh and Lochiel, but the death of the former, and important national events put an end to his well meant endeavours. In November, 1660, Lachlan MacKintosh at the age of twenty-

MOY HALL, SEAT OF THE MACKINTOSH CHIEFS.

one succeeded his father as Chief, and though young and inexperienced did not shirk the troublesome duty of tackling this old and ever burning subject. Opposed to him was Ewen Cameron (Eoghan Dubh) the famous swarthy Knight of Lochiel, brave, wily, resourceful, known favourably to the King, and befriended by Lord Middleton, then High Commissioner, and the Parliamentary party of which he was chief.

In January, 1661, MacKintosh presented a petition to the Scots Parliament setting forth "the heavy calamities he suffered by the unjust possession of the land of Glenlui and Locharkaig by Lochiel" and desiring that a warrant might be granted for the appearance of that Chief before Parliament that he might be decreed to put the right owner in possession. The petition was vigorously opposed by Lord Middleton and his party, and supported by Lord Rothes and others who were friendly to MacKintosh. After some delay Lord Rothes found an opportunity, of which he availed himself, for passing an act ordaining

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Lochiel to repossess MacKintosh in the disputed lands, and that under a penalty of 20,000 merks. This occurred on the 6th of July, 1661. In the meantime MacKintosh also instituted proceedings before the Lords of Session. While the decision of the Lords was pending the wheel of fortune took a turn favourable to Lochiel. The Lords of Session received a letter from the Lord Chancellor forbidding them to give any decision until the King's pleasure should be known. This order was also communicated to Parliament and proceedings were stayed for a year. The King shortly after wrote the Privy Council and Lord High Commissioner desiring them to endeavour to effect a compromise, so that the peace of the country should not be disturbed. No reconciliation however was effected; Middleton lost favour with the King, and the Earl of Rothes was appointed High Commissioner in his stead. MacKintosh immediately took advantage of the accession of his friend to power, and renewed his petition. His petition was granted in August, 1663. A Royal commission was issued to the Earls of Caithness, Moray, Athol, Errol, Marishal, Mar, Dundee, Airlie, Aboyne and others to apprehend as rebels and traitors Ewen Cameron of Lochiel and others of his clan. MacKintosh however soon discovered to his chagrin that this commission was not worth the paper it was written upon; and that the powerful nobles named in it did not care a straw who possessed the land of Glenlui and Locharkaig in far Lochaber. But the broadswords of Clan Chattan still remained and on them he thought he could rely.

This Confedracy, of which he was Chief, was composed of several small clans under their own chieftains, and it has been the wonder of some historians how the MacKintoshes were able for long centuries to get them to act in harmony, and loyally fight under the yellow banner on which the salient cat was blazoned. The matter was at times difficult, and at this juncture Lachlan MacKintosh could not, although he exercised all the tact, persuasion, and forbearance of which he was capable, get them all to co-operate with him. This state of matter was on the present occasion brought about by intriguing friends and agents of Lochiel. In April, 1664, however, MacKintosh got together all the men he could prevail upon to follow him and was ready to march into Lochaber. Lochiel then solicited the Earls of Moray and Argyle to mediate, and professed his readiness to come to terms with MacKintosh, so as to avoid shedding blood. Those noble men succeeded in bringing about a meeting at Inverness. Lochiel came with 300 men, and took up his station at Tomnahurich, and MacKintosh with 500 men stationed himself on the Haugh on the opposite side of the river Ness. The Bishops of Moray and the Laird of Altyre acted as mediators crossing and recrossing the river to consult the respective Chiefs. No satisfactory agreement, however, was arrived at, and MacKintosh determined to act on his commission as soon as he could get the refractory septs of the clan to follow him. In the meantime Lochiel succeeded in getting into favour with some of the leading Lords of Parliament and the Privy Council, with the result that MacKintosh received an order from Rothes, Commissioner to the Parliament, commanding him to attend at Edinburgh. Lochiel was also summoned there. On the Chiefs appearing before the Privy Council they were asked by the Lord Chancellor if they would submit the controversy to the Council's arbitration. Both answered in the affirmative. The decision of the Council was that MacKintosh should sell the lands in dispute to Lochiel at an equitable price. A second meeting, at which the Chiefs were present, took place to consider and decide upon the price. The Chancellor, backed by the members of Council, proposed 72,000 merks as a just medium between MacKintosh's estimate of the value of the land and Lochiel's.

MacKintosh, young and fiery, would not listen to those terms, flew into a passion and left the Council room, resolved to take the matter into his own hands. His intentions becoming known he was arrested, and detained until he gave security for the peaceful behaviour of himself and his clan for a year. On his return to the North he set about prevailing upon his refractory clansmen to give him their assistance in asserting his rights, and in this manner spent the summer of 1665. To secure the assistance of Cluny, who had a large following, he agreed to pay £100, and sign a declaration that the Macphersons had joined him of their own good will. Some delay however was caused by the Earl of Moray endeavouring to prevent the clansmen, who were tenants of his, from joining their Chief. This difficulty was also overcome, and although the time for which he had bound himself to keep the peace was not expired he determined to make a descent on Lochaber.

On the 11th of September the widely scattered Chieftains united their forces under him at Abertarff. Before setting forth, his camp was visited by messengers from the Earl of Moray, who made him an offer of 100,000 merks for the Lochaber lands. Suspecting that Moray's object was to waste time (always fatal to a Highland expedition) he would not listen to the proposal. A letter from the High Commissioner, Rothes, commanding him to keep the peace, was treated with equal contempt; and he immediately set out with his entire force of 1500 men for Lochaber. As he proceeded he was met by Campbell of Glenorchy (afterwards Earl of Breadalbane) who had been sent by Argyle (whether from pure friendship for Lochiel, or

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with the eye of his race on the disputed lands for himself, it is difficult to say) to bring the Chiefs to an agreement.

A truce was the result; MacKintosh taking up his position at Clunes on the north side of the Arkaig, and Lochiel with a force of 1200 men, including the Macdonalds of Glencoe and some Macgregors, taking up his on the south side. The result of the first day's conference was that MacKintosh agreed to sell, and Lochiel offered to give 500 more merks for the land than the Privy Council considered a fair price. MacKintosh would not accept that, and swore he would rather fight than give away his land on these terms. Lochiel was equally determined to stick to the price he offered, and quite as ready to fight as his opponent. The Clan Chattan Chieftains endeavoured to persuade MacKintosh to accept Lochiel's offer, but finding he was determined to fight, Cluny, (with the £100 that were paid him according to agreement on the day he entered Lochaber in his sporran), MacQueen of Corrybrough, and MacKintosh of Aldourie vowed they would never draw a sword in the quarrel if the terms were not accepted. MacKintosh in his wrath called them traitors and cowards, and said he would fight without them. On the following morning Campbell of Glenorchy re-appeared on the scene with 300 Campbells, and stated that he had a written order from Argyle to employ that force if necessary to end the dispute. MacKintosh then consented to accept the 72,500 merks for Glenlui and Locharkaig, and Lochiel crossed the river, and he and his old enemy saluted each other, drank together, and exchanged swords. And in this manner the old feud was extinguished. The formal contract that was drawn up, and signed by the two chiefs and their friends, bound Lochiel to pay the money in three instalments—the first to be paid on the 12th January, 1666, the second at the Martinmas term of the same year, and the third at Martinmas of 1667. The money was advanced by Argyle as the payments became due, and it was arranged that Lochiel should hold the lands thenceforth in feu of the Argyle family. MacKintosh turned the money to good account. With it he cleared his estates of considerable burdens, and obtained discharges from servitudes that were attached to them.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

THE ANGLICISING OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY W. C. MACKENZIE, LONDON,
Author of "History of the Outer Hebrides."

(Continued from page 104.)

LANGUAGE and Literature are twin sisters; encourage the one and you stimulate the other; let one die and the other will follow. I am not going to urge for Gaelic literature so preposterous a claim as to assert that its extinction would be comparable to the literary loss which the elimination of the Latin and Greek classics would involve. I do not profess to be a judge of Gaelic literature—and translations from so expressive a language are generally worthless—but I fully realize how high a place it is capable of taking in imaginative art. To the English-speaking public Highland literature and Ossian's poems by James Macpherson are practically synonymous terms. Nothing is known of the Ossianic sagas which lie outside Macpherson's poems, and the great body of legends and poetry which lies outside both. It may be freely admitted that some of this poetry, judged by the accepted canons of art, does not reach a high level of merit. Minor versifiers have always been as plentiful in the Highlands as blackberries in June, and their output is not infrequently a matter of quantity rather than of quality. But there are names familiar to Highlanders, and comparatively unknown to others, which are associated with poetry of a very high order. The eighteenth century was particularly prolific in the production of these gifted poets, and their successors are at the present day far to seek. Leaving out of account the clan bards, whose occupation consisted in composing fulsome eulogies of their patrons, the best of the Highland poets were close observers of Nature. Nature in all her varied aspects and moods appealed to their imagination, and was painted by them with a fidelity to truth and a vividness of colour which reveal the sense of beauty and the sympathetic instinct of the poet who is born, not made. But those who have no acquaintance with these names—and we cannot stop to specify them—may be invited to study Macpherson's "Ossian" as a specimen of art which, whether of Highland or Irish origin, is certainly Celtic, although its subject-matter may be largely Norse. Who Ossian was—if he ever lived—whether he wrote all (or any) of the poetry which is attributed to him; how much of it Macpherson collected, and how much (if any) he manufactured; these are questions which need not be discussed here. We may say as Lewis Carroll said about Homer's Epic, that Ossian's poems were not written by Ossian at all, but by another person—or many other persons—of the same name. The authenticity of Macpherson's Ossian is often debated while the poems themselves are neglected. Take them as they stand, irrespective of their authorship, and you are bound to admit that they belong to the world's masterpieces of heroic poetry. The splendid imagery of Ossian is equalled by few masters of poetic form. Whoever wrote these poems—and it is really not of paramount importance to know—possessed a gift of imagin-

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ative art, of that order to which we give the name of genius.

Closely associated with the language and literature of the Highlands is its music. It is a fact not perhaps so well known as it might be, that some of the very finest Scottish airs are of Highland origin. A note of sadness runs through most Gaelic music, indicative of a sensitive temperament, indelibly impressed by the dark side of human experience and by the tragic side of Nature. But its tenderness is no less marked. You may say that Highland airs possess characteristics which are common to all elementary forms of music. It will not be denied that simplicity is a predominant feature of Highland, as of Scottish music generally, but it may be fairly urged that in its simplicity consists its charm. And although the classicist may turn up his critical nose at Gaelic airs, these, after all, touch the heart, while the most advanced music appeals to the senses, or in the case of a select few, to the intellect. If the real function of music be to reach the deepest springs of emotion, there is much to be said for simplicity after all. And whatever may be said against Highland music, it never leaves a Highlander, at least, cold.

The bagpipe has been the butt of many an ill-informed jest. There is no real reason why Highlanders should undertake its exclusive defence, for, so far as is known, it did not originate with them. It was played by the nations of antiquity—Procopius tells us it was the war music of the Roman infantry—it was played by the English people themselves*; and it is played at the present day in Irish cabins and Piedmontese valleys. According to numismatic evidence, Nero was a piper as well as, or instead of, a fiddler, and according to the ideas of the Pre-Raffaelite painters, the very angels in Heaven play a common bagpipe instead of twanging a golden harp. What is good enough for them—the angels I mean, not Nero—should be good enough for us. But no doubt the imperfect scale of the bagpipe offends the cultivated ear, accustomed to the diatonic scale, especially when the instrument is employed for indoor music. The Highland bagpipe was never intended to be played indoors. The musical instrument of the Highland hall and the Highland hut was in the past not the bagpipe, but the *clarsach* or harp.† But for outdoor music, the bagpipe can well challenge all competitors. What can be finer than to hear its strains wafted by the breeze from the hills—the distant hills, if you prefer the adjective? Or what more inspiring than to hear a pipe band at the head of a Highland regiment as it marches past, its rythmic motion in perfect harmony with the stirring notes of the music? Or what more touching than the weird wail of the coronach as a loved one is being borne to his long home? Or what more enlivening than the music of the Reel of Tulloch played by a skilful piper? It will be seen that the bagpipe possesses a variety of expressiveness which can probably be claimed for no other musical instrument. Of course, the obvious comment of the critic is that it requires a diet of oatmeal porridge to digest its music, and a course of Gaelic grammar to appreciate its beauties. No doubt; but who can appreciate the beauties of Wagner or Tschaikowsky until he has learned to discriminate between music and noise? And who can so discriminate without an intelligent sympathy with the composer? It may be added that from an Imperial standpoint, the bagpipe has done more to win victories for the British arms than all the brass instruments that have ever been manufactured.

The bearing of all this upon the present subject will now be noticed. As with the language, so with the literature and music of the Highlands, the trail of the Anglican serpent is over them all. And here it must be regretfully admitted that the principal culprit in de-nationalising Highland sentiment has been the Church. The Church—and chiefly what may now be termed the late Free Church—frowned upon the Ceilidhs where the relation of Fenian and other legends afforded a harmless amusement during the long winter evenings; it banned music and dancing as wiles of the Evil One; and it endeavoured to bring the Highlands into line with the sanctimonious but commonplace Lowlands. Yet to its credit it must be said that the Free Church has generally been found on the side of the people in their struggles against oppressive landlordism. The good but mistaken men who, in their efforts to eliminate the harmful, succeeded in stamping out innocent and national amusements, belong to a past generation. But the fruits of their policy remain, the most objectionable of them being the sectarian bitterness which has replaced the old ties that united the people as in one family, having common sympathies and common tastes. The gathering up of the fragments of ancient poetry, legends, and traditions is no longer the chief occupation round the winter fire; although it is permissible to express the opinion that it is a more profitable occupation than discussing the theological shortcomings of one's neighbours.

(To be continued.)

*We read of English pipers even playing at the Courts of Scottish Kings.

†The late Rev. H. R. Haweis suggested that the supersession of the harp by the bagpipe in Scotland probably dates from the time of Mary Queen of Scots, who probably introduced to the country players of the *cornemuse*, or French bagpipe.

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A HIGHLAND ROMANCE.

BY MISS MURRAY MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR.

(Continued from page 108.)

ON the 16th March Lord George Murray, having been ordered to march down country to dislodge the troops and Argyllshire Highlanders who were garrisoned there, marched from the north to Blair Castle, then occupied by Sir Andrew Agnew for the Hanoverians, and invested it. The circumstances were strange and are deserving of some attention. Blair Castle was legally the property of Duke James, but if the Jacobites were successful it would revert to his elder brother Duke William. It was very unpleasant for both of them that there should be any prospect of damage to the Castle and the family pictures by the action of the third brother, who happened to be male heir to them both. Lord George established his own quarters in the village now known as Old Blair. He was a man who never swerved from what he believed to be his duty by any personal considerations whatsoever. Finding that his two guns—four-pounders—could make no impression on the walls of the Castle, at least eight feet thick, the guns were posted near the Old Blair churchyard, and were

FIRED WITH RED-HOT SHOT

at the roof, intending to set it on fire. Forty years ago a board in one of the attic rooms bore the marks of red-hot shot charring it, but the piece of wood has since been cut out and framed as a relic. The intention proved otherwise ineffectual, and the Commander-in-Chief's trust therefore lay chiefly in the hope of starving out the stronger garrison, which hope so far succeeded that they were reduced to eating horse flesh (having some horses inside the walls), and had the blockade continued Sir Andrew Agnew must have capitulated, but Lord George received orders to rejoin the army in the north immediately in consequence of the expected advance of the Duke of Cumberland to Aberdeen. Therefore in the evening of Tuesday, 1st April, the two guns were sent off, and the rest of the party took their departure at two in the morning of the 2nd northwards. It so happened that both Archie Low and his cousin Jock were amongst Lord George Murray's men, and Jock got an opportunity of a hasty run to his mother's house to bear to her the sad tidings of her husband's death, and to have a short meeting with his beloved Chirstie.

The Prince at the time of Lord George's expedition to Atholl was in the neighbourhood of Inverness, the castle of which surrendered to him on 20th February. He remained near and frequently stopped at Culloden House, from whence President Forbes had retired, till the 16th April, when on the

FATAL FIELD OF CULLODEN

the Jacobite army was defeated. They retreated to Ruthven, where, after receiving a message from the King to seek their own safety, the army dispersed. Thus ended the fitful dream and we may well believe that what was thus ordained was what was best for our country.

We will not follow the Prince's wanderings, throughout which his heroic bearing endeared him yet more to the generous hearts of Highlanders, nor will we dwell on the more painful theme of Cumberland's inhuman cruelties. We are more concerned at present with the figures we have animated to lend some individual interest to our retrospective tale. Even after civil war, life soon begins to resume its wonted aspect for the greater number of people. Those who have fled from the invaders return, those who had put up their shutters open them, those who have sore or even breaking hearts go back to the mill and work, some sullenly perhaps, yet bowing to stern necessity, and experiencing in time a beneficial calm. There must always be those also who willingly turn their coats to court favour with the powers that be.

The Low pair had to keep their ale-house going, though in their hearts very anxious about both their absent children. Donald Fergusson's widow had been living on in the glen, but as it was seen that her son was absent, and it was reported he had been with the enemy, she was warned out, and with her idiot son and her niece went over to friends in Rannoch. Dan had improved in intelligence; he was canny in taking care of himself, and he could understand directions given to him by friends whose voices were familiar to him. In his new home he was allowed to wander a good deal among the hills. One afternoon he returned, advanced to Chirstie, caught her arm, and with an air of mystery and secrecy showed her a

BUTTON HIDDEN IN HIS SLEEVE.

She turned pale, but as he pulled her onwards to the dairy the blood returned to her face. She had recognised the button as Jock's, and hope suggested he must be still in life. She filled an old bottle with milk, which she concealed under a plaid she threw over her shoulders, having filled a "poke" that had been sewn in it, with meal. Dan willingly led the way till they reached a burn. There he lay down under the bank and nothing would move him. Chirstie resolved to leave him and follow up the burnside herself, sometimes stepping into the water, sometimes climbing over rocks, but never showing herself above the steep banks which were well clothed with alder, birch, etc. At one place she came upon a dead trout caught with a worm and

a crooked twig, but the line attached to it was a ravelled woollen thread of the tartan which the men were wont to wrap round the ankles and calves of their legs instead of hose, leaving the feet bare in their rough brogues. Proceeding onwards, as she neared the junction of a smaller stream which rushed down from a waterfall, the cry of a curlew (guilbneach) startled her. She then saw looking out from the tangled root of an alder the bearded face of her cousin and sweetheart Jock, who was lying concealed between two rocks. Crawling nearer, she received directions to bring food again next day, and if possible a Lowland garb. After placing the milk under a stone near by, and shaking the meal into a cavity on the surface, she cautiously withdrew. Jock's captain had since the battle of Culloden been what was called

"SKULKING" IN THE HILLS,

with Jock for his faithful companion and guide. Beautiful as are the hills stretching one beyond the other in graceful sweeps, also the purple heather, the deep ravines, the rocky corries, and the burns dancing in the sunshine of noon or at early dawn or peaceful eve, and pleasant as even a night might be, stretched on the heather or the sphagnum if accidently benighted or planning some early sport, it is very different when a man has to seek shelter from closely pursuing enemies, and to fly from an ignominious death. King David wrote of the persecution he suffered from Saul—"As when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." Although we might rather expect the bird to be a grouse, the sentence aptly describes the helplessness of the creature pursued. Redcoats were brought up the passes, they succeeded in keeping a very close watch, rendering the lives of the fugitives absolutely insecure and their attempts at concealment perilous. Yet thanks to their own courage and endurance, their senses quickened by the danger, and thanks to the fidelity of friends numerous gentlemen did escape, although some were taken and others grew so feeble and wearied of acting the partridge that they surrendered. They had no magnanimous foe to deal with in Cumberland, but after a time, weary with slaughter, the rank and file of those who had joined the Jacobites were conveniently overlooked, though those who had aided in the escape of an officer were held guilty.

Archie Low had been instructed by Jock to make his way to Perth and fetch another Lowland dress. He accomplished his errand with few adventures, and when Chirstie returned next day she was met a little way off by a Lowlander who gave her some alarm as she did not at first recognise Jock. After receiving the comforts she had been able to bring to the neighbourhood of his hiding-place, he took leave of her, hoping before next day to be far away. The captain, on whose head a price was set, contrived, thoroughly disguised and with the help of his two supporters, Jock and Archie, to get right away. He was hidden for a night or two at the house of the Lows, and from thence was got to the sea and safely across to Holland. There was no grave suspicion about Archie, so that he gradually slipped back to his home. The friendly neighbours were able to turn off any unpleasant inquiries, the Lows found their son all the better man for the experience he had undergone, and he settled down as a good citizen. And when all was over, and the troops again out of the country, the past good conduct of Donald Fergusson was remembered by his former chief, now restored to full possession of his property, so young Jock was allowed to return to act as forester in lieu of his father. His mother and Dan lived with him, and Chirstie found herself very happy there as a Highlandman's wife. Let us hope that many of the lasses here present may be as much so!

(Concluded.)

THE PASS OF THE SHADOW.

BY ASHMORE WINGATE.

Author of "Distinctions of Ossianic Poems."

(II.—Continued from page 109).

DECADENCE OF CELTIC CIVILIZATION AND POLITY.

AND I assert that the wonder would have been if the literary world had not set down James MacPherson as another forger. Yet if he had been anything but a Celtic "litterateur" it is probable that justice would have been done him ere now.

All this, however, merely helps to bring into prominence the fact that for a long time Celtic matters must have fallen into an unfortunate condition of disrepute. I have remarked that, just as outward adversity is said to quicken the spiritual talent of an individual, so it might be supposed to quicken that of a race. And within certain limits this is absolutely true. Yet outward adversity may lose this compensating faculty when present in excess, like certain drugs. It may if its pressure be intolerable, produce a completely different set of phenomena. And anyone who reads history impartially (and not so many read it thus as might be supposed), will admit that the pressure of outward adversity upon the Celtic peoples has been something intolerable. I cannot understand anyone's studying Froude's account of the English in Ireland in such a spirit, without becoming either a Gladstonian Home Ruler or

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a Parnellite; although Froude never intended such an effect; nor can I understand anyone's studying a good history of Wales without an angry sense of cruel injustice having occurred.

Very well then, even the Celt's spiritual talent, his literary faculties have suffered. He is like one of those persons upon whom defeat has not the effect of a strong wine; danger may have this effect upon him, but not actual defeat. And so the excess of outward adversity has tended to deprive him of a portion of the very advantage which a "modicum" of outward adversity has conferred upon the Poles, for example, Chopin. Matthew Arnold says, "the Celt has not produced great poetical works, he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power." This is not altogether true, for even men so un-Celtic as Robespierre and the Emperor Napoleon pronounced the Ossianic Epic classic; it is true that neither of them was a great literary critic; but I merely mention them as examples of a number of eminent foreigners whom this poetry struck with the force of genius. Yet the statement is partly true, for there can be no doubt that the bulk of Cymric, Gaelic, and Breton poetry seems to stop short at the lyrical stage; the authors do not seem to have the patience for the strain of a long narrative flight. Frequently it would seem as if their poems were the openings of meditated epics, brought up suddenly with a bouquet of fine language for an apology; this is clear on one hand.

Now, on the other hand, Fate gave Chopin, whom I am using to represent another unsuccessful race, not only all the Celt's condensed passion and pain, but also enormous perseverance and scientific mechanism, only broken up by his early death. But with the Celt, the condensed passion and pain have been so excessive as to prevent the use of scientific mechanism, and of enormous perseverance. Besides, the very causes which were at the root of this passion and pain of the Celt, never gave him peace for the prolonged study of life, and for that dramatic poetry which is based upon such a study.

But now to look at the brighter side of the question. It appears as though at the present moment a revival were at hand, in which this unfortunate race would produce such work as to remove the grounds upon which Matthew Arnold made his accusation, in which the Celts would take advantage of their dispersion throughout the world, to cultivate the critical faculty among the men and women of other countries, and so to obtain that dramatic balance which they require. Look at the Jews, who have been the nomads of the globe in a far truer sense than any other people, even the Bohemians and some Mongolian tribes; look at them, and see how their pulverization in so many social mills has brought them good in the end, how their intercourse with mankind in general has developed in them those capabilities that have made finance a science. And realize how, if their repatriation to Palestine takes place (for it is within the region of possibilities, although not necessarily of probabilities), all this nomadism, and intercourse, and development will prove to have been of inestimable value as the basis for a strong Semitic state.

And, reasoning in the same way, I believe that, if anything like a recrudescence of Celtic political nationality occurs, all those terrible experiences will appear in the aspect, not of horrible accidents, but of stern necessities. And especially if Ireland should become independent, as the breath of the Zeit-Geist may one day make her, or the power of a more successful Gladstone, notably if there be no Hereditary Chamber to obstruct the popular desire for her freedom, even though that desire be momentary —especially if Ireland become independent, and a return of her people from across the Atlantic takes place, especially then will the value of all this melancholy knowledge of the world be seen in a proper light.

Again, before concluding this part of my essay, I wish to correct one misappreciation regarding Celtdom that is only too common. It is this, that we need not spend one tenth of the pity on the decadence of Celtic polity and civilization which we spend on that of Semitic, or of Roman, or of Greek polity and civilization, because Celtic polity and civilization were never of any great worth, compared to Semitic, or to Roman, or to Greek polity and civilization. Now this severe comparison and its deduction are founded upon two things, firstly, ignorance; secondly, the absence of elegant architectural remains in any great number. Ignorance is a basis that time will very slowly, but very certainly overthrow, although authority and predisposition may do their best to confirm it. Ignorance is like a vacant sphere whose shell is assertion. But the absence of elegant architectural remains in any great number cannot be so readily passed over. It is an unfortunate absence to the student of a nation, and it may be that Ruskin was not very far from the truth when he made the statement that we can learn more of Greece from her stone remnants than we can ever learn from her sweet singers, or her soldier historians.

And yet the scarcity of souvenirs of fine sculpture in the Highlands of Scotland, in Wales, and in Ireland, gives us no right to suppose that there never was fine sculpture there. The climate

of the British Islands is not of a kind calculated to preserve fine sculpture. And yet, after making all allowance possible for the ravages of time, we find our knowledge sufficient to make us blush to mention the Celts as sculptors, painters, and architects, in the same breath with the Romans and the Greeks, or as architects alone beside those Semites, whom we call the Jews. As craftsmen, such as goldsmiths, the Celts appear to better advantage. But this is (as practisers of) one of the minor arts. Therefore the Celts must console themselves for their inferiority to the Romans, the Greeks, and those Semites whom we call the Jews, in this matter, with the recollection that they are in good company.

But the position, and the value of Celtic civilization among the great civilizations that from age to age flourished on this planet, does not depend altogether upon the Celts having had, or not having had a genius for physical art. It would be as unfair to lay down such a law as it would be to say that the position and the value of Egyptian civilization depended upon the Egyptians having had, or not having had a genius for music, which, by the way, does not appear to have been theirs in any marked degree, so far as we yet know. So the question of the extent to which Celtic civilization may have gone, remains, in a certain measure, unaffected by all this. And it seems to me as though we are only on the verge of the science of Celtic antiquities, as though the hundred volumes of Myvyrian literature in the British Museum, as well as the masses of it in Trinity College, Dublin, in Jesus College, Oxford, and in many other places, represent only the first shelves in a vast library, much of whose treasure has been destroyed, but much of whose treasure has yet to be brought from secrecy.

In my essay on the "Distinctions of the Ossianic Poems," I have spoken of the "crude Celtic civilization," but that remark need not be held to contradict my present statements. For I referred then to the externals of Celtic civilization, and the allowances which I have just made in speaking of Roman, Greek, Semitic and Celtic remains, mainly concern what are after all just such externals. Nor do I believe that any research of that science of Celtic antiquities upon whose verge I think we stand, will tend to elevate in the opinion of mankind, the administrative, the domestic, the artistic, and the mechanical talents of the Celts, or will prove that they ever attained to much household comfort. On the contrary I am of opinion that the Celts will appear more and more as people who acquired a marvellous cultivation of mind, amid the most careless outward surroundings. They were an extraordinary paradox. But why they should be so will readily appear. For the study of the origins of societies shows that the early art* of nations centres round their religions. Their idols are the first things which they carve, or for which they make buildings of any permanent character. Now from the very beginning the Celts seem to have been vague pantheists; the Druid faith appears to have been of an introspective character, and to have looked with disfavour upon what people now call the "externals" of worship. Therefore it will be seen that the Celts had not the usual "focus" which primitive societies require for the development of anything like a distinctive fine art, and even a distinctive architecture. And when Christianity became their dominant religion, when they did obtain a "focus," the loss of this early self-education prevented them from making as much of a lasting effort to compensate for the blank past as they would otherwise have made. The dashes of skill sometimes seen in Western Island stones give painful reminders of what this loss has prevented. As things stand Iona Cathedral would probably represent one of the high-water-marks of Celtic church building. But, as I am pointing out, this unfortunate circumstance does not give anyone a right to say that Celtic polity and civilization were never of any great worth compared to Semitic, or to Roman, or to Greek polity and civilization.

It is not yet time to decide what was the strongest point of the pure Celts, in what department they did most for the thought of the world. But even already one is safe in insisting that they have had, as some of their descendants have, a genius for tradition. It may seem almost as strange a thing for me to say it, as for Roger Wendover, in "Robert Elsmene," to talk of a "History of Testimony." But it is quite true. They have had a special ability for tradition and romance, expressed in poetry combining certain features, but only certain features of the epic, with most features of the lyric. A vast number of European legends, for which the Celts never get credit, are probably Celtic. Indeed the world is far more indebted to the Celts than anyone ever imagines. Whenever we come across a writer, in any language whatsoever, who rebels, not necessarily against what has been called the "despotism of fact," but against some existing particular set of facts, who refuses to believe with Napoleon that "God is on the side of the big battalions," or with Cromwell that although one trusts in God, one needs to keep one's powder dry as well, who writes as though what, from our limited point of view, we call the "Real," might at any moment be confronted with the "Ideal," whenever we come across such an one, we possess an example of the Celtic spirit. *(To be continued.)*

*I use the word in the narrow sense of physical art.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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APRIL, 1903.

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THE LATE GENERAL SIR HECTOR MACDONALD. NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

THE sad circumstances attending the death of our distinguished countryman have caused a thrill of horror among Scots in all parts of the globe, not unmixed, we must admit, with a feeling of resentment at the harsh treatment which he is stated to have received from his military superiors. More will doubtless be heard of this later on. Meantime, there is a unanimous desire on the part of Scotsmen, and Highlanders in particular, to show some tangible expression of respect to his memory, a "national monument" in his native land being considered the most appropriate form which this could take. The project is being supported with great heartiness by the newspapers and Scottish Societies, and as many of our readers at home and abroad will doubtless wish to contribute their mite to this patriotic object, we have decided to open a Fund for this purpose, and appeal to our readers for subscriptions. We have no doubt that a prompt and generous response will be given to this request. A list of all contributions received, with names and addresses, will be printed in each issue of the *Celtic*. We trust our readers will enable us to print a long one in our May number. Readers in distant lands are specially invited to co-operate, as it is desirable that the Memorial should be as thoroughly national as possible. Subscriptions should be addressed to John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

IN MEMORY

Of one of the bravest soldiers who ever fought in Britain's cause.

Major-General Sir H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.

FAR from his own true land he lies,
In the dim silence of his last long sleep;
No protest from the poor pale lips arise
To ward the cruel blow that sank so deep.
Closed are the eyes that flashed with martial ire,
In the still peace that marks a tired child;
And the brave heart so filled with glorious fire
Lies broken now, by bitter tongues of enmity reviled.

Fear not! thou gallant soldier, rest
Unsullied, undisturbed, shall yet be thine;
The hard won laurels laid upon thy breast,
In face of all thy vile calumniators shine
Undimmed: no tarnish on thy bright career shall stain
The glorious record of thy honoured fame.
Clan Donald's hero thou shalt still remain,
Thine honour ours, and ours to clear thy name.

Rest! brave, true son of Scotia, rest!
The hearts that loved thee, mourn thee, done to death.
O! that some javelin thrust had pierced thy breast,
And thou wert sleeping with the quiet still breath,
On some Egyptian battle-field of thy renown:
Where no envenomed lie with poisoned dart would pierce
The silence of thy warrior's peaceful grave;
Or bitterness avail, in pursuit long and fierce,
That laid thee low at last, thou bravest of the brave!

ALICE C. MACDONELL (of Keppoch),
Bardess of the Clan Donald.

LINES.

"John Forbes-Robertson, Senior 'Artis Amator,' on Wednesday, Feb. 25th, at his residence, in London, in his eighty-second year."

'The olden days have passed away.'
He spoke, who knew—
Who loved the simple olden lay,
The brave old things of olden day,
And now—between the shadows grey—
He passes too.

Tears from the granite mountains pour
For kings, who sleep,
But not till he unlocked the door,
By which they enter nevermore,
Were olden things forever o'er
For us who weep.

The rude new world about us rings
To-day more drear,
And wearier her weary things—
Forever in our hearts the strings
Of the Lament that Ossian sings
By Celtdom's Bier.

JEAN MACPHERSON.

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IN SAINT COLUMBA'S COUNTRY.

BY MISS L. E. FARQUHARSON OF INVERCAULD.

"A CITY that is set upon a hill cannot be hid." . . . Over the broad plain of Magh Lena, the Tower of Kells, upon its eminence, stands sentinel above the Boyne, looking across to its brother at Slane.

Here St. Columba planted one of the most famous of his many religious foundations, established under a rule, the one great principle of which was obedience, and here is to be seen a little old plain building called by his name.

To matter-of-fact minds many of the tales of early Irish history are wild and improbable, but during the last fifty years the work of sifting the real from the legendary has been so nobly carried out, that Irish Archæology takes its right place again amidst the sciences of the world, and we may speak of Irish kings and saints without raising a smile on sceptic faces, without fear of immediate denial of all truth to our assertions.

Once those tales of kings, real and imaginary, of fairies, of warriors, of saints take hold upon the mind, how they appeal, simple and strong,

From original sketch by] *[Major V. A. Farquharson.*

ROUND TOWER AND VILLAGE STREET, KELLS.

to the Celtic imagination. The deeds of the "Hosts of the Sons of Erin" once more are in the mouths of the people, though the educated descendants of the "Planters and Undertakers" of English origin hold aloof from the native element, and throw discredit on the efforts to revive interest, yet at last they in their turn will realise that knowledge of the remotest past will not hinder them in their daily work, and might possibly help them to understand their poorer brethren, the direct descendants oftentimes of the kings of old.

Let us return in spirit to the faint nebulous days of Columba, and follow his footsteps up the Pilgrim's Way to Kells, leaving it to the antiquarians to decide whether or not it is possible he really lived in the house called by his name, or rested his eyes upon the beautiful crosses which are the glory of the place.

Can you see him in your mind's eye blessing the people as they gather round the Cross (or its predecessor) at the parting of the ways in the village street, then a collection of yet poorer dwellings than now?

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There still centres the life of the little town, and at its base there is always some one resting.

Now it is a toil-worn woman in picturesque brown shawl, with her child, a *mater dolorosa* of the Irish peasantry; now an old bent man with huge faggot bound upon his back, who pauses in his weary journey to his tumble-down cottage beyond the church; and now it is a lovely blue-eyed boy, sobbing beneath the heavy hand of the professional village beggar, who has administered a sounding blow because the "gossoon" had poached on his preserve, and demanded a "bawbee," or its Irish equivalent, from the intelligent stranger.

The Cross calls to you wherever you are in Kells. Again and again you will return to the summit of the hill in answer to that call, and dream of all its meaning to the world at large.

This, the Mecca of the Isle of Saints, is situated in one of the most luxuriant parts of Ireland, the grass land of Meath. Judging from the view obtainable from the "Tower of Lloyd" (a modern erection), two miles distant, the saint's successors must have been able to see far and wide over the land from their own round tower in time to bar the door, high up in its wall, and resist the attacks of their enemies, the Danes. Away to the south are the faint Wicklow Hills, well loved by the dwellers in Dublin; to the north, the grand Mourne Mountains; and eastward, Drogheda and the sparkling sea. All is brown and green and blue, that peculiar blue of the soft Irish atmosphere; nothing vigouous, nothing intense, rather all conducive to idleness and reflection.

What of Columba himself?

Down the ages comes the wild echo of the Celtic voice, strange mixture of barbarity and religion, of peace and war. And so ever, in the character of the Sons of Erin, do we find violent extremes and great contrast of manners, and nowhere more so than in the life and character of the "Dove of the Church."

Born at Gartan, in Raphoe, a wild district in Donegal, at a date varying according to the authority consulted between 518 and 523, he spent his early years at Cill-mac-Nenain, the Church of the Sons of Enain. Of those early days we catch a glimpse in the preface of Adamnan. "From his boyhood he had been brought up in Christian training, in the study of wisdom, and by the grace of God had so preserved the purity of his soul that, though dwelling on earth, he appeared to live with the saints in heaven. For he was angelic in appearance, graceful in speech, holy in work, with talents of the highest order, and consummate prudence. He lived a soldier of Christ during thirty-four years in an island. He never could spend the space of even one hour without study or prayer in some holy occupation."

Then we must trace his doings quickly as he moves on from one holy house of learning to another; first to Moville, to be a pupil of St. Finian, then to Gemman, to Clonard, to Etchen, where the Bishop of Clonfad ordained him priest, then to Glasnevin, in the company of Comgall, Ciaran, and Cainnach. Here he remained quietly before starting on his great proselytising, church-founding career. The number of the churches founded by him is stated in an old Irish life to be very great. "Three hundred he marked out." Of these, thirty-seven are named by Reeves, and, as Kells comes third on the list, the date of its foundation may be placed soon after 546. We have nothing to do with the reasons which led to the departure from Erin, but though some hesitate to put it down as other than a purely missionary expedition, yet the legend, which in this departure sees exile as the consequence of a fault, endears the saint to us by his purely human qualities, and we picture him, like Moses, beholding his dear promised land from afar.

"And large is the tear of the soft grey eye
Looking back on the land that it leaves behind."

But on the day when, in the early years of his ministry, the saint travelled to Kells to found a house of prayer, no shadow of such an exile was upon him. Here was the Royal Dun, or seat of Diarmid Mac Cerbhail, who, it is said, in zeal for the cause after hearing the preaching of the gospel, granted away his possessions to Columba, the native Irish readily feeling the influence of religion. On the summit of the hill "Columcille then marked out the city as it now is, and blessed it all, and said that it would become the most illustrious possession he should have in the land."

This prediction was not immediately fulfilled, for it was not until 804, years after the saint's death in Iona, that, driven from their island home by the ever-increasing depredations of the Danes, the whole Columban settlement returned to its native-land and chose this as their abiding-place. In 807, according to the Annals of Ulster, were commenced those buildings of which nothing now remains except perhaps the tower. "*Constructis nove civitatis Columcille hi Ceninnus. . . .*"

Here in their beehive huts, within a strong circling wall, lived and worked the simple monks, the artificiers of the beautiful crosses and gold ornaments, and writers of the gorgeous manuscripts, which show them to have been men of no mean culture and artistic ability. Here was written and preserved that famous book of Kells, "the chief glory of the Celtic world."

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Within the churchyard walls which surround

all the summit of the hill we find the round tower and the modern ugly church, with a detached tower and steeple of Gothic date, and three of the four glorious crosses for which Kells is famous. The first is to the north of the church, and its distinguishing feature is the fact that it is unfinished, the summit being actually wanting and not broken off, as one might at first be led to suppose, thus indicating the native workmanship of these beautiful relics, they having been worked on the spot. The representation of the Crucifixion is most

From Photo by] *[Miss L. E. Farquharson.*

CROSS AT THE "PARTING OF THE WAYS,"

HIGH STREET, KELLS.

distinct upon this cross, and there is less of spiral ornament than usual. The second cross is nearer the round tower, beneath the trees. The bright August sunlight was playing hide and seek through the waving beech-leaves, lighting up first one arm and then the other with dappled rays. This is the cross of St. Patrick and St. Columba, for upon it is written in Celto-Roman character, "Crux Patricia et Columbe." It is perfect to the capstone; every figure and interlaced ornament stands out strong and clear, and with the cross in the village

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street gives the best idea of the Irish cross as distinct from our Scottish examples. O'Neill in his great work expressly states that whilst finding many points of resemblance there are yet very marked differences; "that almost every ornament which occurs on the crosses of the one country may be traced on the other, especially in all the varieties of interlaced knot-work and raised bosses. The stem of the cross in both countries is divided into compartments, each surrounded with a moulding. But the crosses in Ireland differ widely from those in Scotland in their construction. The latter for the most part are cut on the face of a dressed slab inserted in the ground. Those in Ireland are cruciform in shape, with a halo or circle which binds the arms and stems together. They generally taper to the top, on which a conical capstone is fixed, and they are inserted in pedestals of stone, which are frequently covered with sculptures. The subject of the sculptures besides the Crucifixion are generally from Scripture history, such as Adam and Eve with the Tree of Knowledge, the Expulsion from Eden, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Judgment, etc." (O'Neill's "Irish Crosses." Part 3. Plate XIV.)

The remaining monument is more in the Scottish style, being a monolith with deep-cut compartments of purely decorative design. The actual date of these particular crosses cannot be decided, but Miss Stokes has placed them amongst the first in her list of sixty. That gifted and lamented lady has made the meaning of these sculptured crosses plain to the dullest mind. The handling of the subjects by those far-off artists is hardly such as to lead the ordinary spectator to interpret them very quickly unaided by some such learned guide. Decoratively the charm of these rude sculpturings is great, and soon the oft-repeated forms of Adam and Eve on each side the fatal and stumpy tree becomes familiar, and convey as much to one as many a more elaborate work of art; and the quaint archaic figure between two still stranger four-legged beings represents Daniel in the lions' den without a question in one's mind, or longing for a more impressionist rendering.

The house of St. Columba stands just outside the churchyard precinct. Its thick walls and massive stone roof speak of great age, but all whom I asked, "Did St. Columba ever live there?" replied "No." But Dr. Petrie thinks otherwise. After weighing the pros and cons as to the date he says:—"I think, therefore, we have every reason to believe that the buildings called St. Columba's House at Kells and St. Kevin's Kitchen at Glendalough, buildings originally so closely resembling each other in every respect, were erected by the persons whose names they bear, and that they both served the double purpose of an habitation and an oratory." ("Ecclesiastical Architecture," p. 437.)

Think, then, of this rough high-roofed dwelling as forming the nucleus round which was to gather the Columban settlement, humble forerunner of the great "Houses of Prayer" of later and richer years on the more favoured mainland of England. In the little upper chamber we may fancy Columba sleeping in a niche, disdaining the luxury of straw, with that stone his pillow which "at present," says Adamson, "stands for a title as a monument at his sepulchre."

In just such a little oratory as this, only in far Iona, the Dove of the Church rendered his soul to its account. "At the sound of the midnight bell he rose quickly and went into the chapel, where in the dark he knelt before the altar. Followed there by Diarmid, the faithful attendant sees the chapel filled with heavenly light around the aged recumbent form. As he enters the light fades, and in the darkness he calls out, 'Where art thou, Father?' Then other of the brethren hastening with lights, they raise the aged saint, and kneeling around him receive his last blessing with a gesture only of his hand as his spirit flies."

Thus ends the gentle Columban story, far far from Kells; but always Ireland was in his mind and thoughts, and always he counted the wild Eastern shore a place of exile.

The glamour of saintliness now departs from Kells; tales instead of blood and fire ring in our ears. Often the tall tower must have watched the eager flames leaping towards it, and those sheltered within must have shuddered at the shouts of their assailants.

In 1006 "the great Book of the Gospels of St. Columbkille was stolen in the night at the door of the Western "Erdam" in the great church of Kells, the chief relic of the Western world, on account of the singular case, and was found after twenty nights and two months, its gold having been stolen off it and a sod over it." ("Annals of the Four Masters.") Yet it has come down the ages till to-day.

Seventy years later we have an echo of a fight, one among many such. "Murchad, grandson of Flann O'Maelsechlain, was treacherously killed by Amlaff, son of MacIan, king of Gaileag, in the Cloictheach (Tower) of Kells.* None could have gained entrance by the narrow door high above the ground, save by treachery, and narrow the space within and dark, for fight unwarned with mortal foe.

In 1156 the red fire of destruction again

*Annals of Tighearnach.

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glows on the hill, and we read once more:—"Kells was burned, both houses and churches, from the cross at the door of the 'Urdom' to 'Slofag.'" ("Annals of the Four Masters.")

But the crosses, the tower, and the oratory escaped.

For more than 700 years the place has slumbered quiet as the graves about St. Columba's House, only known as a place of pilgrimage to those who would "bring back the old life which comes not again," and to whom the round tower, the crosses, the little oratory speak of a primitive faith, and days when Ireland held aloft the lamp of learning to Europe, and was not the despised among nations she afterwards became.

Let us wander back into the sweet green country by the meadow-swept banks of the Blackwater, or to where the slopes of Headfort give us a fair and distant view of tower and steeple.

The cows stand knee-deep in the tall flags and purple loose-strife, hardly a ripple is on the broad slow-moving stream, a kingfisher darts from the bank and loses himself behind a tangle of blackberries, and a big salmon rises lazily at a fly. And this pleasant country was once wild and impenetrable forest, in the midst of which lived St. Kieran, whose holy well beneath an old knarled oak we visited as the day died. It may have been here or in King's County—but we will not stop to enquire—that near a fountain called Saigir the Cold, he dwelt as a hermit in the midst of primeval forest, his only shelter the spreading branches of a tree. At the other side of the tree a wild boar had his lair, and not only this animal, but foxes, badgers, wolves, and deer. as the legend quaintly puts it, "became his monks." Some say this may be read that men called by these names were amongst his followers, as in the "Legend of Liadain," *Cuirithir* is called Mac Doborchon, the otter's son, a quaint conceit beloved of the Celts—but who really knows?

The water welling from beneath the budding oak may in later times have caused its dedication to the memory of him who dwelt beside "Saigir the Cold." As we lingered near the little well, enchanted by the quaint charm of the spot, a large party of men and women came down the road from the direction of an old, old graveyard, where two fine crosses reared their heads. Each and everyone stooped to drink after a salutation to the Virgin in her leaden shrine. We enquired of one if it were a saint's holiday or wedding, as they seemed attired in their best and in brightest colours, but the reply was "No, a funeral."

I think this little quiet spot, its votive offerings, and tiny flower-bedecked shrine, high in the old oak's branches, will be in my memory always. The glory of the world passes, but these things remain.

"THE '45."

A KING'S son came to the West,
The wave-lapped land of the West,
Where the mountains blush with the heather bells,
And the brackens wave in the deep dank dells,
Green, in the land of the West.

A standard streamed in the West,
It stirred the hearts of the best;
And the tartans rose and the bonnets blue,
And the swords leaped forth in the hands so true,
Hands of the men of the West.

A whirlwind came from the West,
From the hills and glens of the West.
Like a torrent swift they swept down south,
O'er the bristling steel, to the cannon's mouth,
The loyal clans of the West.

* * *

A dirge for the land of the West!
Woe, for the land of the West!
Where the maidens wail and the widows weep
For the stout hearts stilled in the long last sleep.
Woe for the land of the West!

* * *

The mountains high in the West,
The lonely land of the West,
Look down on the lochs, and are mirrored there,
But where are the men of the West—ah, where?
Far from the land of the West.

C. M. D. STEWART.

From *The Stewarts*.

A LOVE SONG.

To the air of the "Campbell's Pibroch."
For the "double-pull" of the oars of the Galley.

My pillow! my pillow! oh wet is my pillow!
My pillow is wet with salt tears for thee!
I have known thee in joy, and lov'd thee in sorrow,
And hast thou kind thoughts and salt tears for me?

I gaze on the sunset, I yearn to the West,
For I love thee, and watch for the boat that sails best;
Oh! my heart-strings are breaking, are breaking for thee,
And is thy heart too beating with true love for me?

Our troth has been pledg'd by the clear, bubbling fountain,
And my love is as deep, and as sad as the sea;
My love is as strong as the wild rocky mountain,
And is thy love as deep and as constant to me?

O! Son of the Mighty, to thee in all sorrow
I bring this full heart with its hopes and its fears;
On Earth, it may be, there will break no glad morrow,
But there's joy ne'er to end—whence are banish'd all tears!

F. MARY COLQUHOUN.
Clan Bardess.

Edinburgh

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XV.—The MacLeods.

TO this historic clan belongs the honour of having maintained hereditary pipers and bards to a late date, and so conserved much of our martial music and our heroic Gaelic poetry. With the MacLeods is ever associated the historic family of MacCrimmon, to whom we are indebted for our finest examples of Ceòl Mór. It is more than likely that they belonged to some broken clan in Skye, who being too weak to maintain their independence as a separate clan or sept, sought the protection of the powerful MacLeods of Dunvegan, and followed their banner.

It is difficult to determine when the first of

The MacCrimmons

settled at Dunvegan. Tradition relates that the first of them was a harper, and he may have lived there when the transition from the harp to the bagpipe took place in the stately halls of Dunvegan. The first piper of the MacCrimmons was called *Iain Odhar*, or Sallow John, of whom little is known. He was succeeded by his son Donald, better known as *Dòmhnull Mòr*, or Big Donald, who, being a special favourite with MacLeod, was sent to Ireland to complete his musical education. This Donald *Mòr* had a brother called Patrick, who on account of some defect in his eyes was known as *Pàdruig Caogach*. He lived on the MacLeod estates, Glenelg, Ross-shire.

This young man had a quarrel with his foster brother, a native of Kintail. Sometime after the dispute, while he was in the act of washing his face in a burn or rivulet adjoining his dwelling, the Kintail man came behind him, and treacherously with his dirk gave him a mortal blow. This being made known to Donald *Mòr* at Dunvegan, he prepared to revenge the untimely death of his brother, and taking his pipes up to MacLeod's room, he threw them on the bed. MacLeod, surprised, demanded to know what had occurred. In few words he related to him the affair, when the laird pacified the enraged piper, and promised him, on condition of his remaining at home, to see justice done before the expiration of twelve months. MacLeod thought that his wrathful piper would forget the cruel murder by that time, and allow his ire to abate; but such was not the case, for on the termination of the twelve months he set out himself for Glenelg, without informing anyone of his intention, and finding on his arrival there that the murderer of his brothor had gone to Kintail, he pursued his journey thither.

The offender having been apprised of his arrival, concealed himself in the house of a friend; and the inhabitants of the village not choosing to deliver him up, MacCrimmon was so enraged that he resolved to set their houses on fire—a resolution which he found an opportunity of carrying into effect that night, and burned eighteen of their houses, which caused the loss of several lives.* Donald then made his escape to Lord Reay's country, where he remained for some time under the protection of Donald *Diabhul* Mackay, afterwards Lord Reay, with whom he had been formerly acquainted.

As soon as Lord Kintail was apprised of this affair he offered a great reward for the apprehension of MacCrimmon, and sent a party in pursuit of him; but they returned without being able to trace the fugitive. He, however, thought it prudent to seek a place of concealment in a more remote district, and wandered among the hills for a considerable time, making several nocturnal visits to his friend Mackay, who, to avoid detection, recommended him to one of his shepherds, with whom he was assured he might remain in safety, and, for greater security, a bed was constructed concealed in the wall of the house.

Soon afterwards Lord Kintail, whose daughter had been married to Donald *Diabhul*, having learned where MacCrimmon was lurking, dis-

From photo by [*Rev. R. C. Macleod of Macleod.*

FAIRY FLAG AND OTHER RELICS AT DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

*This is called *Lasan Phadruig Chaog*, or Squinting Peter's flame of wrath.

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patched his son and twelve men to seize him. It was a very wet day, and Donald *Mòr* happened to be at home when the party approached the house; but while they were at a distance the shepherd's wife espied them, and immediately gave the alarm to the unfortunate piper, who betook himself to the bed already mentioned, and the woman made a large fire, which was always in the middle of the house, for the entertainment of his pursuers. On their arrival they were welcomed, and asked to be seated, civilities of which they gladly availed themselves, being thoroughly soaked by the rain. The woman then spread their plaids on ropes, which had been placed along the house, for the purpose of forming a safe passage for MacCrimmon's retreat, whom she then apprized of the opportunity, and thus he effected his escape, unobserved by MacKenzie or any of the party. All this was the work of a moment, and MacKenzie was hardly seated when he asked where their guest Donald *Mòr* was concealed. "I know nothing about him," replied the shepherd; "I have indeed heard that your father has offered a great reward for his apprehension, but he has not come my way, else I should certainly have given him up." A lengthened conversation regarding MacCrimmon then ensued, and MacKenzie, finding he could gather nothing from the faithful couple, ordered his men to search the house and its vicinity, which they did, but to no purpose. The night continued extremely rainy and boisterous, so that the party was glad to remain in the shepherd's cot; and, after partaking of what refreshment it could afford, retired to rest.

The goodwife managed matters well. She made Mackenzie's bed in a corner of the house by itself, so that there might be an easy access to it. When all was fast asleep, MacCrimmon, having been informed of all that had passed, entered the house, and taking MacKenzie's arms and part of those of the men, laid them one across the other, over the place where MacKenzie lay, and took his departure without disturbing anyone, the party after their fatigues sleeping very soundly. When MacKenzie awoke in the morning and found so many arms placed over him, he called to his men to get up, saying, "I might have been a dead man for aught you could have done for me. If Donald *Mòr* MacCrimmon be alive, it was he that did this; and it was as easy a matter for him to take my life as to do so."

On going out they saw MacCrimmon walking on the other side of the river, with his *claidheamh-mor*, or great sword, in his hand. Seeing the man they were in pursuit of, they prepared to ford the stream, with the intention of seizing or dispatching him; but MacKenzie threatened to shoot the first man who would dare to touch him. He then approached MacCrimmon, and desired him to cross the river. "No," replied he, "it is as easy for you to come to me as it is for me to go to you." "If you will come over," rejoined MacKenzie, "I pledge my word of honour that you shall not be injured." "Not so," says the other," "swear all your men, and I will take your own word;" which was accordingly done, and MacCrimmon crossed over the river. MacKenzie then asked him if it was he who put the arms over the bed during the night, when he was answered in the affirmative. "Then," said MacKenzie, "you might have easily taken my life at that time, so I now promise to procure your pardon if you will be at my father's house this day three weeks." This being agreed to, MacKenzie took his departure for the residence of Donald *Diabhul*, where he remained a few days, and then proceeded to Kintail, and told his father all that had happened. MacCrimmon also went to Donald *Diabhul*, who consented to accompany him to his father-in-law's, and arrived the evening of the appointed day at the house of Lord Kintail's fiddler. They were shown into an upper room, where Mackay left his companion, and went alone to Lord Kintail's. By some means the fiddler discovered that his guest was Donald *Mòr;* he therefore sent for a party of men in order to secure and carry him before his Lordship, claiming the reward for his capture. So after everything had been arranged, the wary musician went upstairs and said to MacCrimmon, whose door was secured inside, that his wife had laid him a wager that he would not come down and drink his share of a bottle with them. MacCrimmon replied that he had no objections to do so, and, opening the door, came out. There was along with the fiddler a younger son of Lord Kintail, who had formerly seen MacCrimmon, and who took an opportunity to whisper to him, "Will you go downstairs where a house full of people await to take you prisoner?" Donald *Mòr* immediately knocked the fiddler downstairs, and again fastened himself in the room. The youth went straight to inform Donald *Diabhul*, whom he met on the way, and he on hearing what had taken place, made all possible haste, and arrived just in time to save the piper by producing a pardon for him, received from Lord Kintail. All then dispersed peaceably, and Mackay and MacCrimmon proceeded to the castle of his Lordship, where they made merry all night, and next day the piper returned to Skye, where he remained without many further adventures until his death.

(To be continued.)

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REMINISCENCES OF STRATHNAVER.*

BY ALEXANDER MACKAY.

Author of "Sutherland Characters."

The Clearances.

IT need hardly be mentioned here that when the torch was applied to the houses on "Bonnie Strathnaver" the inhabitants were actually stunned, and knew not where to turn their faces, for no provision was made for them. Where they all went to is beyond my ken, but this I do know, that a few families found a refuge in Clerkhill, Farr, Armadale and Strathy. Many in Strathy Point, a place almost uninhabited until then, and, anyone seeing the locality sixty years ago as I have, would have pronounced it one of the dreariest spots probably in Britain, and the most Northern inhabited in the United Kingdom—except, of course, Orkney and Shetland.

The people at the outset being ignorant of their dangerous surroundings, several deaths took place from falling over the rocks, others were swept away by the sea when cutting and gathering seaware for the miserable patches of ground on which they squatted. This reminds me that a grandson of one of the men swept away by the sea is now one of the new crofters on the Strath.

The day on which the Clan Mackay Deputation went up Strathnaver in September last was delightful in the extreme. In front of the crofter's house sat his aged mother, who was born on the Strath between eighty and ninety years ago, being the daughter of the drowned man. Having known her since I was a boy, I was glad to see her, and, as her faculties were unimpaired, we had a lengthened conversation, which affected us so that both of us had moist eyes at parting.

A Peculiar Family.

Some found their way to the Parish of Dunnet, some to the heights of the Parish of Latheron, both in Caithness. Only one family—or part of a family came to my native hamlet, Swordly. Of how many the entire family consisted I know not, but three brothers, bachelors, and a sister came to Swordly, the quietest and the most unobtrusive individuals I ever came in contact with. They were Mackays, their tee-name "Cooper." The eldest brother, Robert, whom I have not seen, for he left the Strath before the clearance took place, was a man—so far as I have heard of him—quite different from the rest of the family, quite a "character" and well known, not only on the Strath, but throughout the South of Sutherland. Robert occasionally dealt in cattle, and had some knowledge of building, which he practised, and, when he could not attend to the latter himself, he employed a Rogart man as his substitute. Sage in his "Memorabilia" makes mention of many eminent men of Strathnaver living when he was minister or missionary at Achness. Of two of them he makes particular mention, namely, William Calder, a native of Ardclach, Nairnshire, and Ian M'Ian. Both of them acted as Catechists on the heights of the Strath, and parts of the Parish of Kildonan. They were great favourites with Robert.

The Rev. Donald Sage

says that when he entered on his duties at Achness, the Church "was in a very dilapidated state, but it was soon afterwards repaired by the people and made more habitable." The "people" referred to were men employed by Robert "Cooper," who took the work by contract, but when finished, his Reverence, as sole inspector, condemned the work, and Robert never received a single penny for what he had done. I have a

From photo by [*John Mackay, S.S.C., Edinburgh*

WIDOW WILLIAM MACKAY, CARNACHY, STRATHNAVER.
Born on Strathnaver before the "Clearances."

*Read to the members of the Sutherland Association, Edinburgh.

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distinct recollection of hearing in my boyhood days that Mr. Sage, who was no judge, had acted not merely wrongfully but cruelly in the matter. While on my way down Strathnaver three years ago, I made a detour to see the ruins about which I had heard so much. I found the walls of the large wing which stretched from the main building northwards, and which I took to be that built by Robert, standing fully eight feet in height, quite entire, and, so far as I could see, honest work. Robert took the matter so much to heart, through his inability to pay the workmen that he engaged with the Hudson's Bay Company for a term of seven years. On the expiry of his engagement, he returned to find Strathnaver a howling wilderness. So far as he could trace those who had worked for him, he paid them in full. His Rogart foreman was dead, but he paid the amount due to his widow. I have heard it said that Robert married a Sutherland woman, and was supposed to have gone back to the Red River Settlement.

A Swordly Family.

I shall now describe, as best I can, the Swordly members of the family. Although I said at the outset that Robert was the eldest of the family, it was a mere guess on my part, as I had not seen him. The names of the family who came to Swordly were John, James, Janet, and William, who I know was the youngest. James was a travelling packman, and I remember seeing him once only in my grandfather's house (the sailor's), and to the best of my recollection in the winter of 1832. With travelling bag in hand and wearing an overcoat that reached to his heels, he was shaking hands with my grandfather on the point of leaving when I entered. I noticed that he was dark-haired, and so also were Janet and William, when first I remember seeing them. Sometime in the summer of 1834 I was sent to their house for the first time. A white-haired gentlemanly-looking man sat at the fireside, wearing dark-coloured clothing with frill-breasted shirt, and spectacles on nose, the rims of which I fancied to be gold. I stood looking at him in awe, imagining him to be some great person. It was John. I remember being sent to the house on several occasions afterwards and always found him dressed—sometimes without his coat—but in linen shirt. He was deeply, and I believe genuinely religious, and was much respected by all.

Regarding John "Cooper" or Mackay, I consider it worthy of being recorded, as told me by my friend Mr. Donald Macleod of Fettes College, that on one occasion a few of the worthies of the Strath made up their mind to attend a communion to be held in one of the parishes in the South of Sutherland. John, then a young man, essayed to accompany them. Being young and nimble, he acted the "hack" for his companions. On the way, at the side of a stream they rested and partook of some food. Before starting, it was suggested by the elders that young John should engage in prayer. This he naturally and modestly enough refused to do, but they would have no denial. Prayer over, the young man was no longer the hack, for each of them shamefacedly took up his bundle and trudged along.

* * * * * *

The "Second Sight."

In the long winter evenings William, when wearied of staying in his own house, would go to a shoemaker's house but a short distance from his own, where no one would annoy him, and there he would sit with his hands clasped on the top of his staff in meditation, rarely uttering a word. People credited him with having the "second sight." For or against the idea, I have nothing to say, but this I do know, that many of his remarks regarding the future actually proved true. A keen observer he certainly was, and would no doubt judge that certain things of the past, circumstances being equal, would in the future bring about similar results. But he went beyond that in several instances, which I could verify, but they would serve no useful purpose now, as more than likely people would be inclined to doubt them.

In one of the papers in my "Early Recollections," read before this Association years ago, I mentioned a prediction he made in which I was one of the actors, and which proved true to the letter. It was with reference to the disastrous drowning in Wick Bay on the morning of 19th August, 1848. Although I do not wish to repeat what I said years ago, I may here refer to William's prediction, and how it came about. On my home-coming to make preparations for going to Wick, I chanced to go into the shoemaker's house, and there before me was William. He was glad to see me, and after some conversation asked me if I meant to go to Wick for the fishing. I said I did. "Well," said he, "it would be better for you to stay where you are, for you will have a troublesome time of it where you are going." The shoemaker's wife, who heard his remarks, rebuked him very sharply, and said he was always prophesying evil, and that he ought not to discourage the young man in the way he did, as men going to sea had to make up their minds to contend with difficulties at times. "Oh," said he, "I would be sorry to discourage my young friend, but he may take my word for it, that where he is going there will be more than ordinary trouble to contend with; he may have his life as a ransom, but many will be there who will not be so fortunate." We had a trying time of it, even to despair, and the only thing that saved us from the fate of many others was

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our boat being deep in the water with fish, and our not lowering sail as many did when they ought not to have done so. We were the last but one to enter the harbour on that melancholy morning, after all hope of our being alive was abandoned.

* * * * * *

THE OLD SOLDIER.

Appended to this paper is a brief sketch of the life of the nephew just mentioned, who was a soldier, and if I have not already taxed your patience too much, I should like to read it to you before sitting down. It is by the Rev. Angus Mackay, M.A., of Westerdale.

"William Bain, as we used to call William Mackay, pensioner, Achina, Strathnaver, was fair-haired, of grey eyes and medium height, and as straight as a rush. He served in the Army for twenty-two (and drew a pension for fifty) years, and was very fond of the Service, maintaining that if he had to begin life again on this planet he would be a soldier. He was a most intelligent man, and well read for his time. As his eyes failed latterly, I had regularly to read him the news out of the "Weekly Scotsman." The first item of news that had always to be read was the *Army and Navy News*. If there was War going on, so much the better, he was then in his glory, and after reading the account of a battle, he would, for my edification, draw on the ground with his stick the position of the opposing combatants and criticise their movements, etc. After reading the War News, the next and only item of interest was the condition of the Market. He had contempt for politics, they were to him the battles of kites and crows. If corn was cheap, the Army and Navy in sound condition, William did not care whether the Government was Whig or Tory.

William carried his military training into the ordering of his daily life. If he were in a neighbour's house of an evening he would not stay beyond a certain hour on any condition, he must be home to barracks at the proper time, and if any were on "Ceilidh" in his own house, he would, when the time came, remind them of "lights out" and we all knew what that meant. Every morning but Sabbath, he shaved himself and brushed his shoes as if going on parade. On Saturday he shaved and brushed twice, morning and evening, doing no unnecessary work on the Lord's day. He made no pretensions to piety, but the day William was out of Church something was certainly wrong. He was always early and punctual and he would never loiter by the way. He was also very tender-hearted, and would go a long distance to visit a sick friend, when, I am sure, his cheery voice could not fail to do them good. On such occasions he would say 'Be thankful it is not cholera. I remember my regiment going out to India near 1000 strong, and in six months we paraded one day only 110 men.' When his only boy, who was a soldier, died, William was very grief stricken, but put on his medals for the funeral. A fussy neighbour woman pointed out to him that he had no crape on his hat, and should not go swaggering medals on that day. 'As for crape,' said William, 'I have plenty on my heart, and as for medals you do not know what they mean.'

AT THE FARR FUNERALS

William always marshalled the men and cried 'relief' as is done to this day. First he drew up the men in two open ranks, having righted them properly, and as the coffin was borne along between the two ranks the people 'fell in' in military fashion. He would allow no smoking in the two-deep ranks of a funeral procession, nor would he allow them to break their ranks—two and two must march shoulder to shoulder. I do not know how they do now, but so long as William could walk at the head of the procession that was the comely way they did. I remember at the funeral of the late Mrs. Donald Mackay of Skelpick Farm, whose body was taken down in a hearse to Thurso for burial, that William had his men in order at the chain boat on the Naver, waiting for the hearse and coaches which were coming from Skelpick. William made a short speech to this effect just before the hearse and coaches reached the place of muster, 'Men, remember the eyes of Caithness men will be on you to-day, and if ever you marched steadily, do so now for the credit of your Parish.' It is needless to say the men tried their best to do as they were commanded."

Old soldiers generally are said to be addicted to two vices—drinking and swearing. William was not given to either. He was a most sober man, and I have never heard him during all the years of my intimate acquaintance using a "strong word." Again, though like the war horse, "he sniffed battle from afar," he was among his neighbours a most peaceable man, and would often be called upon to settle disputatious questions, which he always did with absolute impartiality.

This was a type of man quite common in every district of the Highlands in my youthful days, and I believe is so still.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Or as Burns says in his "Cottar's Saturday Night":—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of Kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

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21st Chief of Glengarry.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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ÆNEAS RANALD McDONELL,

21st Chief of Glengarry.

THE chieftainship of the M'Donells of Glengarry has undergone many vicissitudes in the course of its long and honourable history. On the ninth chief, Lord M'Donell of Arros, in 1682, dying without issue, it went to a descendant of his grandfather's second son, Donald M'Donell of Scottus, and from him was descended in direct line Alexander M'Donell, who was chief at the time of the '45, and concerning whose character and subsequent career so much that is unfavourable has been written, chiefly by Mr. Andrew Lang. He died without male issue in 1761, and was succeeded by Duncan, son of his brother, Colonel Angus M'Donell, who was killed at Falkirk in 1746; the last of this line was Charles Ronaldson M'Donell, who died on his way home from New Zealand in 1868. His successor was his remote cousin, Æneas Ranald M'Donell of Scottus, Pitville House, Cheltenham, who was a descendant of the above-mentioned Donald of Scottus, who was born at the end of the sixteenth century. Æneas M'Donell held the chieftainship for a few months only, as he died in October, 1868, and his son Æneas having predeceased him he was succeeded by his grandson Æneas Ranald M'Donell, born in 1847, who married in 1874 Catherine Frances, only daughter of Henry Herries Creed, who is descended through the Herries family from "Red Gauntlet."

As may be imagined the claim to the chieftainship of the clan was not established by one who bore such a remote relationship to the last holder of the title without much trouble, and it was not until the beginning of 1870 that the Lyon King of Arms at length granted to "Æneas Ranald M'Donell his licence and authority to bear and use the arms and supporters of the family of M'Donell of Glengarry, heir male of the Lords of the Isles," and recognises him as the chief of the clan. As has been mentioned the claim was not established, except at the cost of much labour and money, but the position was such an honourable one, that although it carried with it little besides an empty title, it was felt that its establishment was well worth all the trouble which was bestowed upon it. Unfortunately the family estates have passed into other hands, while those of Scottus being heavily burdened were sold early in the nineteenth century; all that now remains of the vast estates of the family is the ancient Castle of Invergarry (a representation of which appeared in the *Celtic* of December last), and the family burial ground, which by the law of entail is assuredly the property of the chief, but even to these no claim has ever been made. Since the stirring days of the '45 the representatives of the clan seem to have generally followed more peaceful callings than that of arms. The present chief's grandfather was an Indian judge, and his great uncle, William Frazer M'Donell, occupied a similar position, but that the ancient spirit of their race is not dead is evidenced by the fact that the latter gentleman during the Indian Mutiny by his conspicuous bravery obtained the V.C., being one of the first civilians who secured this coveted decoration. The late chief after leaving Eton entered upon a commercial career, and during the latter period of his life was connected with a well-known firm of oil producers and refiners, of London, Baku and Moscow. It was while visiting Moscow in connexion with the work of his firm in 1900 that he contracted typhoid fever, which proved fatal. His only son, Æneas Ranald, 21st chief, the subject of our sketch, was born in 1875, educated at St. Paul's School, London, and subsequently for a short period was connected with the banking firm of Herries, Farquhar & Co. In 1896 he went to Ceylon to engage in the work of tea planting; he gave up his work there on his father's death in order to enter the service of the firm of Schebaieff & Co., and came to reside in Baku. It is a sad thing

that the lands of his forefathers have been alienated from the chieftainship, as in the person of the present representative the clan has an ideal chief, whose tastes are those which can only be satisfied by a country life, and were he in the position which his forefathers held, he would win the esteem and affection of his clan. The history of his house has been of so chequered a character, cousin having so often succeeded distant cousin, that but few heirlooms have descended to the present chief; indeed he has only one such relic, namely, an ivory snuff-box of Prince Charlie: it belonged to the Glengarry of the '45, whose daughter married Ranald M'Donell of Scottus, an ancestor of the present chief, and it was doubtless through her that the snuff-box came into the possession of the Scottus family. It bears the following inscription—"Æ. R. M'D. d.d. C.S. found in Glengarry's pocket in the field of Culloden."

GEORGE H. CAMERON.

"FIGHTING MAC."

A TRIBUTE.

CAN we forget
When eyes with tears are wet,
And all amazed the realms his fate bemoan,
How we long while
Looked to the languorous Nile,
Or stormy veldt and kopjes' fiery zone,
To watch that star
That rose on Kandahar
Push onward to a hero's peerless throne;
Ours yesterday,
And now—a world away,
Gone out in darkness swift and sad and lone!

Poor 'Fighting Mac'!
What poisoned word, alack!
Deeper to wound than arrow, spear or gun,
Pierced that proud soul
Till seemed to lure a goal
Greater than all the laurels he had won:
And tempest-tossed,
Like barque with rudder lost, [done,
He sought it in blind strength, 'twere well 'twere
And who shall dare
Dream what wild hope or prayer,
Gave back to Scotia's breast her Scottish son.

For if he erred
In that he Death preferred
Than stoop to meet who laid his honour low;
Reverence the dead,
Nor be it ever said
Britain could strike his broken heart a blow.
For surely this
Should blot what were amiss,
He fought and bled for her through weal and woe;
'Let the dead sleep,'
And Scotland o'er him weep
In peace at last, *a ghraidh*!—rest
In the land that loved thee so.

MAYOR ALLAN.

THE LATE GENERAL SIR HECTOR MACDONALD.

FAREWELL, heroic spirit! fare-ye-well,
Martyred to sate a senseless tyranny,
A nation's indignation peals the knell
Of dastard dearth of justice shown to thee:
For thou wert 'neath oppression done to death,
Crushed out of life by dark aspersions' load,
Slain by the king of slander's poisoned breath,
Impelled to doom by foul suspicion's goad.

Where fiercest raged the conflict's bloody strife,
And wide the stricken swathe Death's sickle swept;
Where rang the air with din of battle rife,
Foremost, and first, thy flashing falchion leapt.
For Britain's honour, through the gory shade
Of Death's dark valley thou didst dauntless dare,
Where brave men faltered, firm and undismayed,
Facing the foe, the gallant Gael was there.

On black Majuba's height, where Burgher shot
Piled high the shambles with the British slain;
Waved high thy broken battle-blade aloft,
Surrender spurning with a fierce disdain;
But dark chicanery the barb of craft—
Thy fiery spirit could not hope to quell,
Thy valour failed to turn aside the shaft
Of hate, and envy's dark demoniac spell.

Within the shelter of their lair secure,
Thine enemies equipped the murderous dart
Of soul-less spen: deliberate, and sure,
Too well 'twas aimed to pierce thy val'rous heart.
Then fare-ye-well! All Scotia mourns thee fled.
Gallant Sir Hector! Hero to the core,
Worthy to rank with Scotia's mighty dead,
Thy glorious fame shall live for evermore.

Oxford. WILLIAM HENRY DAWS.

SCOTIA'S HECTOR.

To the Memory of General Sir H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.

Sleep, O, Hero! on the laurels that thy dauntless deeds have won,
Peerless soldier, Death has claimed thee when thy rôle had but begun.
Scotia lent thee to an Empire to pile glory round its throne,
And they cast thee, broken-hearted, to thy bitter death alone!
Wails the Lion for her nursling, for the son to glory born,
In the zenith of his manhood from his martial honours torn. [field,
Not the blow of honest warfare, open-handed in the
But the sting of vipers venomed that have pierced the warrior's shield. [moving pawn,
Alack! who should have loved thee, but a callous
Pushed, consenting, to the infamy of that cruel act at dawn;
'Gainst the outcry of thy country, of thy brothers, of thy name,
The sad burial of a hero grew an everlasting shame!
Sleep, O warrior! in the shelter of thy heath-clad mother's breast,
'Neath the floods of Scotia's mourning, sleep, and God will give thee rest.

JOSEPHINE M. MACDONELL (of Keppoch).

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THE EAGLE.

" Peaceful land of lofty grandeur
Where the eagle soars on high,
How my footsteps love to wander
On thy cliffs that cleave the sky."

FROM very early times the eagle has been deemed a noble bird. Its great strength, lofty flight, deliberate long stroke of wing, piercing eye, poise, and swoop, gained for it the admiration of man. Away in the long vanished past the royal bard of Israel sang of it, and the echo of his sublime lines still ring in our ears. As a symbol of might, blazoned on banners or perched on flagstaves, it has been carried round the world. Associated with it in this way are conquests that have been far-reaching, and deeds that still stir the hearts of men. Amid the fiercest battles and wildest carnages the world has seen, it has been the emblem round which the bravest have rallied, and the strongest have died. Is it any wonder, then, that this bird, whose nesting place is the crag, and whose habitat is the mountains, should be esteemed highly by the warlike Gael? Out of the dim past come our rude ancestors adorned with plumes of its feathers, and down the ages, to our own time, step chief, chieftain, and duin'-uasal whose

From R. R. M'Ian's *"Highlanders at Home."*

HARRYING AN EAGLE'S NEST.

rank we know by a similar adornment. Three feathers worn in the bonnet was the distinguishing mark of a chief, two that of a chieftain, and one that of a duin'-uasal. The eagle in a similar manner had a place in Highland heraldry. The chief of the Munros not only has it on his shield, but also as crest and supporters. Frequent mention is made of it as "am fireun" (the true bird) in the martial songs of the old Highland bards, and what bird could better adorn a warlike theme?

The eagle, whatever its surroundings may be, always commands our attention and homage. Even captivity cannot rob it of its kingliness. It is, however, amid the wild solitudes of the mountains, perched on a lofty crag, poised in mid-air over its prey, or cleaving the sky with mighty wing above a labyrinth of deep corries, craggy peaks, and gloomy tarns, that it is seen at its best. As I write, the picture of a loch, deep set amid mountains that rise almost sheer on every hand from the water edge, in the heart of Ross-shire, rises before me. On that loch, years ago, a friend and I returning homeward after a day's fishing, were rowing with our faces to the West. The sun was sinking behind the mountains, and its glory bathed their tops. Over the jagged peak of one of them circled an

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eagle, the golden sheen of the sun ever and anon tipping its dusky wings, while far beyond it stretched the glowing fields of the Western sky. These were appropriate surroundings for the king of birds.

When we pry into the habits of the eagle, however, we are compelled to admit that there is some truth in the author of "Caber Feidh's disparaging lines—

"Cha 'n 'eil ian 's na speuran
Is breine na 'n iolaire,
Cha 'n ionann idir beus di
'S do dh' feidh air na firichean,
Bidh iadsan moch ag eiridh
A feuchain a' bhiolaire,
'S bidh is' air sean each caola
Ri slaodadh a' mhionnach as."

It is unquestionably rapacious and gluttonous. There are authentic stories told of it gorging itself with the flesh of dead sheep and deer, until, quite unable to fly, it was killed or captured. When sheep farming on a large scale was introduced into the Highlands, it was greatly dreaded, especially in lambing time, by sheep farmers and shepherds. The havoc it committed amongst lambs at times was great. But when game preserving became fashionable, an enemy in the form of the gamekeeper appeared upon the scene. The result was that in many localities the bird became rare, and it would have been quite exterminated had not some of the Highland landlords, a few years ago, stopped the slaughter. It is now re-appearing in many of its old haunts. Offers, however, of fancy prices from Taxidermists and Naturalists for dead birds in full feather, and eggs, is a temptation to which some gamekeepers still succumb.

Although the eagle lives to a proverbially old age, it increases but slowly. It builds its nest of the roughest material, usually sticks and twigs, in the most inaccessible spots it can find in the face of precipitous rocks. Harrying the eagle's nest, which seldom contains more than two eggs, is attended (see illustration) with danger. The egg robber is lowered from the top of the cliff by means of a rope, held by trusty hands above, while a good marksman is stationed in the best available spot for a shot, in case the eagles should appear upon the scene. Harrying, however, pays. An old gamekeeper, who is a neighbour of mine, tells me he saw £3 paid for two eggs, and that this was a low figure, for the seller could have had £5 had he asked for them. When there are no lambs to be had, mountain hares and grouse are the chief items on the eagle's bill of fare. The hill-cat, martin, and domestic cat when obtainable, are, however, its favourite morsels. It carries its prey at times in the live state to its young. There is a story told of a domestic cat carried away in this manner that turned the table on its captor. It was left in a stunned state in the nest, to give exercise to the young eaglets. It revived, by the application of the birds' beaks, made a royal banquet of them, and thus strengthened returned home. Hence the Gaelic conundrum—

"Chaidh biadh gu dithis
Gu ceann Loch Maolribhe,
Dhith am biadh an dithis
'S thainig am biadh dhachaidh rithist."

It is difficult to get within shooting distance of the eagle. Perched on some pinnacle of rock or lofty tree, heedless of wind and storm, its keen eye scans land and water for miles; and long before the sportsman gets near it launches itself into the air, and sweeping upward is soon beyond the reach of harm. And yet it will sometimes, when intent upon its prey, venture near and carry away grouse and hares from within a short distance of sportsmen. When in a strange locality, grey crows and other birds of prey follow it with great clamour, but it pursues its course unconcerned, and treats their petty spite with royal contempt.

Unlike the raven, the eagle was considered a bird of good omen by the Gael. When Prince Charles was approaching Erisky, the first Scottish ground he touched when he came "to claim his ain," an eagle hovered over the vessel for some time and then soared heavenward. "See," said the Marquis of Tullibardine, "the king of birds welcomes you to Scotland."

But the Fates decreed he never
Would ascend his father's throne,
As the eagle soared to heaven
From its island bleak and lone.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

'MID all earth's mighty builders,
That ancient builder, Time.
Laughs at the art that crumbles
And the airy arts of rhyme.

But the story of god-like passion,
The mighty hate or desire,
Lives, when the hand that penned it
Is ruin with Sidon and Tyre.

Greater than all earth's temples
Glories of art's high goal,
Is the mystical, magical temple
That God built for the soul.

Not in a day or hour,
Not in a thousand years,
He hath fashioned for love to dwell in
A temple of prayers and tears.

'Tis the dream and not the deed
That doth, eternal, endure;
The spirit, and not the form,
That makes earth's literature.

Ottawa, Canada. W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

From photo by [*Rev. R. C. Macleod of Macleod.*

DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

XV.—The Macleods *(Continued.)*

DONALD Mor MacCrimmon was succeeded by his son, Padruig Mor, a diligent composer of piobaireachd, several of which are popular to the present day —indeed, it is said that he composed more tunes of this class than any one of whom we have account. It is told that on one occasion he and his eight sons, all "braw lads," marched to church shoulder to shoulder, and that before the end of that year seven of them slept beneath the sod in Kilmuir churchyard. This melancholy fact supplied him with the sad theme of his plaintive wail—"*Cumha na Cloinne*"—the children's lament. The remaining son was Peter, known as *Pàdruig òg*, of whom more anon. Padruig Mór was piper to the famous Sir Roderick MacLeod, better known as *Ruairidh Mór*, who flourished as Chief between 1596 and 1626. When Rory Mor was gone, Dunvegan and its halls lost all charm for Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, and he could no longer remain within its walls. He got up, seized his pipes, and marched off to his own home at Borreraig, consoling his grief by playing as he went a lament for his chief, which is one of the most melodious and plaintive pipe tunes on record. The Gaelic words associated with the tune are as follows:—

CUMHA RUAIRIDH MHOIR.

Tog orm mo phìob is théid mi dhachaidh,
Is truagh leam fhéin mo léir mar thachair;
Tog orm mo phìob 's mi air mo chràdh,
Mu Ruairidh Mór, mu Ruairidh Mór.

Tog orm mo phìob tha mi sgìth
'S mar faigh mi ì théid mi dhachaidh;
Tog orm mo phìob—tha mi sgìth,
'S mi air mo chràdh mu Ruairidh Mór.

Tog orm mo phìob—tha mi sgìth
'S mar faigh mi ì théid mi dhachaidh,
Clàrsach no pìob cha tog mo chridh,
Cha bheò fear mo ghràidh, Ruairidh Mór.

The following rendering of the above suits the leading notes of the *ùrlar* or ground of this famous Lament, and may interest the reader.

RORY MOR'S LAMENT.

Key E flat. *Slowly with feeling.*

.d : r.,m	l : -.l : s.,m	s.d : -.	
Give me my pipes, I'll home them carry,			
.d : r.,m	l : -.d : r.,m	r.d : -.	
In these sad halls I dare not tarry,			
.d : r.,m	l : -.l : s.,l	d' : -.	
My pipes hand o'er, my heart is sore,			
.d' : r'.,d'	l : -.s : m.,r	r : -.	‖
For Rory Mor, my Rory Mor.			

Fetch me my pipes, my heart is breaking,
For Rory Mor his rest is taking;
He wakes no more, and to its core
My heart is sore for Rory Mor.

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Give me my pipes, I'm sad and weary,
These halls are silent, dark and eerie;
The pipe no more cheers as of yore—
Thy race is o'er, brave Rory Mor.

Patrick Mor must not only have been piper to Rory Mor but also to his son, John MacLeod XIV. of Dunvegan, who died 1649, and to John's son Roderick XV. of Dunvegan, who was present at the battle of Worcester in 1651. It is said it was after this battle that MacCrimmon, having been stripped of some of his clothes, composed the tune "Too long in this condition"—"*Is fada mar so 'tha sìnn.*" It is but right to add that the Gaelic words associated with the tune point to its having been composed by Donald Mor MacCrimmon, father of Patrick Mor, when in Sutherlandshire, as already described. We hope to give the tune and words when we come to deal with the various tunes composed by the MacCrimmon pipers.

After the Restoration of Charles II. in 1660, Roderick MacLeod of Dunvegan proceeded to London to pay his homage to the King, and was

FOUR MACLEODS OF DUNVEGAN.

THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, XXII. of Dunvegan.
CAPTAIN NORMAN MAGNUS MACLEOD Present Chief, XXIII. of Dunvegan.
SIR REGINALD MACLEOD, C.B., (Register General for England and Wales.)
REV. RODERICK CHARLES MACLEOD.

very kindly received by His Majesty. He had taken his piper, Padruig Mor, with him, who is said to have played before the King, after which he was allowed "to kiss hands" as a very special honour. Padruig afterwards composed a tune commemorative of the honour conferred upon him, the words associated therewith being:—

Thug mi pòg, is pòg, is pòg,
Gu'n d' thug mi pòg do làmh mo rìgh;
Cha do chuir gaoth an craicionn caorach,
Fear a fhuair an fhaoilt ach mi.

I gave a kiss, a kiss, a kiss,
A kiss I gave the royal hand,
Who got such honour, save myself,
There is not piper in the land.

The tune will be found in Angus Mackay's collection of piobaireachd.

Patrick Mor was succeeded by his only surviving son Patrick, familiarly known as *Padruig*

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òg, who composed various examples of *Ceòl Mór* that have stood the test of time. He was also famed as a teacher, his pupils being reckoned the best players of those days. It may be noted that he was twice married, and had in all a family of twenty, of whom only John, Donald (afterwards known as Dòmhmull Bàn) and Farquhar came to the years of maturity. Among Patrick òg's pupils was John *Dall* MacKay, piper to Gairloch. Having heard that his preceptor was dead, John Dall composed a Lament for Patrick òg, which is given in Angus MacKay's collection. Some time afterwards he discovered that the report was unfounded, and decided to visit Borreraig. Among other tunes which he played during his stay at Borreraig was the recently-composed Lament, when MacCrimmon enquired when he learned it. After some hesitation, John Dall admitted that it had been composed by him on Patrick òg. "Indeed," said MacCrimmon, "*Cumha Phàdruig òig, 's e fhein beò fhathast*" (Lament for Patrick òg and he still alive), adding, "I must learn to play my own Lament" As already mentioned, when dealing with the Mackay pipers, these two famous exponents of our national music are curiously associated with a well-known composition called "*Am Port leathach*," the half-finished tune. "This *Piobaireachd*," says Angus Mackay, "is so called from its having been the joint composition of Patrick òg MacCrimmon and his pupil John Dall Mackay. Patrick, intending to visit MacDonald of ClanRanald, then in the island of Uist, was desirous of preparing a *piobaireachd* suitable to the occasion and complimentary to Lady MacDonald, for which purpose he retired to his private apartment. He there commenced the *ùrlar* or groundwork, two parts of which he repeated many times without being able to please himself exactly with another, when Mackay, who had placed himself to listen, unobserved at the door, struck up a measure so well adapted to those which his master had been playing, that opening the door with delight, he exclaimed, "Ah, you have done it; but it shall not bear the name I designed for it, but shall be called 'The Half-finished Tune,' as I made two parts and you have made the other.'"

(To be continued.)

BURIAL OF GENERAL SIMON FRASER.

SIR,—I noticed in a number of the *Celtic Monthly* an inquiry as to who owned the original picture of the "Burial of General Simon Fraser," who fell at the Battle of Saratoga. It is owned by Captain James Wilson Fraser of Balnain, near Inverness.

Yours, etc.,

Ohio, U.S.A. J. P. MACLEAN.

SOME NOTES ON THE HARRIS.*

BY D. F. DE L' HOSTE RANKING, M.A., LL.D.

IT is not very polite to begin with an apology, but I must make two apologies, first for not being able to address you in Gaelic, an omission for which I can only plead defective education, and secondly, for what I feel must of necessity be the disjointed character of my remarks. The fact is that those notes were originally made for quite another purpose. You will remember that some year and a half ago there was a vigorous discussion going on in the *Times* between Mr. Winston Churchill and "J.C.B." as to the sanitary conditions under which the

CELEBRATED HARRIS TWEED

is manufactured. The public presumably read the discussion, and formed an opinion one way or the other; but as the majority of the readers had only the most hazy ideas as to the situation of Harris, or under what conditions the tweed was made, the arguments on each side failed to carry any great conviction to their minds. It was enough for them that their tailors supplied them with what they were assured was Harris tweed, and charged them at least double the price for which it could be bought on the spot. As I was intending to go out to the Harris for my summer holidays, I thought it might be interesting to look the matter up for myself on the spot, and make some notes with a view to publication in some paper, hoping that I might thereby be able to induce tourists generally to take some interest in the people of the Outer Isles and their mode of life. Having made the notes I found that no paper would have them. Most of the editors wanted not facts but pictures, and simple pictures of the people, their houses and occupations were no good. I imagine that what is required are pictures of the beautiful Highland residence of an American millionaire, or the yacht of an eminent sugar broker.

As for the ordinary

TRAVELLING TOURIST

I have come to the conclusion that he does not want to know anything of the people among whom he travels; it is sufficient for him if at each stop of his journey he finds a palatial hotel where he can get his city comforts and dress for a *table d' hote* dinner. The inhabitants of the country are, apparently, only of interest to him so far as they can minister to his comfort or convenience, while their modes of life and thought, if ever noticed at all, are simply a subject for contemptuous pity. Even the fact

*Read before the Gaelic Society of London.

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that the natives speak a tongue different from that of the visitor is seized upon as the occasion for a diatribe on the sinful folly of not speaking English, and on the inevitable misfortune which must overtake a race which does not appreciate the commercial necessity of forgetting their mother tongue. Comments such as these sound rather curious from the lips of people belonging to a nation which is notoriously composed of almost the worst linguists in the world; as regards the commercial portion of which nation it is a constant source of complaint among their own consuls that they lose the trade of foreign countries because they will not take the trouble to have their trade circulars translated into the language of their customers. More especially are these comments amusing in view of the fact that a large proportion of the objects of their pity are bi-lingual; while in very many instances their critics know nothing of any language but their own.

Under these circumstances I have been forced to alter the original form of my notes, since much of the matter was unnecessary for an audience many of whom, I doubt not, know the West Highlands and its people better than I do myself. It is quite unnecessary, for instance, for me to go into any detailed account of the route from Oban, beloved of the tourist (who, for choice, calls it Obán), by way of Portree to the Harris. The whole journey is one perpetual succession of grand and lovely scenery; and to a Highlander the names and places are full of historical interest. The rocks and Islands that lie between the mainland and the outer Isles have most of them

A Long History,

civil and ecclesiastical. Many of them keep alive the memory of St Columba and his followers, and on lonely islands in the Minch, and out on the Atlantic beyond the Long Island there are the ruins of long forgotten cells and conventual buildings whose names show how strong here was the old Celtic Church with its Eastern origin and ritual, long before Rome sent her missionaries to the Saxons.

Some of the islets on the Atlantic side are also of interest to naturalists as being breeding-places of a fur-bearing seal. It may not be generally known that two distinct species of seal frequent the Outer Isles; the small common seal which is found in the Minch, as well as on the Atlantic side, and the great arctic seal, which is only found on the Atlantic side, and only towards the end of September, when they come down to breed on certain of the islets where there is a central loch of fresh water. The young pups of this species have, I am told, a thick soft coat of yellowish fur, and the older beasts are, or were, hunted for the sake of their oil, which, in addition to its other uses, is said to be equal to cod liver oil, for medicinal purposes, besides being much more palatable.

East Loch Tarbert in Harris is only some six hours' sail from Portree in Skye, but the scenery of the two places is as different as can be conceived. From the basalt and lime stone of Skye, with its covering of rich green turf down to the edge of the cliffs, we pass into a region of greyness. As the boat passes between the shores of Scalpay, which closes the entrance to the loch, and those of Harris, the first impression on the mind of the stranger is "How is it possible for any one to live here?" It seems the most

Utterly Desolate Spot

that could be imagined. Everything is grey. A wilderness of peat bogs and huge stones; to the North a great range of wild barren hills; to the South lower hills and peat bogs. Hardly a sign of vegetation; and yet the island must at one time have been thickly covered with trees, for in the peat cuttings one finds great pieces of fir and ash now hardly to be recognised as wood; and under a rock on the top of one of the hills my wife and I found, what at a distance we thought was a fern, but which proved on examination to be the remains of a holly tree, almost degenerated into a creeper, and putting forth from stems which ran along the ground a few soft green leaves.

Along the shores of the island are little thatched

Cottages of Rough Stone,

in many of them the peat reek pouring out of the window, the door, and from any chance crevices in the thatch. The only relief to the universal sense of grey is given by various "scratches" (it is the only word which will describe them) of lighter or darker green, scattered about among the stones without any apparent method. A stranger will naturally enquire "What are those green patches?" Those are the farms of the crofters, or what pass for farms here; the patches of green, light or dark as the case may be, are the oats or potatoes, raised with much trouble in the "Feannagan" or "Lazybeds," the accepted mode of cultivation here. "Marks of a shiftless and improvident race," says a critic. Yes! one knows that old cry; we have heard it *so* often applied to the Celts whether of Ireland or the West Highlands; yet I would wager that if the critics were turned out here and told to get their living out of that land, they would be dead in six months, even if they had modern farming machinery at their command!

The people are not, however, so badly off as might be supposed; nothing like so badly off as many of

The People in Skye,

because they have their home industries, their knitting and weaving, which bring something

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like £4,000 a year into Harris. How they would live without this, God only knows! Skye has no home industries, and in consequence, though the children are wonderfully good to their parents, and send home to them everything they can scrape together; yet when they grow up and marry, and have their own families to provide for, the old folk almost inevitably come on the parish: here it is not so, the home industries save them. "But," says the objector, "look at the hovels in which they live; they *must* be insanitary; the Government ought to insist on proper cottages being built."

Well! perhaps these hovels are not up to the standard of comfort which you require in your own house; but it does not at all follow that they are necessarily insanitary. Look at the men and women who come from them, and you will allow that physically and morally they are far superior to the majority of the inhabitants of model dwellings in London or the great manufacturing towns. It is worth while to study a little the

TYPE OF FEATURE

that is found here. It differs materially from the type met with in parts of the Lews, and in many parts of the mainland. The skin and hair are singularly dark, showing little trace of Norse influence. Some ascribe this to a mixture of Spanish blood, the result of wrecks that took place on these coasts during the flight of the Great Armada; but, one would rather be inclined to suspect that the difference is of far older date, and arises from a strong tinge of Pictish blood.

There is sometimes, it is true, a bad outbreak of typhus fever, but probably it is the result, not of insanitary conditions, but of the depressing influence of long spells of wet, and lack of sunshine, combined with a want of sufficiently varied diet. At any rate, the people themselves are so afraid of it that a house which has been visited by typhus will stand empty for years, no one can be induced to live in it.

In order to understand the conditions of life among the people, and to see the manufactures carried on under normal conditions, it is essential to make acquaintance with some of the people themselves. It is of course possible to go to the depot of the

HOME INDUSTRIES IN TARBERT,

and to see the finished product, or even to see it in process of manufacture under strictly regulated conditions; but this is hardly what is required. What we want is to see the manufactures as they are carried on in these little huts, and this is rather more difficult. Every house almost has a spinning wheel, and many have looms; but, mean as they look, you cannot go and demand entrance; and still less can you go with a patronising air and say that you have come to see how they live: you will soon find that the Highland crofter is in no mood to be patronized, and would resent any such attempt very strongly; and you might also find that the inhabitants had temporarily forgotten their English.

My wife and myself had the good fortune to have a friend in the person of our Gillie,

TORMAID MACLEOD,

fisherman and cottar, a big, solemn, courteous Highlander, with a quiet fund of humour, and a wealth of anecdote. He was good enough to take us to his own house, where the whole process of converting the wool into tweed was carried on; and also to introduce us to some of his neighbours, so that we might see the interior of some of the older houses. Round by the head of East Loch Tarbert the houses are of the ordinary white-washed, slate-roofed type which is common to most of the small fishing villages on the West Coast; but these are few in number, and a walk of a quarter of a mile in either direction will bring you to genuine specimens of the

CROFTER HOUSES,

built of rough stones without plaster or mortar of any kind, thatch roofed, the thatch often secured in its place by ropes weighted with stones to prevent a more violent gale than ordinary from blowing the whole roof bodily away. The room space is limited; a but and a ben constitute the house, with perhaps an outhouse for a few tools, fishing nets and buoys, and odds and ends of all kinds. In many cases the "but" is amicably shared by a dog or two, and a few fowls, with the human inhabitants. The older houses are destitute of any chimney; there is no use for it; the peat fire burns on flat stones placed in the middle of the floor, while from the rafters of the roof above hang the chain and hook to carry the kettle or pot for cooking. The room is full of

PEAT REEK WITH ITS FRAGRANT SMELL,

and the reek escapes through any opening there may be—the door, the one small window, or through a hole in the thatch. This arrangement has its uses, for in Spring the inner thatch, soaked with the peat smoke, may be torn off and used as manure for some little patch of land. Not every cot has any land attached to it. A cot without land pays no rent; it is the land which pays the rent, perhaps thirty shillings or two pounds a year. If the cot which has land attached to it stands actually on the land for which rent is paid, the tenant gets the benefit of the Crofter's Act; but if the land stands at a distance from the house the tenant gets no benefit from the Act.

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(To be concluded).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1903.

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THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO THE LATE GENERAL SIR HECTOR A. MACDONALD.

PROPOSED HIGHLAND BRIGADE ORPHANAGE.

THIS movement, to which we made a brief reference in last issue, has now taken practical shape, and an influential committee, representing some fifty clan, district, and other Scottish Societies, has been formed in Glasgow, for the purpose of furthering this most laudable object. The form which the memorial ought to take has led to considerable discussion. At the large public meeting which was held in this city, we ventured to make a suggestion on the subject, which met with the hearty approval of the chairman and other speakers and has been favourably commented upon by the press. Its practicability depends largely on the funds available, but if these are satisfactory, our idea was to erect a memorial to Hector Macdonald which would be not only ornamental, but serve a practical purpose. The following newspaper extract illustrates very well our views—"Mr. John Mackay said that as funds were being started in London, Edinburgh, and other places, he thought it would be unfortunate if the various bodies took individual action, and he suggested that the various funds should be amalgamated for the purpose of erecting a worthy memorial, which might take the form of an institute in Dingwall or Inverness for rearing and training the sons of Highland soldiers killed in action or who had been left orphans."

In any case it would be desirable to erect a suitable monument on the eminence overlooking Dingwall, which would be a conspicuous feature of the landscape. But in addition to this no more appropriate memorial to the deceased General could be raised than the institution of an orphanage in connection with the Highland Brigade with which his name has been so long and honourably identified. The want of such an institution was sadly felt during the late War, the distress caused by the death of so many of our gallant soldiers, especially from the Island of Lewis and the remoter and poorer parts of the Highlands, being very great. Such a Home would prove a very real blessing in the North and West, and once erected we have not the least doubt that adequate funds would be forthcoming for its maintenance. However, this is a matter that can be more suitably discussed when the response to the appeal has been ascertained, but it is a suggestion which we believe worthy of favourable consideration.

APPEAL TO SCOTS ABROAD.

With this issue of the *Celtic* we take the liberty of enclosing a special circular appeal, to which we trust our readers at home and abroad will make a generous response. We hope that every reader will contribute according to his or her means. We appeal specially to our countrymen in Canada, America, New Zealand, South Africa, and in all other parts of the globe where men of the Gaelic race have settled. In the past they have not been deaf to a call from the motherland, and we believe that they will at once respond to the postal "Fiery Cross" which we herewith send them. If there were some features of Hector Macdonald's character which we admired more than any others, they were his

LOVE FOR HIS NATIVE HIGHLANDS,

his desire to keep in touch and be identified with his own race and clan, and his affection for the language of his forefathers. His brilliant success never detracted from his loyalty to his Highland home. These feelings will appeal to the Gael in distant lands, for in honouring the memory of Hector Macdonald we are honouring ourselves, for his achievements reflected distinction on the race.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

In response to our invitation last month the following subscriptions have been received, and to the donors we now offer our sincere thanks—

Miss Hughina F. Macbean, Chelsea, £5; J. Mackay Coghill, M.D., Shrewsbury, £1 1s.; Peter M'Intyre, Llanrwst, N. Wales, £1 1s.; John Gilchrist, Sandyford St., Glasgow, 5s.; William Wood, Belfast, 5s.; Mrs. M. MacMillan, Kilbarchan, 4s.; D. F. de l'Hoste Ranking, LL.D., London, 2s.6d.; Mrs. Ranking 2s.6d.; Alex. Mackay, Hutchison Square, Glasgow, 2s.6d. Ben. Davidson, New York, U.S.A. 10s.

Next month we hope to be able to acknowledge a much larger list.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—The Annual Business Meeting was held on 28th April, Mr. John Mackay, Editor *Celtic Monthly*, President, in the chair. Mr. Mackay was re-elected President, and Mr. A. S. M'Bride, J.P., added to the Vice-Presidentship. Mr. James MacKeggie, Secretary, and Mr. Archd. Ferguson, Treasurer, read favourable reports and were re-appointed. Mr. David N. Mackay was elected Joint-Secretary.

THE GENERAL MACDONALD SCANDAL.

THE STRANGE STORY OF HIS BURIAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN our last issue we briefly referred to the lamented death of General Sir Hector A. Macdonald, and invited subscriptions towards the National Memorial which his countrymen intend erecting in his honour. When we penned those lines we little imagined that within a day or two we would be standing by his graveside, in the early hours of morning, witnessing one of the strangest and most pathetic scenes which we are ever likely to experience in this life. Even yet we can hardly convince ourselves that the events were real; they savour not so much of a dream as of a horrible nightmare.

A Packing Box and Parcel Van.

There is little need to recapitulate in detail the facts which are already so well known regarding the sad tragedy in Paris, the journey of Sir Hector's blood relatives to France from Ross and Sutherland, the intervention of Lady Macdonald who claimed the body, the indignities to which it was subjected in transit from France, its secret journey through London streets in a railway parcel van, covered with a tarpaulin, and the memorable scene in King's Cross Station when 2,000 Highlanders attended to show their regard for the deceased hero, and which resulted in a great indignation meeting taking place immediately on the departure of the train with the body for Scotland.

That night (29th March), we received two telegrams from prominent Highlanders in London intimating that it had been ascertained that the

Funeral of General Macdonald

was to take place in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, at 6 o'clock on the following morning, and urging us to endeavour to attend. Having had previous information regarding the mysterious manner in which all the funeral arrangements had been executed, and that the intention was to bury the body in secret, we decided at once to go through to Edinburgh and meet the train on arrival. Earlier in the day Mr. James Grant of this city received a wire from his brother in London stating that the funeral was to take place in Edinburgh next day, and that Messrs. Croall of that city were the undertakers. We 'phoned to that firm, and elicited the strange intelligence that they were not permitted to divulge any particulars as to place or time of burial. These were evidently their instructions, and although we were amazed at the

Extraordinary Secrecy

shown, we soon discovered that this was only in keeping with the atmosphere of mystery in which all the details of the funeral of Sir Hector Macdonald were enveloped. If there is a wrong way of doing a thing, you may rest assured the War Office officials will discover and practice it. Their methods are beyond all intelligent understanding.

Next morning, before six o'clock, we were one of about two hundred persons who assembled at Princes Street Station to wait the arrival of the London mail. In the gathering we recognised many familiar faces, for the local Highland Societies had sent round the Fiery Cross on the previous evening, and the answer to the call showed how keen was the national desire to show Scotland's respect by the graveside of her hero. We were delighted to meet our popular Highland novelist, Mr. Neil Munro, whose graphic description of the events of that weird morning have been copied in almost every paper in the land. That he felt what he wrote we have the best means of knowing. There were present a number of members of the Clan Mackay, and representatives from the Sutherland, Ross, Skye, and various other district and Clan Societies.

Shortly before 6 a.m. a hearse and three carriages arrived, and soon the train itself came in. Among the few passengers were Lady Macdonald and her son, Mr. Wm. Macdonald, Rootfield, elder brother of the deceased General, and Rev. Mr. Macdonald, the latter gentlemen looking very much exhausted after their long journey to Paris, and back to Scotland, with hardly an hour's sleep during that time. Here also we were glad to meet Mr. Wm. Grant, who accompanied the body as representing the Highland Societies of London.

A Final Effort

was here made to induce Lady Macdonald to postpone the funeral, if only for a few hours to allow the people of Edinburgh an opportunity of showing the War Office that Hector Macdonald was still the popular hero of the Scottish people, and to show how little they believed the charges made against him. A number of telegrams conveying touching messages for delay were handed to the lady who claimed proprietary rights over the dead body, but it was all in vain. She would listen favourably to no appeal, but insisted on the funeral being carried out exactly as she had decided. She had the honour of her husband in her keeping, and she denied Scotland an opportunity of expressing a belief in his innocence at his graveside. What her reasons for this strange conduct were, she herself knows.

It was evident that the large gathering at the station intended taking part in the burial, expecting that the hearse would go at walking pace. This programme did not suggest itself to us as at all a probable one, we had had experience already of the methods of the War Office. There would be

No Foot Mourners

at Hector Macdonald's burial: Highland sentiment and traditions would have no place in the programme when he, a common "ranker," should be placed in the soil of an alien burying ground. We meant to be there in spite of the War Office, so we hired a cab! That was, in reality, the only passport to poor Hector's grave. It turned out as we expected; the hearse and coaches went off at a swinging trot, leaving the two hundred intending mourners standing on the street with a look of amazement and disgust only too clearly portrayed on their faces. It did not surprise us, it was part of the official programme, the first and last items of which must have read—"Hector Macdonald cannot be too quickly placed under ground." It was in keeping with all that had gone before. It gave one a creepy feeling. A few others secured cabs and joined the procession; some lads ran after the carriages all the way to Dean.

It was a bright spring morning, with a touch of frost in the air. Edinburgh, the pride of Scotland, looked its fairest. Above us towered the grim old castle, whose stones Hector Macdonald had trod many a time when the laurels

Won in Afghan Warfare

were still fresh and green to him. And now his

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stark body lay in that plain oak coffin in front of us, and his face would be seen no more. It was very quiet. The shops were shut, and the window blinds were still down on the dwelling-houses. An occasional workman hastening to his employment stared in surprise at a funeral at this early hour, but doubtless no one ever suspected that we were bearing to his resting-place General Hector Macdonald, the hero of Omdurman and Paardeberg, the avenger of Magersfontein, the ideal of a Highland soldier, and the embodiment of the martial traditions of a warlike race. How could he guess that this

MOTLEY PROCESSION OF CABS

and hansoms had anything to do with military glory? There was no sword or helmet on the coffin, nor the flaunt of a Scottish Standard or Union Jack. No, not even a plaid of his own Clan tartan! to show that his heart was Highland, and his Clan foremost in the military annals of Scotland. The War Office had been very careful in the matter; what had a crofter's son got to do with martial pomp and glory? These were only sacred to the memory of dukes, lords and barons, and did not concern a son of the soil. Hector had presumed in rising above his station, and the War Office may be trusted to punish such presumption! And so they worked him for thirty-three years like a galley slave, treated him, when a physical wreck, with a taskmaster's heartless severity, and buried him like a dog. In a moment of generosity they did make a handsome offer—they offered the use of a gun-carriage to drag his remains through London! Better the parcel van than this official insult.

OUR HEARTS WERE SAD,

unutterably sad, as the carriages rattled along, not so much for the brave clansman whose desperate deed had brought us to Edinburgh on this curious mission, but because of the mystery of this hurried burial, and the evident desire on the part of those concerned to get his poor clay put under the sod as quickly as possible. We did not speak much, for our hearts were too full and the tears too near our eyes, to risk saying much. What could it all mean; what was to happen next? were questions uppermost in our minds. At times we felt as if the procession was only a horrible dream, and the coffin and mourners were phantoms.

That it was all real we soon had reason to know, for we had not yet escaped from the

ATMOSPHERE OF MYSTERY.

Suddenly the cab stopped, and on looking out we saw a large gate slowly open and the hearse and coaches pass inside. We jumped out and entered along with the last carriage; the gates were then closed upon the large crowd which waited outside, including a number of press men and well-known Highland gentlemen. What right had these people to see a British General buried? The right to exclude mourners is evidently the prerogative of the "meanest family in the land," and we know now of at least one who exercised that privilege to the very letter.

Yet in spite of all this secrecy and management a number of Highlanders who had come in cabs found their way inside and

GATHERED ROUND THE OPEN GRAVE.

It was not a pretty spot, nor yet a conspicuous one, worthy of the resting-place of Scotland's bravest soldier. Facing it is a blank wall, and the opinion was generally expressed that it was a spot unworthy of the purpose for which it was intended. Here Hector was to be laid to rest. No one required rest more than he. For thirty-three years he served his country well, the last ten of which were on foreign service, being constantly under canvas. A grateful country during this latter period gave him three months' holidays to recruit his impaired constitution! He must have been very tired—tired of the War Office, the Service, and his enemies—and now he has peace and rest.

What more is there to tell? A little, but not very much. The sequel was, however, in fitting concord with the other events of that memorable morning.

WE GATHERED ROUND THE GRAVE,

a party of probably about thirty at most. The coffin was quickly placed on the upturned mould, the Rev. Dr. Whyte read the 130th Psalm, consisting of eight verses, and three verses from Revelations VII., followed by a short prayer. There was almost a painful silence during this brief and pathetic service; we wondered if the distinguished clergyman had any message to deliver, any lesson to draw from the strenuous life of the gallant soldier whose burial we were there to witness. But no, Hector Macdonald's name was not once mentioned, no reference made to the tragic circumstances which thrilled Britons in all quarters of the globe. Doubtless it was etiquette, possibly ministerial feeling is not expected to express itself in a natural way on such occasions. We have not studied these questions, but the service to all present was cold and depressing; and lacked the touch of kindly feeling which was so much required and expected.

"DUST TO DUST!"

The coffin was lowered, and the dull thud of the clay on the lid told us that it was all over. Hector Macdonald's dust will not mingle with that of his ancestors, and there is no feeling more characteristic of the Gael than his desire to be buried among his own people. "Earth to earth," but none of us, not even his own brothers, were permitted to see mother earth wrapped round her gallant but persecuted son. Even yet the atmosphere of secrecy had not exhausted itself! A few shovelfuls of clay thumped dully on the coffin, then something in the shape of an old door was placed over the hole and on it were laid the beautiful wreaths which were placed on the coffin, or rather the packing-case in which it was enveloped, by loving hands at King's Cross Station, London. These were tributes of respect from such patriotic London Societies as the Gaelic Society, Scottish Clans' Association, Argyllshire Association, and others. There was the brave flaunt of a tartan ribbon, the only thing to show that a Highland clansman had been laid to his rest. Those who arranged the lightning programme were evidently too busy to think of such trifles of sentiment as a tartan plaid or a Scottish flag to cover the plain oak coffin.

We stood for a few moments at the covered grave. An aged Highlander beside us could no longer control his feelings, and with the

TEARS TRICKLING DOWN HIS CHEEKS,

muttered earnestly "There lies Hector Macdonald of Omdurman, buried with the haste of a felon. The War Office has much to answer for." Such was the burial of Scotland's bravest son—hustled into the earth in less than half-an-hour after the body arrived in Edinburgh. He was only a "ranker," therefore

the War Office could not get him buried too quickly. We thought of the memorable scenes three years ago when Scotsmen presented him with valuable swords of honour, feted him, and felt proud to shake Hector Macdonald by the hand because he had

"ADDED GLORY TO THE TARTAN."

Where, on this March morning, were the tens of thousands who had cheered him, exulting in his achievements? They knew not that their hero's body had arrived surreptitiously in the Scottish capital, and had been buried by stealth. No Scotsman believed that Macdonald was guilty of the charges hinted against him, and in the eyes of the law of the land a man is considered innocent until he is condemned. Then why bury him in this mysterious manner like a criminal, why not allow his countrymen an opportunity of attending his funeral, if only to show their belief in the man, or if you will, their contempt for his accusers? Surely such an expression of national feeling would be comforting to the one above all others who ought to value such a spontaneous outburst; surely the War Office would be gratified to learn that one of their most distinguished servants enjoyed, in spite of sinister, cowardly statements in the Ceylon legislature, the entire confidence of his countrymen. The reason why those interested parties did not welcome any popular feeling in this direction is pretty generally known, and doubtless we shall soon learn the reasons which explained it.

As our presence was evidently now less welcome than before, we

RETURNED TO THE ENTRANCE.

A large crowd were peering through the closed gates, among whom we recognised several distinguished Highlanders, but no appeal would secure admission. We were glad to get out of that ghostly place, which will be ever to us pregnant with the most eerie associations. We felt stifled and wanted a breath of fresh air, but it could not be had in Dean. We returned to our hotel in Edinburgh, where with several other Highlanders, we sat for a long time discussing the strange events of the past hour. It was an experience of a life-time. When Hector's body is exhumed and re-interred in his native parish, there are many of us who will rejoice to be privileged to see him laid in the graves of his forefathers.

THE ANGLICISING OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY W. C. MACKENZIE, LONDON,
Author of "History of the Outer Hebrides."

(Continued from page 125.)

THE uncharitableness which in some parts of the Highlands tinges the genuinely religious feeling of the people with its sombre hue, is a parasitic growth—it is not indigenous. It is an echo of the intolerant sentiments of the grim Covenanters of the South, which in the strenuous days of the seventeenth century may conceivably have been a necessity, but in these days are neither necessary nor attractive. It is a curious instance of Time's revenges that the Highlanders who harried the Covenanters in the seventeenth century are at the beginning of the twentieth, the most militant representatives of those very doctrines that are associated with extreme Puritanism. Fortunately, a gradual revival in Gaelic literature and Highland music, sedulously fostered by the annual Celtic Mod, is now taking place in the Highlands, and it will not be the least of its collateral benefits if it promotes harmony where discord now prevails. One cannot leave this subject without pointing with satisfaction to the activity in historical research which at the present day is throwing new light upon the past of the Highlands. If, in the process, some cherished ideals are being shattered, no one should regret the fact if it leads to a truer comprehension of the forces which have been working through the centuries to evolve the conditions of life in the Highlands as we know them. And we have the further satisfaction of possessing at least one Highland novelist, who with rare art clothes the skeleton Highlander, hitherto known to fiction, with warm living flesh, and moreover shows us the inner workings of his nature. Equally supreme in the domain of Nature-poetry and artistically-coloured legend is that mysterious Highland writer whose name is feminine, but whose work is almost aggressively virile. For such as these we may well be grateful; so long as the Highlands can produce work of such combined delicacy and strength, there is ground for the hope that native literature will not be crushed out of existence by an Anglicised taste which cares for none of these things. Yet, if one were asked whether Marie Corelli or Neil Munro has the larger sale in the Highlands, there would be little difficulty in assigning first place to the sensationalist of the South and the second place to the artist of the North.

The philosophy of clothes has perhaps a wider significance than even Carlyle believed. Is it or is it not a fact, that dress forms an important factor in the preservation of national sentiment? The English people have no distinctive national dress. They cannot claim a monopoly even of the ridiculous stove-pipe arrangement which they call a hat, nor of that weird garment with absurd tails which they call a coat. These be the emblems of respectability, and Respectability is the goddess at whose shrine the City and Suburbia alike lie prostrate. The Red Indian with his feathers and blanket, and the Zulu with his feathers and no blanket, are alike more picturesque figures than the Bond Street dandy in all the glory of the latest fashion. It may be readily conceded that there are reasonable objections to the adoption of a Zulu costume in England. Climatic and other obvious considerations render the introduction of a raiment of feathers a matter which does not fall within the sphere of practical sartorism. The dress of

England is sectional, not national. You have the City man in his sober black, the coster in his pearlies, Hodge in his smock, the horsey man in his checks, the "flannelled fool" in his flannels, the "muddied oaf" in his jersey; each typifying a class, occupation, or amusement apart. If you turn to the Highlands, you will discover a different state of affairs prevailing. You will find a dress which satisfies the most exacting demands of art, while it is truly emblematic of a national sentiment. It is, or more correctly, *was*, the garb of peer and peasant alike; the costume of joy and the costume of sorrow; the raiment of youth and the raiment of age. The kilt is a garment of unknown antiquity. Possibly it existed—in a strictly rudimentary form—when our ancestors cut their meat with flint knives and dodged the tusks of playful mastodons, though it must be admitted that Science will not allow palæolithic man even the rudiments of a kilt. The so-called Garb of Old Gaul was worn by the Romans. It was in common use in the Highlands in the eleventh century, for Magnus of Norway wore it during his stay in the Hebrides, and introduced it to his native country, earning thereby his nickname of "Bareleg." Originally forming one piece with the plaid (the *feile-breacan*), it was gradually used, for the sake of convenience, as a separate garment—the change, according to an unconfirmed account, being introduced by an Englishman—and hence the genesis of the *feile-beag*, or little kilt, *i.e.* the kilt in its present form.

When the British Government, after Culloden, endeavoured to eradicate Highland sentiment, it aimed its deadliest blow at the national dress. The wearing of the kilt was declared to be illegal and was punished as a crime. The Highlander regarded his kilt as the last rag of his nationality which was left, and he clung to it tenaciously with the aid of all the subterfuges which his wit could devise. He converted it into trousers by sewing it up in the middle; he wore an imitation kilt, which did not fall within the meaning of the Act; he took advantage of the omission of the Act to state on which part of the body the abhorred breeches were to be worn, by hanging them, when on a journey, over his shoulders instead of around his nether limbs. These breaches of the Act (no pun is intended) were at first severely punished, but either the humour of the situation or the puerility of the regulations at length prevailed, and the obnoxious Act was finally, in 1782, repealed. But in one sense it had already done its work, for although the powerful pen of Sir Walter Scott and other contributing causes subsequently initiated a rage for tartans and all other Highland symbols, the attachment of the Highlander to his national dress has never regained anything approaching its former strength. For in the meantime, Anglicising influences had been in operation, and the kilt, as the embodiment of Highland sentiment, had fallen into desuetude among the rank and file of the natives. I have said that if you go to the Highlands you will find a national dress worn. But, strictly speaking, that is a figure of speech, for nowadays, if you want to find the dress, you have to search for it. When you discover it, the chances are that, on inquiry, you will be told that the wearer is an Englishman. Unkind things are sometimes said by Highlanders about kilt-wearing Sasunnaich in the North; the point of the joke being usually the paucity of flesh which the garment displays. But you cannot determine the nationality of a man by the circumference of his legs. There be Englishmen whose nether limbs are not like fishing rods, just as there be Scotsmen whose hair is not red. The Englishman who wears a kilt in the Highlands displays a sense of the fitness of things, much more than the breeched Highlander who sneers at him. If you yourself, a genuine Highlander, venture to wear the national dress in the country to which you and it belong, you may run the risk of being regarded as a Sasunnach, a gillie, or a crank, none of which classifications may conceivably add to your self-esteem. For it has come to this, that the kilt which was once proscribed by law, is now proscribed by public opinion. It is, in fact, the badge of eccentricity, when worn by strangers, or the badge of servitude when worn by native commoners. It is admired only as a military dress, owing to its military associations. When the War Office periodically attempts, as it has a way of doing, to abolish the kilt in the Army, the loudest protests appear to come, not from the Highlands, but from the Highlanders in the South, whose patriotism, curiously enough, seems to be stimulated by absence from home. Some Highland proprietors there are who have remained faithful to the traditions of their ancestors, in respect of dress as otherwise, but their example appears to deter rather than otherwise their social inferiors from emulating them, lest they should be accused of "apeing the laird." There is surely something radically wrong here. Expense cannot be urged as a plea against the resumption of the kilt, for a plain Highland dress cannot cost more than the fine broadcloth which the possession of "Sunday clothes" entails. And what Highlander, with any self-esteem left, could exist without his Sunday clothes, carefully brought out each Sunday morning—or should I say each Saturday night?—and laid by just as carefully each Monday morning? A Highland bailie dressed for church in a Glengarry bonnet and a tartan kilt would lose none of his civic importance or picturesqueness; quite the contrary. There is surely nothing

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innately devotional in a silk hat of antique design, and a black "surtout" of doubtful age. The comfort and the picturesqueness of the kilt are beyond cavil, and if Highlanders want august encouragement for resuming its general use, they have only to look to the example afforded by the first gentleman in the land. The egregious Crosland asserts that the kilt is indecent, and he, as a pattern of good taste, ought to know. It is possible that others of his countrymen hold the same view, and they are quite entitled to their own opinions, however grotesque these may be. But what, one wonders, is their view of the *décolleté* dresses worn by their wives and daughters if the kilt offends their fastidiousness. As with the men, so with the women of the Highlands, the craze for Southern fashions is fast eliminating the modes—the better modes—of the past. The changes of recent years have been particularly noticeable in the Outer Isles. Instead of the becoming mutches of the matrons and the bonnie uncovered hair of the maids, there is a tendency to wear — especially on Sundays—monstrosities of hats, fearfully and wonderfully made, and other crude and cheap imitations of Southern finery. Cheap cotton is taking the place of warm homespun wool. Boots and bonnets, English and enervating superfluities, now cover the erst bare feet and bare heads of the boys, decreasing their sturdiness and grit. The food of the people is tainted in the same way. Oatmeal porridge, which formed the bone and sinew of their ancestors, is gradually losing its hold, and cheap tea and such-like slush is taking its place. Home-made barley bread, the nutritious properties of which have stood the test of centuries, has been almost driven out of the country by the much more expensive and far less nutritious wheaten loaf. By these means, changes, gradual but none the less sure, are being wrought in the Highlands, some of them apparently of minor importance, but all tending inevitably in the same direction. And meanwhile, in the very places where these supposed refinements have been introduced, insanitary dwelling-houses are allowed to remain undisturbed.

(To be continued.)

SUTHERLAND FOLK-LORE TALES.

BY GEORGE MACKAY, LAID, SUTHERLAND.

Witchcraft, 'Corpan Creadha.'

Of the many devices used by witches in the long past, 'corpan creadha,' or clay images, appear to have filled an important place. It may be asked what was a 'corp-creadha'? It was a clay image, studded thickly with pins, made and designed by a witch to represent some human being whom she wished to persecute. By what means these images were made to affect the person for whom they were designed we do not know, but that they were effective in executing this purpose the following story will show.

Long ago, when 'Eilean Choarie' or Corrie Island in Loch Erribol was inhabited, the people of the island were one time greatly alarmed by the strange doings of a woman living amongst them, who was long suspected of being a witch. One day she and a neighbour disputed hotly about something. A short time afterwards the man was attacked by a most painful illness. He was in the greatest anguish imaginable, being tormented by stinging pains from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. Nothing that loving friends could do appeared to give him any relief. One fine evening, however, he suddenly got better, and was free from pain except in the top of his head. At that very time, some children roaming about the island discovered, well hidden under the ledge of a rock near the top of a low round hill, at the northern end of the island, a big clay image thickly studded with pins. After having picked out, as they thought, all the pins, they went home to tell of their remarkable discovery. Their credulous parents, after listening impatiently to their description of the image, started for the spot. A few pins were found still sticking in the top of the head. Upon removing these the people were soon amazed to see their neighbour fully restored to health as by a miracle. Could anything be plainer? The 'corp-creadha' had been designed by the witch to aid her in afflicting the man with pain, through some supernatural agency. With one accord the islanders agreed that the witch should be put to death, unless she confessed her crime, but this she stoutly refused to do. Seizing her, they proceeded to the shore, and were just on the point of throwing her bound into the sea, when she confessed and cried for mercy. Nothing more is related of her in tradition, except that she never afterwards practised her black art in the same way.

"Droch Shuil," or the Power of the Evil Eye.

This was another use to which witches frequently applied their art. Even persons not suspected of witchcraft were sometimes accused of insensibly casting this spell over some person or animal, by which the victims were rendered sick and powerless. The following story will serve as an illustration. Years before Strathmore was cleared of people, a cow belonging to a certain good man, who by the way, denied the power of witches, was taken suddenly sick. She

was in excellent condition, and no apparent reason could be discovered as the cause of her illness. The usual remedies were applied but to no purpose, and after giving her up they dragged her outside to die. Just as they were engaged in doing this a tramp arrived on the scene and asked what was wrong with the cow. They told him she was dying. "Nonsense," he said, "the cow is suffering from the effects of some evil eye, but if you will allow me I will cure her." The thing seemed so impossible that they only laughed at him, but said he might try. Taking out his handkerchief he walked round the cow several times, muttering something to himself and striking the cow each time with the handkerchief. When he had finished muttering his rhyme or 'duan' he walked away to a large stone near by and went through the same performance again. As he was muttering the last word of his 'duan' and waving his magic handkerchief over the stone for the last time, the solid rock split to pieces and the cow jumped up fully cured.

It was generally believed that covetous-minded people especially were more apt to cast the spell of "droch shuil" than others, therefore it became customary for superstitious people at their first sight of a neighbour or friend's goods, to use as a preface to any expression of admiration or praise the words "*Mar gabh mo shuil*," etc., or "If my eye does not affect, your cow is a fine animal." It was affirmed that no person using these words could do any harm by "droch shuil."

In our day, people often confuse the meaning of "droch shuil," and "Tor mach an toradh," or taking away by witchcraft the profit or use in anything. The two things were different, however. The shock given, or harm done by "droch shuil" was an act, insensibly performed by some person without any premeditation, but "Tor mach an toraidh" was a premeditated act. Some rites were observed and practised by witches before they could give effect to it. What these rites were we do not know, but it is reported that the act consisted in depriving their victim of something, 'boradh' and immediately bestowing that something on another object. Witches were sometimes caught in the act of doing this as the following story relates.

Many years ago, a Durness crofter was one Sunday on his way to church when he observed a woman who had long borne a suspicious character cautiously and stealthily approach the cattle of the township, which were feeding together in a secluded spot, and separating a fine cow belonging to himself from the rest. Hiding himself he waited to see what would follow. The woman walked round the cow as if examining her; then bending herself low she began fumbling with her boot laces. After remaining in this attitude for some time, she raised herself, walked away, and was soon out of sight. Thinking nothing of what had passed, the man went to church, but on his return he was surprised to find his cow in the exact spot in which the witch had left her, being apparently in great pain. With considerable trouble he drove her home and was horrified to find on getting her milked that the milk had changed in quality to a liquid resembling dirty water. The cause of it all was now as plain to him as daylight. The cow had been deprived of "toradh" by the witch. Fortunately for himself, this man possessed the secret of how to make witches return the "toradh." This ceremony consisted in the operator locking himself up in a room, kindling a big fire, and keeping the affected cow's milk boiling in a pot with the addition of an ounce or two of pins, and chanting or muttering a magic "duan" or rhyme unknown to anyone now, as far as can be ascertained, but so magically powerful that even the worst witches were compelled to run with all haste to the spot confessing their crime, and restoring their ill-gotten "toradh." On such occasions witches were desperately mad, but if the operator managed to draw their blood by scratching their brow with an iron instrument before admitting them into the room, they could not do him any injury.

To proceed with our story: the man proceeded without delay to perform the ceremony for making the witch return the "toradh." After he was ready, he looked out, and behold! the witch was running towards the house as fast as her legs could carry her. Quickly withdrawing himself and barring the door, he waited for the witch's onset, armed only with a rusty shoemaker's awl. On coming up to the door, the witch threw herself against it screaming to let her in. Pretending to be obeying, he watched through an opening between the door and the lintel for an opportunity to use the awl and got it. Thrusting forth his hand, he scratched the witch deeply over the eyebrow. He then opened the door and let her in, commanding her to confess her guilt and restore the "toradh," which she did. Being a young woman, she shortly afterwards emigrated to America and no more was heard of her in her native land.

Another simpler method, sometimes adopted for the recovering of "toradh," was as follows:—The person whose cow had been affected went round the village or township and secretly obtained a small quantity of butter from nine persons. The butter thus obtained was given to the cow in the form of a physic, and if the number of persons that had contributed a share included the witch, the "toradh" was recovered.

(To be Concluded.)

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SONG.

A great red rose is drooping, Lily,
Stately Lily bend your head,
Drop your lily-tears of pity
On the rose whose life is dead.

A poor sad heart is sighing, Lily,
Maiden-Lily bend your head,
Drop your tender tears of healing
On the heart—the hard world bled.

A sin-stained soul is praying, Lily,
Angel-Lily bend your head,
Drop your saving tears of whiteness
On the soul—till sin has fled.

LA MACPHERSON.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HECTOR A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.

In the cold morning bitter winds were blowing,
When thou wert laid to rest in alien sod;
Yet Highland hearts were aching, salt tears flowing,
And prayers for Justice rose to Mighty God.

Oh! sleep and rest! loved hero of the Highlands!
Thy fame shall live undimmed through ages long;
And, 'midst the mountains, in Hebridean Islands,
Thy name shall make hearts beat and tear-drops throng.

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

PITTSBURG (U.S.A.) PIPE BAND.

NAMES OF MEMBERS OF PIPE BAND.

J. Mackenzie. A. Locke. D. Mackay. S. Will. D. Thompson. F. Sutherland. J. Crea. R. Mobery. G. Sutherland. D. Sutherland (Pipe Major). W. Weir. J. Fraser. J. Blackhall. A. Moir. H. Macdonald. Alex. Macdonald.

WE are indebted to Mr. Alex. Macdonald, a member of this celebrated pipe band, for the above photograph, which he informs us was taken by one of the pipers, "a man of your own clan." Three years ago the Pittsburg Pipe Band was formed through the efforts of the Clan Societies and Scottish residents of the town, all the members being Scotsmen or of Scottish descent. The necessary funds to equip the band were contributed by the wealthier Scots, and although it was feared at first that it would hardly be possible to bring together more than three or four pipers, yet the band has grown in numbers, and now owing to engagements and the patriotism of the members, all the expenses are entirely defrayed by the members of the band. Pittsburg, being the centre of the great steel and building industry, attracts many young Highlanders desirous of pushing their fortunes, and Mr. Macdonald asks us to mention that if any of them care to call they will receive a hearty Highland welcome any Saturday night at 537 Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, where the Band meets for their weekly practice. A glance at the above list of names will show that the Highland clans are well represented in this popular Band.

DAYS OF YORE AT ARROCHAR.

BY F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

ARROCHAR originally formed part of the lands of Luss, but at an early period it was separated from them, becoming the "appendage" of a younger son of the Earl of Lennox. The lands of Arrochar were held for five centuries and a-half by a family who assumed the name of Macfarlane. Their progenitor was Gilchrist, fifth son of Alwyn, second Earl of Lennox, who in 1225 obtained the property of Arrochar from Maldoaen, third Earl of Lennox. Gilchrist had a son Duncan, who succeeded him, and he married his cousin Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, fourth Earl of Lennox. They had a son Maldmias, whose son Bartholomew (in Gaelic Partholan or Parlan, most likely the first) who gave the name of Farlane or Macfarlane to the family.

Extent of Parish.

Arroquhar, or Arrochar, is a Celtic word, signifying a mountainous region. The extent of the parish is 14 miles, exclusive of farms on the east boundary of Loch Lomond, and it is in the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, though it was originally an appendage of the parish of Luss. Arrochar forms the northern extremity of the ancient earldom of Lennox, and is the most northerly parish in the county of Dunbarton. On the east it is chiefly bounded by Loch Lomond, on the west by Argyllshire, on the south by the parish of Luss, and on the north by the county of Perth. Ardleish and Doune farms are bounded by Stirlingshire on the east and south, and on the north by Perthshire. From Nether Inveruglas on the south to Inverarnon on the north its length is 15 miles, and its breadth varies from 2 to 8 miles. The lands of Doune and Ardleish in the north parish, round the north-east point of Loch Lomond, constitute the boundary at that place between the lands of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, the Duke of Montrose, and the Marquis of Breadalbane, as owner of Glenfalloch.

The boundaries of the lands of Arrochar are described in some of

The Early Charters.

About 1354 a charter was granted by Donald, sixth Earl of Lennox, to Malcolm, son of Bartholomew, son of Maldmias, on the resignation of Bartholomew of one quarter of land, and a half-quarter lying between the rivulets Dywach and Aldanchwlyn on the one side, and the streams Hernane and Trostane on the other; with the island Elanvow at the head of the loch, Elanvann with its castle, Elan-na-Uglas, and Elaig, the islet near Tarbet, all within the earldom of Levenox, to be held as the original charter granted by the grantee's ancestors to the ancestors of the said Malcolm of the upper carucate of the land of Luss, called the carucate of Macgilchrist's land in itself more fully bears, for rendering to the granter and his heirs as much service in the common army of the King as belonged to so much land.

For *Cartularium Comitatus de Lennox*, Duncan, eighth Earl of Lennox, in 1395 granted a similar charter of the same lands and islands to Duncan, son of Malcolm Macfarlan. In 1430 these lands are described as extending from the river "Duneglas Nancherach" as it falls from the mountain into Loch Loume, to the river Trosty, and on the other side of the mountain to the west, where the burn "Ald-Belach-Nascamche" runs into Loch Long. "Ald-Belach-Nascamche" was the boundary of Arrochar and Row on Loch Long side on the opposite side of the mountain from Nether Inveruglas.

Surrounded by impassible mountains and without roads to make it accessible, in ancient times Arrochar was seldom visited by Southrans, but its inhabitants gained notoriety as lawless caterans often at feud with neighbouring clans equally lawless. There were long-standing feuds between these marauders and the Colquhouns of Luss, but such "differences" have been amicably settled ages ago, and Arrochar is a favourite resort of the traveller in present days, though occasionally, when "the moon rises broad o'er the brow of Ben Lomond," a time may be recalled when it was named "Macfarlane's lantern," and that clan descended on the Colquhoun territory, famed for its pastures and cattle.

There are Four Mountains

at the head of Loch Long, named respectively "Cruach Tarbeirt," "Blarannich," "Kenmore," and "Dubh Chnoc." On the boundary which separates the parish of Arrochar from Argyll is the mountain of "Allt Coiregrogain." Half a mile on its north side is Ben Vane, and on the boundary is "Beinn Dubh," while these two last are bounded by Loch Sloy and Inveruglas. Crossing Inveruglas near Loch Lomond, we meet a mountain in the north-west named "Coire-nan-Each," and about a mile from this mountain is "Benvoirlich" the monarch of the hills of Arrochar. Beneath this rocky ben, on the roadside of Loch Lomond, there lies a large boulder called "Clachan Tarron," or the "stone of the bull." Tradition says it was rolled down the mountain side in a tremendous struggle between two savage bulls. Seventy-five years ago a pulpit was cut on the side of the stone fronting the road, from which the minister of Arrochar preached occasionally to his distant parishioners, 10 miles removed from Arrochar.

In the north-easterly direction lies a tumult

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of hills and mountains, from "Maol Meadhonach" and "Maol Breac" downwards. They possess great grandeur and beauty, especially in the rainy season, when the torrents dash down their glens, sending their white spray glittering often under rainbows of every hue. The people of Arrochar suffered severely from

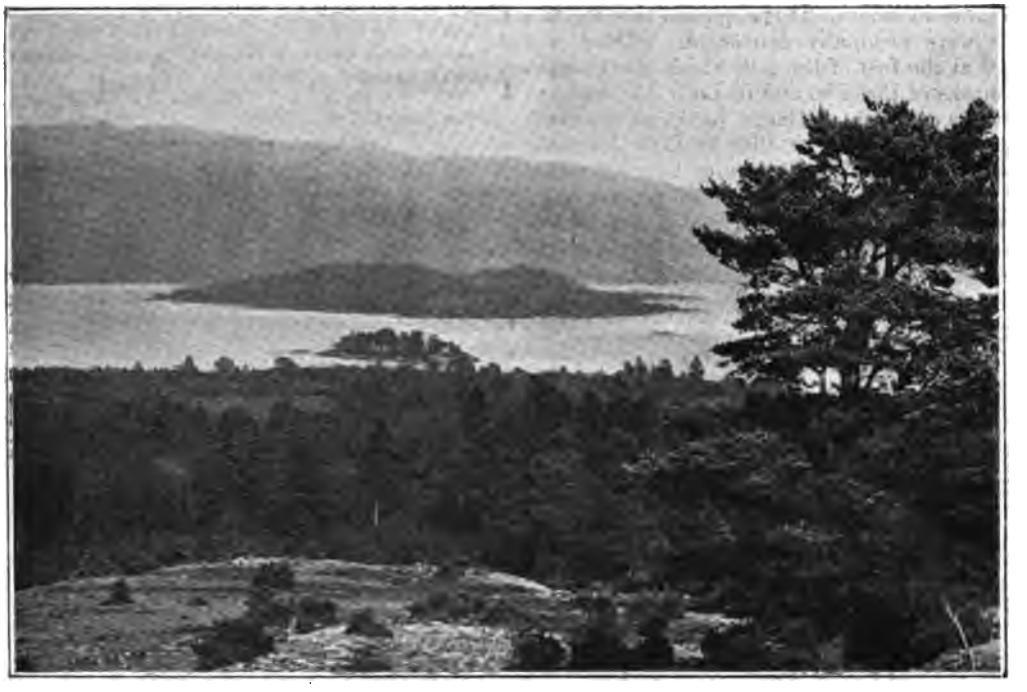
THE MEN OF ATHOLL

and the hordes in the North, equally hardy and fierce with themselves. The Colquhouns and others on their south side troubled them less, for the gigantic masses raising their towering heads aloft gave them protection from their foes, who might wish to punish them for their visits of plunder. The Ettrick Shepherd, in the "Queen's Wake," in "Old David, the tenth Bard's Song," dreaming old encounters over again, says—

"Warrior he was in battle maim'd
When Lennox, on the downs of Kyle,
O'erthrew Maconnell and Argyll.
Unable more the sword to wield
With dark Clan Alpine in the field,
Or raise the dun deer from her den
With the brave champion and his men."

THE QUEEN OF LAKES.

Loch Lomond forms the eastern boundary of the parish of Arrochar, and it is famed for its



A VIEW OF LOCH LOMOND AND ITS ISLANDS.

lovely headlands and sandy bays, with the purple glens and mountains for background. Loch Long, an arm of the sea, about twenty-two miles in length and two miles in breadth, makes the western boundary of the southern part of the parish of Arrochar for five miles. The lesser lochs are Loch Sloy and the Gael Loch.

THE PRINCIPAL RIVERS

and streams are the Falloch, running through Glen Falloch and passing into Loch Lomond; the Douglas Water, which falls into Loch Lomond at Lower Inveruglas; the Water Linnhe, falling into Loch Sloy at its head; the Loch Sloy Burn, which rises in the watershed between Loch Lomond and Loch Sloy Glen, and is one of the feeders of the great loch. A mile below Sloy there is a large pile of stones, with an opening between two of them, named "The Deil's Barn-door!". Arrochar was separated from the parish of Luss in the 17th century, the needs of the parish necessitating such a change, and the

FIRST MINISTER OF ARROCHAR

was the Rev. Archibald Maclachlan, who died at the great age of 94. Then in 1702 W. Robert Macfarlane became his successor, though it was not till 1733 that Arrochar possessed a church and manse, and these were built by Sir

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James Colquhoun of Colquhoun and Luss. Some of the ruins of the old church remain, and above the chief door the date of 1733 is carved in beautiful lettering. In 1847 the new church was built by the late Sir James, who was drowned in Loch Lomond, December 18th, 1873. He laid the foundation-stone himself in 1846. Several other ministers followed in succession, and now, as is fitting, there is another Macfarlane—the Rev. Dugald Macfarlane—worthy of the name, "blest and being a blessing" in the church and parish. Long may he and the "Lady of the manse" be spared to go about doing good, like their Lord and Master! From the village of Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, to Tarbet on the shores of Loch Lomond, is a valley two miles in length. It is supposed that the two lochs were originally connected. There are ridges at the foot of the hills which it is thought are marks of the tide, and in Loch Lomond are found in many parts large banks of seaweed. There is a fish, too, peculiar to Loch Lomond, called the powen, or fresh-water herring, which may be descendants of salt-water predecessors. At this narrow strip of land in former days it used to be the custom to drag boats across between Loch Lomond and Loch Long, which accounts for the name "Tarbat," signifying "draw the boat."

(To be continued.)

THE NAME "KENNETH."

Sir,—Can any of your readers put me in the way of finding out the origin and meaning of the personal name Kenneth? This enquiry cannot fairly be scouted as a piece of idle egotism, seeing an entire Highland clan rejoice in it. The history of the kings so named is familiar; but where can a biography of the saint be found? St. Kenneth's Isle is somewhere on the West Coast of Scotland; Kennet is in Clackmannanshire, and Cambus-Kenneth Abbey is near Stirling; also St. Kenneth's Chapel near Loch Laggan. But did his piety lead to the christening of Scottish kings by his name? It would rather appear to have been *vice versa*, as *coinneach* is synonomous with king. I would fain sit at the feet of Gamaliel in this matter.—Yours, &c.,

KENNETH MATHIESON IX.

Glen Devon.

SUPPOSED HIGHLAND SURNAMES.

Sir,—As your interesting magazine frequently deals with Highland and Clan names, I wish to ask if any of your correspondents can give any information as to the origin of the following names:—

O'Hanley or *O'Henley*.—We have in this island many families of this name, and they are apparently all of Highland descent, living in districts settled entirely by Highlanders using Scottish christian names, such as Angus, Duncan, Malcolm, &c. Even without the prefix "O" the name has an Irish sound, and *a fortiori* with the prefix, but all the O'Hanleys in this locality are undoubtedly of Highland extraction.

Steele.—This name is very common here, and the same may be said of the Steeles as of the O'Hanleys. I imagine that the progenitors of both the O'Hanleys and the Steeles came from South Uist or Arisaig (the Clanranald country), and that some of these families were with the emigrants brought here by Captain John Macdonald of Glenaladale in 1773.

Yorston or *Yoston*.—We have some of these people, and the name is found in some of the Scottish sections of Nova Scotia. The name has a Gaelic ring, and sounds as if its origin should be traced to that language, and the people claim to be Scotch.

Can any of your readers enlighten me as to the meaning or history of these names, and whether they are common in Scotland, and if so, in what parts of the country? None of them are given in "Anderson's Scottish Nation," in which almost all Scotch names can be found.

ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD.

Prince Edward Island, Canada.

IN MEMORIAM—THE DEAD HERO.

March 25th, 1903.

Nor 'mid the furious din of battle raging,
With dauntless courage, facing countless foes;
Lonely and mute the final conflict waging,
One pitying Eye alone to mark its close.

Oh, tortured soul! so loyal, true, and tender,
Seeking in death's dark flood its wounds to cleanse,
Unbleaching in that last supreme surrender,
Trusting in Heaven's great mercy, not in men's.

Death—best and surest friend when hope has faded,
Its chill embrace can shelter or console,
Its silence by no mortal voice invaded,
No blame, no slur, can stretch beyond its goal.

Brave soldier rest. Watched by the mountains hoary,
Sleep the sound sleep God gives us after toil,
Deep in a nation's heart thy deeds of glory
Are graven, where no ruthless touch can soil.

Wolverhampton. JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

SONG.

SWEET WHOSE EYES ARE ALL MY SUN.

Sweet whose eyes are all my sun,
Would I have them cease to shine?
Yet, ah would the day were done,
That they saw the tear in mine.

Month of bells the angels ring,
Would I have its carol die?
Yet, ah would its song took wing,
That my love might hear my sigh!

Heart of buds, would I awake,
Blossoms life too soon will crease?
Yet, to ope each folded flake!
Yet, to rob it of its peace!

London. JEAN MACPHERSON.

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DONALD McDONALD.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

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DONALD McDONALD,

CHIEF, CAPE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

MR. DONALD M'DONALD, chief of the Cape Highland Society, whose headquarters are in Cape Town, the capital of the most southern British Colony in Africa, is a native of Ross of Mull, and settled in the sunny land of his adoption some twenty-one years ago. Shortly thereafter he became connected with the tramway service of Cape Town, and ever since has been associated with that important enterprise, gradually advancing in the esteem of the Directorate until for some years he has occupied the responsible position of General Superintendent of the only electric tramway system in the Colony. Its lines of rails in Cape Town and suburbs extend over a distance of 25 miles, and the Company carries millions of passengers in the course of a year. There are few inhabitants of the Cape Peninsula better known than Mr. M'Donald, his duties bringing him daily into contact with all classes of the community; and it may be said with absolute truth that, multifarious and exacting as are these duties, he succeeds most admirably in at once maintaining his personal popularity and securing the effective working of the extensive tramway service which he superintends. In this connection it may be stated that, during the visit of Their Royal Highnesses The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, now the Prince and Princess of Wales, to Cape Town last year on their voyage from Australia, one of the most conspicuous features in a grand pageant and procession was an allegorical car, arranged by Mr. M'Donald and the Council of the Highland Association, beautifully decorated and representative of Highland scenes, in which the character of Flora Macdonald was effectively personated by the chief's eldest daughter, Miss Dora.

Mr. M'Donald, with one or two other patriotic and enthusiastic Celts, was instrumental in establishing the Cape Highland Society about three years ago. Since the outbreak of the War the Society has taken an active part in organising hearty and hospitable receptions for many detachments of Scottish troops, including Lord Lovat's Scouts, and the Marquis of Tullibardine's gallant contingent. The members had also the honour of entertaining "Fighting Mac" on his departure for home, previous to his taking up a command in India. While the periodical meetings of the Society are characterised by a truly fraternal spirit and a warm remembrance of Highland customs, music, and poetry, the public entertainments given under its auspices form a great attraction to the general community, being invariably attended by crowded audiences.

In every branch of work undertaken by the Society, Chief M'Donald bears a ready hand, and one project in which he is at present greatly interested is the devising of means whereby his compatriots in the Cape Peninsula may, from time to time, contribute as liberally as possible towards the teaching of Gaelic in the schools of the Highlands.

TAK' ME HAME.

A windy hill and a barren moor
  Wi' the heather wavin' gay,
And through rowan trees, the western breeze
  Cam,' heavy wi' salt sea spray.
Oh! tak' me awa' frae this southern clime,
  Whaur the sun is aye sae fair,
I lang for the sicht, in the northern licht,
  O' the land I'll see nae mair!

So tak' me hame tae the land I lo'e,
  The land I lo'e sae weel,
Whaur the mist on the hill gaurs the Scot's hairt fill
  Wi' all that's kind and leal.

The birken glen whaur the burnie runs,
  Is oh! sae dear to me,
There the Hieland lad made my bosom glad,
  An' took my hairt in fee.
Oh! let me awa' frae this floo'r'y land
  Whaur the heather canna bloom!
My hairt is sair for the hillside bare
  And the sicht o' the yellow broom.
So tak' me hame, etc.

J. ANDRE MACDONALD.

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EWEN MACPHEE, THE OUTLAW.

"EOGHAN BAN A' CHOIRE-BHUIDHE."

O'er mountain and forest, light-footed, and free,
Shall wander this scion of ancient Clan Phee;
A speck of red tartan 'mid solitudes lone—
A ghost of the days that forever are gone.

As he hunts the dun stag on the mountains of snow,
And at e'en pulls his skiff to the island below,
What bard of his race would begrudge him a song,
The last of the lawless, unfettered, and strong.

While the isle is his home, and around him the lake,
With deer in the corrie, and roe in the brake,
While light are his footsteps on mountain and moor,
His couch and his larder, though rude, are secure.

ABOUT sixty years ago, when hardly a vestage remained of the old state of society in the Highlands, and outlaws and freebooters were believed to be met with only in the pages of history and romance, there lived in the wilds of Glenquoich a character worthy of the days of Rob Roy. This stalwart, named Ewen MacPhee, though born in Glengarry, was sprung from a clan that, according to tradition, was of considerable power in Lochaber when the great clans of a later time were in their infancy. The MacPhees of Glenpean in historic times, however, appear only as a small clan that followed Lochiel, and whose history is lost in that of the Camerons. But it remained for Ewen to bring the name once more into prominence in the approved manner of the brave days of old, by setting the law at defiance, and not only supporting himself but a wife and family on the produce of mountain and stream, and the mutton of flocks not his own.

In the early years of last century Ewen was induced by Glengarry to enlist in one of the regiments that were embodied at that time in the Highlands. The profession suited him, and he soon became noted as an able soldier. So well did he acquit himself that he was led to expect a commission. His expectations, however, were doomed to disappointment. He therefore became discontented, and at length deserted. Making his way back to Glengarry, he lived in concealment with his sister. He was, of course, pursued, after a time captured, and then carried handcuffed on board a steamer at Corpach. Just as the steamer was starting, he suddenly bent down, broke the hand-cuffs on a bar of iron that lay at his feet, sprang ashore, and fled. Before his captors noticed what had occurred, the gulf between the steamer, which was now under weigh, and the pier, was too wide to attempt leaping, so all they could do was to empty their muskets at the fleeing fugitive. But Ewen escaped unscathed. Determining not to be re-taken he thenceforth went about well armed. He wandered for some time about the shores of Loch Arkaig, making the woods of that locality his refuge, then sought for greater security amongst the mountains on the south side of Lochquoich. There amid the solitudes of ben and corrie, at a place called Corribuie, he built himself a rude bothy, and lived on the product of the chase. Several attempts were made to retake him, but he took good care not to be caught napping. He never lay down on his rude couch without a loaded gun and good dirk within his reach. I have heard from those who knew Ewen well that he was a stalwart and striking figure, always attired in the kilt, that few would dare to lay hands on. While at Corribuie he took to himself a wife, reared a flock of about sixty goats, and dug a patch of land for potatoes.

The locality in which he squatted was under sheep, but the tenant, Thomas Macdonald, treated him kindly, and allowed him to keep his goats and grow his few potatoes unmolested. But the consolidation of sheep farms in the Highlands proceeded apace, and the land on the south side of Lochquoich was taken by a new tenant who knew not Ewen. The two met and the meeting was not a friendly one. They met again and again, but each meeting proved more hostile than the previous one, until at length Ewen threatened to shoot the tenant. Complaints loud and long were made to the proprietor, Lochiel, who wrote on the 26th March, 1835, in a very considerate manner to his agent about Ewen. "Let me have," he writes, "a particular account of Macphee's proceedings, his manner of life, and what his family consist of. My feeling in regard to this man is that having been so long unused to habits of industry, or occupation of any kind, that when turned adrift he may have recourse to lawless proceedings for his support. Men of his stamp are sometimes reclaimed by kindness when severity might drive them to desperation. On this principle if I thought the man had any of the better principles of Rob Roy I would endeavour to provide for him myself. In the meantime there can be no doubt that I am bound to clear the farm of him at the insistance of the tenant." Ewen, however, continued to hold possession, grazed his goats, and grew his potatoes. One day in February, 1842, while Ewen was away on the hills, the tenant's men at their master's request drove away the goats. Mrs. MacPhee saw them, pursued, and fired several shots at the party. She was, however, unable to rescue the spoil. The tenant then dreading that Ewen would retaliate by helping himself to sheep, paid for the goats. But the friction between the two continued, and Ewen determined to leave Corribuie.

As he trod the snow-streaked slopes of Sgur-Gairloch and Sgur-an-fhuarain in quest of some-

thing for the pot, his eyes often rested on the island, that now bears his name, in Lochquoich. The island, though close to the Lochiel side of the loch, was debatable ground claimed by Glengarry. Constructing for himself a rude skiff, he explored this little patch of brown on the blue bosom of the lake, and finding it a secure place of refuge, he built a hut there, into which he moved his family and effects. There he lived for many years, molested neither by Glengarry nor his successor, Mr. Ellice. When the latter purchased the estate he found Ewen in possession of the island. One evening, while Mr. Ellice and a friend were having their after-dinner toddy in the small shooting-lodge, Ewen attired in full Highland costume walked in and politely told the new laird that he wished him well, and if left undisturbed he did not mean to give any trouble. In the course of the conversation that followed Mr. Ellice asked him by what right he lived on the island. Ewen drew his dirk, plunged it into the table until the haft quivered, and answered, "By this right I have kept it, and by this right I will hold it." The two, however, became great friends, and Mr. Ellice would if he could, have saved him from the troubles that befel him afterwards.

But as time rolled on the sheep farmers and their shepherds began to miss sheep, and to suspect Ewen; and their suspicions were not

EWEN MACPHEE, THE OUTLAW.

groundless. There is little doubt but he had for some time previous to this been in the habit of helping himself occasionally to a sheep; and as his vigour was failing the propensity grew upon him. It was not, however, easy to bring the theft home to him. But one snowy morning the tracks of a man and some sheep were found by the shepherds leading from the hill to the loch side opposite the island. Information was sent to Inverness, and a sheriff and two officers appeared on the scene. Procuring a boat at Glenquoich they rowed to the island. Ewen was not there to receive them, but his wife was equal to the occasion, and gave them a characteristically warm reception. Hardly had they set foot on the island than she commenced to fire upon them. Unnerved by this greeting they hastily departed and returned to Inverness. About a week after a larger and more resolute force was sent to Glenquoich, where many sheep-skins were found, and Ewen was caught on the island, taken to Inverness and imprisoned.

His mortal remains were taken by his mother's relatives, the Kennedys, to Kilfinan, Glengarry, where many an olden-time hero rests; and let us hope that what was immortal of him has found a surer refuge than Eilean Mhic-a-Phee. And here we bid the last outlaw, worthy of a place in Highland story, farewell.

ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

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"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS..."

ALREADY Ivor the son of Angus the son of Maran was near his hour of passing. Twice in dream had he stood at the brink of the grey sea, and well he knew that when for the third time he had felt the salt cool breath from the in-rolling waves, then he would die.

It was in the Autumn that Ivor, bent and white with the knowledge of what has been, what is, and what will be, felt that his hour was upon him, and bade his three sons be brought before him that they might receive his word. "I hear the calling of the shadows" he said to the watchers at his couch, "send and bring hither Oscar my first-born." Long searched they the grey, age-old dun where the dying lord lay; long searched they the valley where the pine-trees quivered and whispered before the approaching gloom. No answer came until the last of the seekers had returned within the walls, and then, as with a flaunting note of defiance, the rocks rang harshly with the sound of the hunting-horn of Oscar and with the deep baying of his shaggy hounds. Through the eastward pass he strode, lord already in his heated fancy, and his proud mien and haughty glance met the tidings of woe without a softening of the look or a quickening of the stride.

The sun was low ere Oscar came before his father as he lay on the couch amid the slow-gathering mists of Death.

"I am here, father."

"It is not anxious thou hast been to come," replied the old man, as he eyed the studied grace with which his stalwart son paced the long hall, amid the glow of smoky torch-flames which lit up his bronzed and noble features.

Oscar's eye wandered restlessly from couch to blazing pine-logs, from fire to close-drawn curtains that hung between him and the hills and woods where lay the deer, where lurked the wolf and boar.

"I was at the hunting, O father," he said at length.

His deer-skin shoes were noiseless as he moved to and fro, but his weapons rang as he continued his slow pacing, ever turning to stare at the heavy swaying curtains which kept him from the outer world, where life ran golden and red. The great hound in the corner moved uneasily in his sleep. The light beneath the curtain edge grew orange in the sun-sinking. At last Ivor the son of Angus the son of Maran broke the silence which gloomed between them.

"I love thee not in this mood, O son; hast thou not parting word for me?"

"Sorrow is upon me, O father," he replied, but ever he turned his head away and bent his eyes upon the ground. Why was the frail winter-haired man so long a-dying? Why did he not pass and leave the world to younger, stronger men? Life was perhaps dear to him—but what was life in this dim, shadow filled hall, with no companion save the flickering thoughts of age and the autumn-leaves of memory.

"Oscar, thou knowest that Ilthanna the sunny-haired, who was sister to my foster-brother Ardan, put three mysteries into my hand; and these I part between ye my sons, to each I give the search and, perchance, the finding of one of these—Love, Joy, Peace. To have thou must strive, until thou seekest thou hast not. Which wilt thou? See thou seekest not amiss."

There was no word between them until the golden light grew ruddy in the glow of sun-death and in this space of time Oscar had heard three things. He had heard the bark of Luath his hound as he scented the deer moving unseen in glades beyond Bultarna. He had heard the hoarse song of Usna as he sat beyond the dun-wall sharpening his long sword "Lightning." He had heard the clang of wine-cup and the laughing whispers of serving-men and serving-maids.

"Let me seek and find Joy," he said at last. And as he parted from his father and strode through the silent hall out into the free air of the valley, he felt the pangs of the new searching after Joy keen and sharp within him. "See that thou seekest not amiss" the old man had said. Well did he know what the way was that led joyward. Calling loudly for wine (though the grey shadow of Death lay over all) he hailed Usna and told him of his great gift which would be his after the searching. Usna laughed and shook his head. "Thou hast not all," he said, deeply.

"But what is Joy?" asked Oscar with a look of confidence, "is it not born of these—the heat of the chase, the lingering at the cup, the music of laughter, the rise and fall of song, the sword flashing white and red, the spray foaming at the prow of the galley? Where else is Joy?"

But blind Conall who was seated in the corner only sighed, and from his harp arose a wail of melody which so chilled the buoyant heart of Oscar that he cursed the harper into silence and threatened him with the red-hot stake if his melancholy did not pass from him as swiftly as the summer mists before the sun.

"Clouds and mist, clouds and mist, I see their veil drawn around thee, Oscar the son of Ivor," said the harper below his breath, as he arose and fared seawards down the long valley.

The tidings of his father's failing breath reached Cormac, the second son of Ivor, as he paced the lonely sea-shore enwrapped in thought. He was a short, dark-visaged man, and his careless habit

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and half-closed eye betokened one to whom there was little pleasure in the exercise, to whom it was rather an unwelcome necessity which dragged him unwilling from the cell which his own hands had erected but a spear's throw from the old, grey dun of Cathlos.

Many seasons before, when the flaming Autumn was painting the forest-leaves with gold, brown and crimson, a man of Colum had landed from the loch (now grey blue before the cold) and after a while passed northward into the Unknown. It was to this man—strangely afire with the new tidings, yet cold to other things—that Cormac owed his love of study, new-born in one of the race of Maran. The monk had spoken long to him of the White Christ and his interest had been stirred by the tales of the great Colum who dwelt on the island that is called Iona and Dun-I. In fancy, Cormac heard the solemn chanting, saw the soft movement of the holy men. In his dreams there mingled the rhythmic music of the bell which, he was told, swung in the tiny chapel of the holy man. The north-faring priest had spoken of the many miracles of Colum over men and beasts, over birds and flowers, and even the fierce seals that are but men bewitched, of his personal holiness and power, of the beauty of his voice and the stern look that came into his eyes at times.

Cormac the Strange (as men called him from the day he began to ponder these things) felt a longing, indescribable but none the less powerful, to have done with the world and its warrings, feastings, and strivings, to ponder over the old parchments which the holy man had told him would teach him things passing mysterious. So it come about that Cormac was oft afflicted with doubts and dreams, fears and wonderings. Was life but a drifting on the sea towards the Unknown, a faint streak of wind-blown smoke across the sky of Forever? Was the true God one or many—the three-one Dia of the Culdees, the grim Woden or the giant Thor of his forefathers? Was life the end or the beginning? What was beyond? Many of his kin had he seen with closed eyes and ash-grey face; whither had they floated on the chill waters of Death? Yet there came no answer—but ever the moaning of the comfortless sea, the curlew's lonely cry, the sobbing of the night-wind, the gloom of night-fall, the pale unfolding of an unknown morrow.

When Cormac stood with bowed head and knitted brow before the dying Ivor, he was not long in choosing his gift (which was yet only to be found in the searching truly).

"My father, give me Peace," he said.

Aidne, the youngest of the sons of Ivor lay a-dreaming in the forest. Over him was the shadow of a lichen-covered rock; around him the deep and fragrant silence which only the forest-heart knows. And ever in his dreams floated the face of Inis, the only daughter and beloved companion of a neighbouring prince. Fair was she as the flowers in the morning sunlight, the inspiring flame of twice a score bards, a second Darthula. Through her veins coursed the exultant blood of youth and the soft fire in her eyes was but the outward glow of that inner passion whose throbbing heat at her heart never ceased day or night. For long Aidne lay in the forest—now ablaze in the leaf-death which is but a second and more glorious life—seeing things unseen and content to let all things slip save the echo of her voice and the pressure of her hand, whose every word and movement were stored up in the garner of his memory.

At length a shy fawn trotted past, gazing at him with liquid sorrow in her great brooding eyes. Far down at the loch edge the wail of a curlew cleft the air, a piercing note of utter grief. Then an eagle's wild scream broke the silence in the strath, and Aidne knew from these three warnings that some evil or sorrow hung over the dun of his fathers, so he arose and hasted homewards through the green-gloom which even the briefly-red flood of sunshine could not penetrate. In the darkened hall he passed Cormac his elder brother faring towards his cell, with a strange look upon his face. Aidne ran in swiftly and silently, thrust aside the heavy curtains and knelt beside the couch of his father, now fast sinking.

"My father, sorrow is mine, aye and black woe—why didst thou not send for me?"

"I sent Aol to find thee," was the faint reply, (He came not for Oscar had bade him stay, lest the despised Aidne should choose a wiser gift than he).

"No man came, O father," he cried, and the tears swam hotly in his eyes.

For a moment there was silence between them, while the shadows wavered upon the heaped-up deer-skins and the dying embers cast a fitful glow upon the roof-beams.

Ivor was growing weaker every moment and his breath was laboured.

"I have no choice for thee, O Aidne, concerning the mysteries of Ilthanna. To Oscar is the joy he wished, Cormac has the peace-seeking—the last is thine, if thou wilt."

"What is it, O father?

"The Love-search," said the old man in a whisper, and as he spake his breath failed him, and he sank back gasping. In a few moments the white peace was on him and the one son who remained at his couch knelt beside a corpse.

The grey-walled dun rang nightly as Oscar held high feast, and ever in the place of honour sat the lovely Inis, whose eyes were like the

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stars which trembled in the loch, whose pale, oval face was as the moon herself, half-hidden in the dusky gloom of her cloudy hair. But she sat silent and aloof while all around were the coarse laugh and random talk of those at the wine. The air was misty with the smoke of countless meats; the harping of Conall filled the long hall with a music like the song of hidden birds, yet Inis sat silent amid her own thoughts. For Inis loved not Oscar, nor Cormac, but Aidne, and her heart swam in grief as she thought of him wandering lonely through the woods or among the mysteries of the lonely hills now greying in the twilight.

"Thou art silent, Inis, O fair one . . . silent on this night when thy smile would be but the crown of my joy. What serve these dazzling scenes if thou look not upon me in favour?" said Oscar.

But still she sat silent her heart beating wildly (but not for him) while she gazed down the long table to the empty seat of Aidne. At last the third son of Ivor entered the hall, and heeding not the scoffs of his brothers, took his place at the board. Then he raised his eyes to the head of the table and all men saw the love-rose blossom in the cheek of Inis as he looked upon her. Like a wave of the sea, her love for Aidne swept over her and effaced—as in the sand—every other thought and ambition. Wroth at the maid's pale indifference to him, Oscar spoke smoother words, drank deeper, sang louder, but to no purpose. Inis heeded him not for the heart-hunger that was upon her, and no words or glances from Oscar were regarded by her more than the fitful summer-breeze is heeded by the resolute pine. At length the feast broke up and amid the flickering torches the three brothers swore the oath by wind, sun and sea, by blood, fire and pestilence, that they would meet at the death-mound of Ivor their father on a named day after the summer had come again and then judge who had succeeded in his quest.

Ere the first snows came Oscar had once more plunged into the hunting and feasting through which, it seemed, the path of joy led. Never had that ancestral hall echoed to so many voices in laughter and song. The woods rang daily with the horn, even the forest was traversed in every direction and deer died in scores before the chase was over. When the budding-time came Oscar was seldom under the roof but more frequently was he aboard his long boat with the snow-white sails and gleaming oar, as he churned into foam the waters of the deep loch. The salt sea-breath brought new life to the sailors. Music floated over the blue water. Beauty reclined on the deer-skins which lay heaped upon the cream-white deck. Yet Joy came not, though again and again he heard as it were the rustling of his wings as he sped past into the Beyond. And already the summer was opening before him, and every sign of the coming season, every flower opening into beauty, every tuneful bird, every joyful bursting of leaf and frond, sent a pang through his restless and dissatisfied heart.

Cormac had taken a swift galley and sailed for the holy island, his eyes full of visions, his mind of doubts, his heart of hopes.

"Father," he cried to Colum the white-haired, "give me Peace!" and the age-bent Culdee smiled a deep smile of knowledge.

Welcomed as the first-fruits of his district, Cormac became so studious of the illuminated missals, so devout in his kneeling in his cold cell thrice daily, so exacting in his abstinence and penance that his brethren sought him as a monk indeed. Again and again his hot pagan self revolted against the restriction, the artificiality of this stone-cold existence, but ever he bowed his head the lower and cried out for that Peace which comes not from lettered parchment, tolling bell, chanted psalm, or torn flesh and aching limb.

One day, as rosy summer peeped into his lonely cell through the rusted grating of his tiny window, his blood ran riot with longing after the old, free life, and scarce thinking what he did, he raised his voice in a song of war which had been a favourite of his when wandering amongst the hills of childhood. For seven days he lay in lonely penance, eating and drinking nought save bread and water and beating his head against the stone floor of his prison. Around him were the iron bars of Colum's will, and Peace was as some white-feathered bird that mocked his outstretched hand.

But one night when the air was warm and sweet as a lover's sigh, Cormac the monk arose from his pallet and leaving his monkish garments heaped upon the worn stone-floor, crept softly to the shore, and finding a galley lying in-shore swam out to board it. Having money secretly bestowed upon him, he induced the rowers to carry him to the mainland, and ere long the swelling forests of his old strath pricked the horizon. Leaping ashore at last he ran into the arms of his brother Oscar, who with moody eye and frowning face was gazing sea-wards.

"Hast found Peace, brother?"

"Nay, but bitterness enough."

"And I, also."

Then he spoke of many things, for the morrow was the day appointed.

Many a day had faded since Aidne, the youngest son of Ivor, had seen the dun of his fathers. After the feast had ended, he left the hall and travelling swiftly through the deep, echoing forest reached a wooden-walled hut which he had erected with his own hands, and here abode even through the winter bitterness,

not desiring to be beholden to his brother Oscar whom he hated as light hates darkness.

And here each day came Inis, bringing food and words of sweet comfort, through the devious forest paths which few could traverse without losing the track. In the lonely forest-glade they sat hand in hand, listening to the thousand sounds of the forest and to the glowing words of Aidne as he told Inis of his dreams of the future. And as the spring bloomed into summer, their love found an echo in every leaf and flower, and every day they seemed to grow more like one another in the beauty and passion of their love. At length Aidne knew that the appointed day had come and that he had known Love and his search was ended. Howbeit, he divined the evil thoughts which were to arise in the mind of Oscar, the bitter deed which he and his brother thought upon.

Tenderly he told Inis that he must leave the memory-scented glade and travel eastward to the death-mound of Ivor, there to meet his brothers in terms of his oath. In her soft voice, the sound of which was as the running streamlet flooded with sunshine, Inis bade him go, though she too had dreamed something of the great shadow which hung above them. The words on his lips were bold and fearless, her eyes held no tears but only the soft fire of love. True children of Nature were they and trembled not as they thought of the gloom before them. At length, in long-drawn parting, the bitter words of farewell were said and Aidne set forth. Inis, unknown to him, followed afar off, tearless and watchful.

The death-mound of Ivor, the son of Angus, the son of Maran, stands high facing the sea, but around it on all sides are the thick pines, so that the base of the low hill is ever shadowed by their fragrant growth, which little sunshine fosters. To reach the appointed place Aidne had to pass through this dark pine-wood and then ascend the sun-bathed hill. As he stepped upon the noiseless carpet of many years' pine needles, a voice called to him to halt, and turning he beheld the evil face of Oscar his brother.

"Hast found Love, brother?" he asked, grimly.

"I will tell thee at the place appointed," he calmly replied.

"Answer now, lest evil befall thee," hissed a second strange voice, which he scarce recognized as Cormac's, so full of passion did it seem.

"If ye wish to hear now, I will answer gladly," he said, facing them unabashed as his keen eye watched their half-ashamed eagerness.

"We wish," came in double tones.

"Then," said Aidne the fair, raising his voice until it rang clear and sweet through the dark pine-aisles "Know ye my brethren that I indeed have—found—Love."

As he spoke, two blades sprang naked into the air and found a sheath in Aidne's bosom. Then lo! just as a white form sped past them and flung warm arms of love around the youth as he sank to the ground, a wave of sunshine rolled swiftly through the darkened wood and broke against the ancient pine-boles, falling with welcome and unwonted beauty upon the dumb earth. Every mossy tuft rejoiced. The murmur of the insect world throbbed everywhere. But neither of the twain who lay upon the soft and fragrant soil stirred in death-sleep.

"Now I know that there is no joy save in Love," said Oscar.

"Now I know that there is no peace save in Love," said Cormac.

Then the two brothers parted in gloomy silence, one faring eastward to the dun, full of bitterness and sorrow, the other hurrying back to Dun-I, well knowing that true peace lies not in mass and penance, but in love, trust and hope, which cannot be bought and sold, or wooed at will, but are as free as yonder white bird sailing songfully in the mid-heavens.

COINNEACH DUBH.

SIC TRANSIT STORIA.

"Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away."—
Wordsworth.

DOWN to Loch Duich, dark and deep,
Slope rugged mountains, stern and steep,
A grander scene could scarce be found
Within the whole of Scotland's bound.

And yet I feel
Here in Glenshiel,
A sense of sadness great,
For here of old,
Did clansmen bold
Fight for the Stuart race.
And here a night Prince Charlie spent,
E'er o'er the seas to France he went.

Old times are gone. The Stuart race
No longer holds its regal place.
And as the old gives place to new,
Much, much goes out, both good and true.

No more Glenshiel belongs to The Macrae!
An alien laird from England now holds sway!
Here where erstwhile were sheep of handy sort,
Here now are deer, to give the rich man sport!

O! You! Ye statesmen! Have you never thought
Of the real truth which poet Goldsmith taught?
"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Glenshiel. W. G. B. MURDOCH.

MACMILLAN.—At 2 Murrayfield Road, Edinburgh, on 24th May, the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., in his 70th year.

DONALD DIABHUL.

LEGENDS OF THE CLAN MACKAY.

Introduction.

AT your suggestion I have compiled and clothed in a poetic garb several traditions of the renowned Donald Diabhul, who was no less a personage than that Donald Mackay, first Lord Reay, so famous in the history of his times. Possessing abilities far above the age in which he lived, he became so famous in the north that, in course of time, the simple peasantry clothed him with a halo of superstition, attributing to him all the deeds which a superstitious age could invent. When, however, divested of the garb with which an ignorant age clothed him, Lord Reay, alias Dòmhnull Diabhul, shines forth like a star, guiding and controlling with a strong hand the stormy proceedings of that dark and lawless age. He seems to have been a man of excellent abilities; but as talent in those days meant companionship with the powers of darkness, Donald was not spared; for on many occasions the people asserted they saw him and "Hornie" mounted on black horses, sweeping over the country, raising storms, spreading diseases, sowing discontent and ill-will, and doing all manner of mischief, and so high was he reckoned in the favour of the Evil One that his name became a terror in the country.

The "Big Thrashing," as this local tradition was called, shows how far the land was lost in superstition, when a mortal could at a signal call up from the depths of darkness legions of evil spirits, and set them to work to thrash the corn that grew in a whole countryside, all in the space of one short day!

The "Lang Dance of Greenland" is another instance of the credulity of that age: no wonder the Englishmen were glad to part with him, after witnessing such a display of supernatural powers which no mortal could possess except linked with some power different from the sons of Adam.

"Bridging the Pentland Firth," another uncanny legend, seems to have been the last of Donald's exploits. Tradition says that many of the Caithness witches in crossing the Pentland Firth to visit their Orkney sisters, got so terrified at the aspect of the waves that they fell from their broomsticks into the sea and were drowned. To render the passage more easy in future for his "bairns," Auld Hornie had Donald commissioned to erect a bridge, as indicated in the text, placing unlimited means at his disposal for the erection of the work.

There is another tradition related of Donald, how at one time he was defending a passage at the head of his followers, and though the balls or arrows were flying about him like hail, and his clansmen were falling thick around him, he escaped unhurt; the tradition goes on to say that, in the thick of the contest, the Devil was seen defending Donald with his shield against the musket balls.

Tales like these were firmly believed in up till about sixty or eighty years ago (and it may be whispered that there are many still who give credence to such supernatural stories) when old and young used to listen with delight around the ingleside during the long winter nights.

Thurso. JOHN SKINNER.

Donald Diabhul Mackay, first Lord Reay,
Was famed the hills aroon', man,
Nae ither mortal had such sway,
Beneath King Charlie's croon, man.
Sic awfu' tales aboot him ran,
They canna a' be true, man,
But then he was a great auld man,
And folks nae better knew, man.

The Legends of Donald.

Ye a' hae heard of Donald Diabhul,
Or as some ca' him, Donald Fuighul,
Wha' gifted wi' auld Clootie's micht,
Rode thro' the air in deid o' nicht.
For "casting hearts," and gieing cures,
And takin' "Freet" amang the muirs,
And ither ills, on lan' an' sea,
There was na ane sae famed as he.
When evenin's clouds would darkly creep
Aroon'd Ben Loyal's rugged steep;
Amang the cliffs he'd seat himsel',
An' conjure up the deils frae ——.

The Famous "Corn Thrashing" at Reay.

But tae oor tale—ae bonnie day
As Donald trudged up Clairdon Brae,
By chance he met a country man,
An' there an' then the crack began.
Quo Donald, wi' a meanin' quirk—
"Ken ye folks here would gie me wark?
For I hae wan'ert late and lang,
Till noo I feel fell hunger's stang,
Tae work the flail, or haud the pleu,
I hae some equals, but they're few;
While for a "push" I'll out-strip twa,
Or sen' them bang against the wa."

The crofter stood and looked amazed,
And on the way-worn wanderer gazed;
The shouthers broad, the airms lang,
Assured him he was firm and strang.
O'erjoyed, the crofter took him hame,
And cheered his heart, and filled his wame,
Then made him up a cosy bed,
To ease his limbs and rest his head.

A' things being ready on the morn,
Donald gaed forth to thrash the corn;
Took aff his dram wi vigour new,
And like a lad to work he flew.
But when the crofter turned awa,
Donald knelt doon upon the straw;
And mutterin' something, dark and fell,
Addressed to Hornie, deep in ——;

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And Hornie frae his brimstane lair,
Sprang to the scene at Donald's prayer.

"My frien'," said Hornie, "dinna fash,
But tak' ye're rest, and *we* will thrash;
And Donald, man, the work this day
Will be folk's talk while there's a Reay."
Wi' that he gied a whistle lang,
And frae the earth a legion sprang,
And ready stood, erect and hale,
Wi' lusty limb and supple flail.
Aroon' the host the signal ran,
Wi' ardent zeal the wark began;
Like lightnin' swift the flails then flew,
And winds in gusty breezes blew.

The corn laid out for three strong men,
Was thrashed and filled in minutes ten;
And when the last sheaf wis awa,
The flails kept banging ane and a'.
Scared at the noise, the crofter ran
Tae see what ailed the stranger man;
An' jist had peeped in at the door,
When he was blinded by the stour.
"Mair corn! mair corn!" was a' he heard,
"Oh keep them goin'," Donald roared;
"Mair corn! mair corn!" an' at the ca'
The flails went bangin' tae the wa'.

Confounded at the awfu' sicht,
The puir auld man shook at the fricht;
An' thro' a hole left in the wa'
He staggered back at what he saw,
For stretched upon the straw thegither,
Lay Donald Diabhul, an' anither;
An' by the blinks that frae him fell,
He kent it was auld Clootie's sel'.

The flails kept swingin' wi' great glee,
But ne'er a form the man could see;
Like that which guarded Eden's bower,
They whirled about in dust and stour.
"Mair corn! mair corn!" and aff he flew,
An' in the barn the hale he threw;
But ere he turned him frae the wa',
The corn was shaken frae the straw.
Again the cry cam', "Corn, mair corn!"
But nae mair had the man that morn,
Sae aff to warn his friens he ran,
Frae Sysa Hill, tae Dunnet San'.

Lang e'er the sun that day sank low,
Beneath auld Morven's rugged brow;
The corn that grew in districts twa,
Wis thrashed, an' winnowed, an' awa.
At last the flails had ceased their din,
An' when the crofter folks peeped in
They searched the neuks. the floor, the wa,'
But deils and flails were clean awa.
Whaur Donald was nae mortal kent,
Or whaur the flails and shadows went;
But frae that day the story grew,
And a' believed the tale as true.

Noo if ye will hae patience yet,
I'll try and spin another bit;
For auld-world stories hae a chairm,
And tae relate them's little harm;
Sae giff ye'll listen yet a wee,
I'll tell ye a' anither lee.

(To be continued.)

"LANDING HADDOCK."

Dedicated to Colin Hunter, A.R.A.,* whose painting of that name, a coast scene on the Island of Barra, appeared in the Royal Academy, 1902.

IN from the blue Atlantic, creamed and argent
Of summer sun and foam, the fishers float;
With measured song and oar upon the margent
They deftly strand their boat:

While mists are wreathed into a gold tiara
By morning's fingers round the mountain's brow;
And all along the wild gray coast of Barra
Trembles a fringe of snow:

Where like a brotherhood round valleys vernal
The mountains hold their convocation grand;
And all the languid day the Voice Eternal
Sings to the quiet land.

Then son and father wade the long, spent billow,
Bearing ashore the harvest of a day,
And climb the path, where stunted birch and willow
Bourgeon upon the brae.

What home is theirs, built up of love and sadness,
Beyond low hills of scabious and thrift,
Where all the inland dells in song and gladness
Their many voices lift.

O hallow'd marges! girt with strong and shouting
White billows, Age and Memory turn to thee,
Whence hawthorn crownèd Youth with heart undoubting
Gazed out across the sea.

So may we land, when dies the sun's last ember
Of all our years, thro' foam and floating weeds,
Bearing ashore, or June, or dark November,
A harvest of good deeds:

And if the hollow night hang mournful o'er us,
And empty to our toil the nets be drawn,
Our risen Saviour will be there before us
To glorify the dawn.

JOHN W. MACLEOD.

*Colin Hunter is the greatest living Highland painter. Nature *alone* has taught him. His vogue and passion are the sea. "Good-night to Skye" is in the possession of the Glasgow Corporation. "Atlantic Waves," a canvas of 1901, was bought by Sir Donald Currie. Some others are, "A Highland Funeral," "Beating to Windward," "Sunday Rest" at the Little Ferry near Dornoch, "The Pool in the Wood"—on the river Kildonan, near Helmsdale, and last year on the walls of the Academy "The Sands at Bettyhill"—in Duthaich 'ic Aoidh. One regrets that he has not left us some reminiscenes of "Bonnie Strathnaver."

BEURLA.

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers tell me the derivation of the Gaelic term *Beurla*—English.

I am, etc.,—D.B.

(The following appears in Dr. MacBain's Etymological Gaelic Dictionary.—BEURLA—English, language; Irish *beurla*, speech, language, especially English. Old Irish *belre*; *bel-re*, *bel*, mouth, and the abstract termination *re*, as in *huidhe*, *buidhre*.)

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1903.

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HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.

THE description which we gave in last issue of the funeral of General Sir Hector Macdonald seems to have gratified our readers, judging from the numerous complimentary letters which we have received from subscribers in all parts of the kingdom. We are particularly pleased to have been favoured with two interesting communications from Mr. William Macdonald, J.P., Rootfield, Ross-shire, the late general's eldest brother, who thanked us for our defence of his brother, and exposing the unkind conduct of the War Office towards him. That the heart of the nation was deeply touched by the tragic death of Sir Hector was specially evidenced by the numerous bardic compositions which were sent us, very few of which, owing to our limited space, we have been able to print. We have also received many tributes from readers who personally knew the late general, all testifying to their high appreciation of his honourable qualities of heart and mind.

A Highland lady, in sending a contribution to the Memorial Fund, says—"To think that his dear remains were driven in a common parcel van through London. It is an insult to Scotland and the Highlands. I do not believe a word against him, for *our Hector* was the soul of honour, and my own dearest brother, who was killed in South Africa, and served as an officer under General Macdonald in the Soudan, and was with him at the battles of Abu-hamid, Atbara, and Omdurman, used always to speak in the highest praise of his chief, as by far the cleverest, the bravest, and most gallant officer in the whole army. I only wish I was a man to right the wrong done to our loved hero." We are also indebted to Mr. Ben Davidson, New York, for copies of the scandalous articles which appeared in a New York paper on the death of Sir Hector. Mr. D. R. MacGregor, Melbourne, who took a leading part in the great reception which was accorded not many months ago to the deceased general in Victoria, writes us in reference to the great shock which the news of the tragic death gave to our kinsmen in the Australian colonies.

The appeal for a National Memorial is receiving a hearty response, and a large sum is expected to be realised. A number of collecting sheets have been circulated among our readers, and we understand several have had quite a gratifying success. The following donations have been sent to us since last issue, and we take this opportunity of thanking the contributors for their valuable assistance:—Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart., £5; Charles M'Laren, Liverpool, £1 1s.; W. Aitken, B.Sc., Dewsbury, 5/-; and D. MacDonald, Rhuvaal Lighthouse, Islay, 5/-.

SUPPOSED HIGHLAND SURNAMES.

IN last *Monthly* there was an enquiry about O'Hanleys, Steele, and Yorston. The former I have not met in with in the North, but knew several instances of Steele being used as a Christian name in Caithness. Yorston, I think, must be Scandinavian, as it is not uncommon in Orkney. I know numerous families of the name there. One or more instances have come to my knowledge about the borders where it is "Yorstoun."

Falkirk. D MACPHERSON.

THE NAME ANDERSON.

IN the *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. IX., p. 47, I observe Fear-Rannsachaidh asking if the name is of Highland origin. The answer to this is easily given. The name Anderson is described in Edwards' Modern Scottish Poets, Vol. XIV., and a biographical notice is given of Quartermaster-Sergeant Anderson, who is described as a descendant of the Andersons, or MacAndrews of Strathbogie and the neighbouring districts. The family is considered by Celtic historians to be the remnant of the old Siol Andrias—the aboriginal race. They have been there "from the beginning," and existing records shew them to have played a prominent part in Clan feuds and local affairs for several centuries. The father of Andrew the poet is a descendant of the Strathbogie section, noted for their loyalty to the Scottish line of kings. Quartermaster-Sergeant Anderson has written many poems, one of which is "The Dying Highlander to His Claymore," the first verse of which is—

Farewell! Oh gallant blade,
Soon shall this shattered hand
In Death's repose be laid—
Farewell, beloved brand!
Unreserved friend in battles' roar,
Death parts us now, my old claymore.

The chief of Clan Andrias was Ross, and Andrew, M'Andrew, and Anderson are septs. (Adam's "What is my Tartan.") The name Anderson is very common in Scotland, and this alone points to antiquity. I may here state that the origin of Highland names is always open to a certain amount of controversy.

Aberdeen. ROBERT LAWRANCE.

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XV.—The Macleods *(Continued.)*

PATRICK Òg was succeeded as hereditary piper at Dunvegan by his son Donald, John the elder brother being piper to the Earl of Seaforth. Donald, usually called Donald Bàn, was piper to MacLeod in the stirring times of the '45, and his name is ever associated with "*Cumha Mhic Criomain*,"—MacCrimmon's Lament. This Lament was composed on the occasion of the Clan MacLeod, headed by their chief, Norman XIX of Dunvegan, embarking to join the Royalists in 1745. It is said that the sympathies of the piper and the clan were with Prince Charlie. When leave-taking, the scene was a sad one; wives, mothers, and sweethearts weeping for their loved ones—

GRAVE STONE OF DONALD FRASER, HERO OF THE ROUT OF MOY.

and MacCrimmon in sympathy with the scene and having a presentiment that he should never return, struck up the sad notes of the tune "*Cha till mi tuille*"—I return no more. The presentiment was fulfilled for Donald Bàn MacCrimmon returned no more to his beloved Dunvegan.

The Rout of Moy.

On the 16th February, 1746, Prince Charles arrived at Moy Hall, the seat of the MacKintosh, who himself was away from home fighting for the Government. His lady, Ann Farquharson, daughter of John Farquharson of Invercauld, was, however, a strong Jacobite, and in the absence of her husband she raised the clan to join the Prince, under Alexander MacGillivray of Dunmaglass. At this time Lord Loudon was stationed at Inverness with some 2,000 Goverr

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ment troops, and hearing of the Prince's arrival at Moy Hall he determined to take him dead or alive. For this purpose he placed a cordon of sentinels round the town to prevent any one getting out of it to give the alarm at Moy Hall, and on Sunday evening he marched out for that place at the head of fifteen hundred men, the advance guard commanded by MacLeod of MacLeod. Notwithstanding Loudon's sentinels, messengers were despatched from Inverness to Moy Hall in advance of Loudon's troops intimating the danger of the Prince. Mrs. MacKintosh, on the arrival of His Royal Highness at her house, had sent out five or six men, under Donald Fraser, the smith of Moy, to watch the road from Inverness, which crossed the Nairn at the Bridge of Faillie. About midnight the blacksmith and his scouts discovered the approach of troops—Loudon's advanced guard under MacLeod. On perceiving them, the blacksmith, with great presence of mind drew back his men to a pass near Creag-an-eòin, and after instructing them as to how they were to act, posted them on each side of the road, and then cooly awaited the approach of Loudon's army. There were a number of peat stacks about, and the enemy's forces are supposed to have mistaken them in the dark for bodies of men. As soon as the first of Loudon's army came in sight, Fraser fired his piece amongst them, his companions making a great noise, and running from place to place in different directions, following his example. The smith was at the same time at the height of his voice ordering imaginary Macdonalds and Camerons to advance on the right and left, and to give no quarter to the enemy, who wanted to murder their lawful Prince, thus leading Loudon's followers to think that they were confronted by a large body of the Prince's army. MacLeod's famous piper, Donald Bàn MacCrimmon, was killed by the blacksmith's first shot, standing close to the side of his chief. The Government troops, thinking they had a whole army in front of them made a hasty retreat to Inverness, the MacLeods carrying the piper's body, who was the only person killed, all the way to the Highland capital, where he is said to have been buried.

It would appear that MacCrimmon had a sweetheart in Dunvegan, who, on hearing of his death, composed the following verses in sympathy with the tune which he played when leaving Skye.

CUMHA MHIC CRIOMAIN.*

Dh' iadh ceò nan stùc mu aodann Chuillinn,
Is sheinn a' bhean-shìth a torman mulaid;
Tha sùilean gorm ciùin 's an Dùn a' sileadh
O'n thriall thu bh' uainn 's nach till thu tuille.
Cha till, cha till, cha till MacCriomain,
An cogadh no'n aith cha till e tuille;
Le airgiod no nì, cha till MacCriomain,
Cha till e gu bràth gu là na cruinne!

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach;
Tha ialt' nan speur feadh gheugan dubhach
A' caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.
Cha till, cha till, etc.

Tha 'n fhairge fa-dheòidh làn bròn is mulad,
Tha 'm bàta fo sheòl ach dhiùlt i siubhal,
Tha gàir nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
Ag ràdh gu 'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.
Cha till, cha till, etc.

Cha chluinnear do cheòl 's an Dùn mu fheasgar,
'S maotalla nam mùr le mùirn 'ga freagairt;
Gach fleasgach is òigh gun cheòl gun bheadradh,
O'n thriall thu bh' uainn 's nach till thu tuille.
Cha till, cha till, etc.

These verses have been frequently translated into English. The translation now submitted is from Mr. J. MacBean's "Songs of the Scottish Highlands," where a vocal set of the music is given.

MACCRIMMON'S LAMENT.

O'er Coolins face the night is creeping,
The banshee's wail is round us sweeping;
Blue eyes in Duin are dim with weeping,
Since thou art gone and ne'er returnest.
No more, no more, no more returning,
In peace nor in war is he returning;
Till dawns the great Day of doom and burning
MacCrimmon is home no more returning.

The breeze of the ben is gently flowing,
The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;
When boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.
No more, no more, etc.

Its dirges grave the sea is sighing,
The boat under sail unmoved is lying;
The voice of the waves in sadness dying,
Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.
No more, no more, etc.

We'll see no more MacCrimmon's returning,
Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;
Till dawns the great Day of woe and burning,
For him, for him there's no returning.
No more, no more, etc.

*These words were first printed in a small collection of "*Popular Gaelic Songs*," compiled by John MacKenzie of the "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*," where they are said to have been taken from an old Skye manuscript.

NATIONAL SCOTTISH EMBLEMS.—On the back page of cover of this issue, particulars will be found of a novelty in neckwear which is very popular just now. We have had an opportunity of inspecting these unique designs in scarfs, ties, etc., and have found them most artistic. Neckties can be had made up into all shapes, with white or purple heather or thistle designs, the materials being of the very finest quality. The cloth can also be had in lengths, suitable to be utilized for any purpose. Messrs. FORSYTH, Renfield Street, Glasgow, deserve to be congratulated on their enterprise in bringing out these patriotic designs.

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THE ANGLICISING OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY W. C. MACKENZIE, LONDON,
Author of "History of the Outer Hebrides."

(Continued from page 155.)

SO far, we have looked at the matter from what may be called a subjective standpoint. But it has also an objective side. Scotsmen go to England and America to work, but Englishmen and Americans come to Scotland to play. Far be it from me to question their right to relaxation or to decry genuine sport. But the issues are so far-reaching, as to embrace within their scope some of the most pressing economic questions in the Highlands at the present day. If Lord Dawdler chooses to vary loafing through life at his clubs, with annual visits to Highland lodges; if Sir John Bottler finds the shooting of deer a more cheerful occupation than the brewing of ale; if Mr. Silas P. Hustler "guesses" that a day on the moors is worth a week's pork-packing in Chicago; that is absolutely and entirely their concern. But the case is different if their pleasure can only be bought by sacrificing the interests of the native occupiers of the land.

The question of deer forests in the Highlands should be examined calmly and impartially, or not at all. Violent language does more harm than good, and vague allegations are destitute of weight. What, then, are the definite facts? The congestion of the population in certain parts, particularly in the Outer Isles, is absolutely beyond dispute. It is also admitted that certain areas which are now used as deer preserves, at one time supported an agricultural population. It is, further, a fact that one of the Reports issued by the so-called Deer Forest Commission of 1892 showed that the Commissioners were of opinion that nearly 2,000,000 acres of the existing areas under deer and sheep were capable of being converted into crofting areas without any loss of revenue to the landlords. Without the qualifying condition, it was the view of some, at least, of the Commissioners, that practically the whole Highland area could be scheduled as suitable for crofter occupation. It has often been stated that the land under deer forests is useless for other purposes, and therefore that the outcry against deer forests, as being prejudicial to the interests of the people, is pointless. Personally, I incline to believe the statement of the Royal Commissioners who studied the subject as experts, in preference to the vague denial of those people whose views are ill-informed and frequently second-hand. That the growth of deer forests has within recent years increased to an alarming extent is undoubted, and the tendency, if unchecked, will result, within a measurable distance of time, in the conversion of the Highlands into a vast playground. It is bad enough for the people to lose their national characteristics by their own indifference, but it is intolerable that they should be crushed out of existence by the steam-roller of sport passing over their bodies. Their natural protectors, the lairds, are in many cases between the devil and the deep sea. Proud but poor, they are unable to resist the offers of the more assured revenue derivable from sport, in preference to the wholesale conversion of the land into crofting areas. "The land is mine, and I can do what I please with it," may be the attitude of some of them; in the case of others, it is far from improbable that they are the victims of circumstances. But whether they be willing or unwilling instruments of the system of afforestation, it is abundantly clear to those whose ideas are not warped by extravagant notions of the rights (without the duties) of property, that the time has come for the State to step in and to declare that the process shall now cease. And not only so, but when it becomes imperative, as before many years are over it will probably become imperative, for the State to apply itself in earnest to the final solution of the problems of congestion on the one hand, and depopulation on the other, the existing area under deer must, in common with large farms, provide the needful accommodation for the people. The only alternative is emigration, and the feeling against emigration is, in the congested districts, emphatic.

It is said by advocates of deer forests that the lessees bring money into the country, and provide employment to the natives. If my information is correct, however, the supplies, like the lessees themselves, usually come from the South, while the labour is of that unprofitable order which injures, rather than benefits, a country, inasmuch as it diverts intelligence, bone, and sinew from being employed in productive channels. And it is surely a sign of the Anglicising of the Highlands if its people can regard with equanimity, the prospect, in view of the alarming increase of afforestation, of becoming, in course of time, the parasites of purse-proud plutocrats from England and America.

To sum up: there is much to be deplored in the Anglicising tendencies which have been noticed. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Highland character has undergone more or less important modifications as the result of the operations of Southern agencies. No one would seriously contend that these have been all loss, but still more difficult would it be to argue that they have been all gain. Increasing contact with the energetic Saxon has quickened the practical side of the Celtic nature, and the native indolence which Southern travellers have unfairly criticised—unfairly, because they have

not understood its root-causes—is disappearing before the march of commercialism. But the progressive spirit acts in two directions. If it makes the Highlander more keenly appreciative of material advantages, and quicker to seize his opportunities for gain, it causes him to be less appreciative of virtues by which he was formerly characterised. Highland hospitality is hardly the pregnant phrase that it once was. Nowadays, one hears less of Highland hospitality, and more of Highland rapacity. It can hardly be denied that there is a basis of truth for the decline of hospitality, but the charge of rapacity is much exaggerated. It is a common belief in the South, that Highland hotel-keepers of the present day grab travellers' purses—in a lawful fashion—just as readily as Highland caterans of the past grabbed them unlawfully. This opinion is largely calumnious. The reputation of Highlanders has frequently to suffer for the reported extortions of German hotel managers, Swiss waiters, and English shareholders. It appears to be a well-authenticated statement that not infrequently, the so-called Highland robbers are really English and foreign thieves.

Whatever deterioration the Highland character may have suffered in modern times, is more in evidence in and around the more civilised centres (so-called) than in the outlying districts. The nearer the town the further from grace, appears to be the general rule. If you pass through a village adjoining a town, you may find yourself importuned by the bonneted and booted children for a copper; if you go twenty miles further on, and offer a bonnetless and barefooted youngster a shilling, the chances are that he will refuse it, politely but firmly. And this is only typical of the old style and the new—the old, untouched by the civilisation of the South, and the new, permeated by the grasping spirit of commercialism. It used to be said by English people—and it is still sometimes said—that every Highlander is a gentleman, courtesy and good breeding being ingrained in his nature instead of being more or less painfully acquired. Whatever basis of fact this statement may have—and it is not for a Highlander to assert or deny its truth—there is no room for doubt that self-respect, engendered by a knowledge that however humble his lot, gentle blood flows in his veins, has largely contributed to whatever claims the Highlander may have to native dignity and independence of character. The manifestation of this self-respect is commonly known as "Highland pride." There is here a danger of confusing that glorification of ancestry, irrespective of its character, which is irrational and pitiful pride, with that other, and totally different feeling, of self-respect which scorns to do a mean or dishonourable action, because it is unworthy of a noble name. If it can be shown that the result of the Anglicising of the Highlands has been to emasculate the moral fibre of the people, or to weaken their self-respect, their generosity, or their hospitality, any material advantages which may have accrued, are poor compensation for the more important loss.

There is really no valid reason why the highest virtues of the Celtic race and the progressive tendencies of Anglo-Saxonism should not co-exist and flourish side by side. The virility of a man need not necessarily be impaired because he is what is usually called an "enthusiastic" Highlander. But the Celtic nature is more plastic than the Anglo-Saxon, and extraneous impressions are consequently more permeable in the North than in the South. Hence the process of adaptability to, and assimilation with, Anglo-Saxon standards, which has silently been going on for many years in the Highlands. An imitative, and therefore an inferior race, some one may say. But it must not be forgotten that the Celt, imitative in some respects, is in others the most conservative of human beings. If he would only imitate the qualities of the Saxon in which he himself is deficient, and conserve those characteristics in which he himself is the superior, all would be well. For each race has something to learn from the other, and a blend of the best qualities of both forms, I believe, the highest and best type of manhood. But the present Anglicising influences in the Highlands tend in the direction of absorption and elimination, rather than in that of fusion by a mutually communicable process. To check that tendency should be the aim of the Celtic revivalists. There is room for hope that the movement in the Highlands—as yet almost inchoate compared with the similar movements in Ireland and Wales—may in time succeed in stemming the tide of absorption, and restoring to fresh vitality, the decaying roots of Celtic ideals.

(Concluded.)

DEATH OF GENERAL FRASER.

SIR,—The painting "The Death of General Fraser" was, I think, at Farraline House, Stratherrick, some eighteen years ago, and it is possible it may be there still. The late Captain Fraser—a descendant of the General—then mentioned it as being in his possession, and it is likely that the present laird—his son, also Captain Fraser—may have it now. I have got a print of it, and some one remarked that the original painting was in Mr. Fraser, Balnain's, possession, but it is quite possible that it may have changed hands. The print appears to have been a companion print to "The Battle of Bunker Hill."—

W.G.P.

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HIGHLANDERS IN THE RUSSIAN CAUCASUS.

IT has been said that in every great centre of industry in whatever part of the world, Highlanders are to be found. The Caucasus is no exception to the rule. It was a Highlander in the person of Mr. Andrew Urquhart who first discovered the existance of liquorice in this part of the world.* It is now some years since Mr. Andrew Urquhart established his liquorice factory at Udjari which lies midway between Elizavetpol and Baku. In connexion with his first coming he tells an amusing story. The native population at the commencement of his work looked with amazement at the mad Scotsman whose sole occupation was the collecting of the roots of a weed which grew in such profusion in the district; they soon, however, began to see that there was method in his madness, and as the concern prospered their amazement turned to regret that the possibilities of the root which had existed there from the earliest days of the world's history had never been perceived and turned to account by themselves; this feeling of regret eventually found expression in a comic print in a Moscow paper, where a Highlander in a kilt was represented as milking the Russian cow. Mr. Urquhart's work was not long without imitators, for he was closely followed by Messrs. M'Andrew & Forbes, who established a factory at Elizavetpol; this concern is now part of a huge 'Liquorice Combine' with headquarters at Smyrna and presided over by Mr. David Forbes, an Aberdeenshire man, who has the assistance at Elizavetpol of Messrs. Adair and Calvert, whose names declare their nationality.

The Baku Oil Wells are, however, what brings most Highlanders to the Caucasus. In the neighbourhood of Baku there are oil wells to the number of about 3,000, varying in depth from 700 feet to 2,100 feet The British firm of Schebaieff & Co. is one of the largest producers and refiners, the manager of which is Mr. Leslie Urquhart, eldest son of Mr. Urquhart of Udjari, and Mr. Fergusson being the Company's chief engineer. It was this firm with which the late Chief of Glengarry was connected, while the present Chief is also associated with its work. The processes connected with the production of oil are of great interest. A well of, say a diameter of 22 inches, is sunk by means of an enormous drill; when a depth of 20 feet has been reached it is lined with a steel casing. The well is then deepened, and a further length of casing rivetted to the first, and the whole drops by its own weight to the level of the surface; this process is continued until the pressure of the earth so jambs the casing that it will descend no further.

A second system of casing of smaller bore is then introduced, and this process is repeated until the required depth is reached; in very deep wells there are sometimes as many as ten thicknesses of casings at the surface of the wells, although as a matter of economy all except the outer one are cut out of a completed well and utilized in other wells. The process is a tedious one and requires the attention of skilled engineers. Great care has to be exercised lest the well should be sunk out of the perpendicular, or lest an oil strata should be passed through, and the soil brought up by the sloops is subjected to frequent inspection and analysis. Sometimes a break-down occurs and the drill is left at the bottom of the well; in this case a wax impression is taken of the position of the tool, and "fishing-tackle" is lowered, and it may be weeks, months, or even a year before the lost drill sees daylight again, hundreds of pounds being often spent on this process alone. Sometimes a strata is struck which is rich in oil and gas, and then occurs what is called a "spouter." A large "spouter" throws up millions of gallons a day; it smashes the wooden derrick which covers the well—but this matters little for it enriches the owner or swells the dividends. In the case of the ordinary wells the oil is brought to the surface by means of big iron buckets lowered and raised by steam power, which fill and empty automatically. Recently there has been introduced into some of the properties a system of raising oil by means of compressed air. Mr. Robert Stirling, of a well-known Highland family, is at the head of a firm of engineers in Baku, which is devoting its energies to this work.

In that part of Baku known as Black Town the crude oil is refined and separated by certain processes (too intricate to be touched upon in the space at our command) into kerosine, benzoline, benzine, lubricating oils, etc. To such a pitch of perfection has the work of the refineries attained, that it would be difficult to detect any difference either in taste or smell between a high quality oil and olive or salad oil; in fact the products of Baku are said to be largely used in the packing of sardines. Mr. Ivor W. Heson-Maxwell, who belongs to the celebrated border family of that name, is at present engaged in one of the refineries of Baku.

Most of the oil produced in Baku finds its way up the Volga, and connected with this work is the Nadejda Shipping Company, with Mr. Charles Howden, an Edinburgh man, at its head,

*He is a younger brother of Mr. Thomas Urquhart, the well-known railway engineer, now at Delny, Ross-shire, who first perceived the possibilities of oil as feul for railway locomotives, and subsequently introduced it into the Russian railways, having been twice decorated by the Tsars Alexander II. and III.

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while the title "Mattevietch & Stuart," Shipping Agents, speaks as to the origin of one of the partners. The same honourable name appears again in the person of the manager of a large cotton mill on the shores of the Caspian, a short distance from Baku. In the offices of the British Companies are to be met men bearing such names as Birse, Calder, MacLaren, MacCullum, while an inspection of the notices on the door of the British Church reveals the fact that "Cameron" is the name of the chaplain.

Residence in Baku is not a thing which any civilized being will prolong for one day longer than is absolutely necessary, and many of those who are for the present compelled to remain there look hopefully forward to the time when they will be able to remove to a place where the air will be laden not as it is in Baku with the fumes of its great product, but with something far sweeter, the very name of which must not be set down lest it should seem to defile its purity, namely, "heather."

SOME NOTES ON THE HARRIS.

BY D. F. DE L' HOSTE RANKING, M.A., LL.D.

(Continued from page 149.)

NOW we find the meaning of the green scratches which attracted our attention from the boat. Among the scattered stones and rocks, wherever there is a thin covering of soil, this is scraped together in ridges, in Gaelic "feannagan." The length of the ridges varies according to the space available for cultivation, many of them will not exceed twenty feet in length. Sometimes you will see two or three of these ridges side by side, sometimes more; it all depends on the amount of soil there may be. In these ridges the scanty crop of oats or potatoes is grown. The ridges themselves are now often made with the spade; but the proper implement is the old Highland foot plough, known in Gaelic as the "Cas-chrom," which may still be seen in use here, though it has almost disappeared on the mainland. The "Cas-chrom" consists of a wooden handle, something like the stilt of a plough, with a wooden share at the end, tipped with a bit of iron. This is driven forward by the foot, and both cuts a narrow furrow, and turns up the sod. It has taken the place of a still earlier implement, the "*cas dhireach*," which was used within the memory of persons living. From the description, this most primitive implement consisted simply of a straight pole tipped with iron, with which a long scratch was made in the ground, and the soil was then torn up with the hands to form the "feannag."

In Harris itself, the cultivated patches seem to belong to the individual cultivator; but in some parts of the Long Island there seem to be traces of the ancient village system known as "run-rig." which originally obtained among all the Celtic nations. This system, otherwise known as "run-dail," involved an ownership of the soil, not by the individual, but by the community; and periodical divisions of the land for purposes of cultivation were made by the community among the individual members; frequently, where the patches of land were of different degrees of fertility, these were divided into three groups, and each individual would receive one or more lots in each group. It would be most interesting to find where, if at all, this plan is still carried out: certainly, if it be extinct it has only comparatively recently become so, since the system is well known to middle-aged persons in the Western Isles.

As you probably know, property, especially in land, belonged not to the individual, but to the family.

THE BREHON LAWS OF IRELAND

show us that this was anciently the case in Ireland; and Mr. Skene has, in a note to Fordun's Chronicle expressed an opinion that this agrarian system once prevailed generally amongst the Scottish Kelts. The population was divided into clans or tribes, the members of which claimed to be connected by descent from a common ancestor. At the head of the clan was a chief, When the clan was numerous, it was subdivided into groups, each united by closer ties of kinship, and also having a chief. The unit was not the individual but the sept. The same social organisation was found among the Highlanders as among the Irish. Mr. Skene, in his book, "The Highlanders of Scotland" quotes the evidence of an English officer in 1730. "The Highlanders are divided into tribes or clans under leaders or chieftains, and every clan is subdivided into 'stocks,' likewise subject to chieftains. These 'stocks' are again divided into branches of the same race, which contain fifty or sixty men related by common descent.

Under this system no one could obtain absolute ownership in land, so as to give him the power of disposing of it. "Everyone," says the law, "shall preserve his land intact, neither selling it, burdening it with debts, nor giving it in satisfaction of crimes or contracts." This shows that, at the date of the Brehon Laws, a limited right of private ownership was recognised, the land being, at least, as to some portions, no longer periodically divided, but being the private property of one family, but without power of alienation. The "Lebor na h-uidre," an Irish manuscript of the 12th century, has shown the cause of the transformation. It contains this passage—"Round the fields there was neither

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ditch, hedge, nor stone wall, and the land was not divided till the time of the sons of Aedslane. It was in consequence of the great number of families at this time, that divisions and boundaries of the soil were introduced into Ireland." That is to say, owing to a scarcity of land, intensive cultivation was resorted to, which necessitated a certain term of fixed tenure. The "Liber Hymnorum," an older Irish manuscript, says "The number of the inhabitants of Ireland was so great that they only received in the partition three lots of nine ridges of land, namely, nine ridges of bog land, nine of forest, and nine of arable.

Even in Ireland this custom of what was called "Gavelkind" obtained as late as the time of James I. Sir John Davis, Attorney-General at that time, thus speaks of it in his Report "Le irishe custome de gavelkind" (I translate the old law French). "The lands of the nature of gavelkind were not divisible among the nearest male heirs of him who died seized of them, but among all his male heirs in this manner. The 'canfinny' or chief of the sept, made all partitions at his discretion. This 'canfinny,' after the death of each landowner who had a competent portion of land, assembled all the sept, and having thrown all their possessions into hotchpot, made a new division of the whole; in which division he did not assign to the sons of the dead man the portion that their father had; but he allotted to each of the sept according to his age; and thus, by reason of these frequent divisions, and the transfer of the tenants of one portion to another, all the possessions were uncertain, and the uncertainty of possession was the true cause why no proper dwellings were erected, no enclosures or improvements made on the land."

If the old village system recognised no right of private ownership in the individual, still less did it recognise any right of absolute ownership in the chief of the clan. The idea that the chief should be able to deprive the smallest crofter of his holding is utterly repugnant to the old clan system. This, as Sir Henry Maine shows, is a theory invented by jurisprudents, based on a mixture of feudalism and Roman law. "When called in to determine the legal

POWERS OF THE CHIEFTAIN

over the domains which gave sustenance to the clan, Scots jurisprudence had long since passed the point at which it could take notice of the vague limitations on completeness of dominion imposed by the claims of the clansmen, and it was inevitable that it should convert the patrimony of many into the estate of one."* Hence evictions and agrarian discontent! Discontent which can never be set at rest, till, in some mode, there is restored to the crofters that fixity of tenure which developed from the ancient tribal ownership: and of which, by the ignorance of the Celtic land system among judges administering a foreign law, they have been unjustly deprived.

It is difficult to conceive what can have been the state of the inhabitants of the outlying islands in case of a

FAILURE OF THE SCANTY CROPS,

when communication with the mainland was more difficult than it is now. We get some idea of the conditions of life from the old Gaelic stories, such as "Mac na Bantraich Bharraich," where the poor widow is represented as going down to the shore to collect spout fish and other shell fish for herself and her child: shell fish and "dulse," with gulls eggs in their season, must often have been the only food when the seas were too rough for fishing. Even now it is difficult to see how extreme poverty could be avoided if it were not for the industries. The spinning, knitting, and weaving are old industries in Harris, but witnin the last five and twenty years they have been very much extended and improved. The landowners have done everything to encourage it, and to improve the looms and methods employed. Quite recently a weaver was brought from Galashields who was in the island for nearly a year teaching the people how to manage improved looms.

As I have said, the more modern methods can be seen in use at the depôts in Tarbet itself; but to see the more primitive methods it is necessary to go to some of the outlying cottages, which lie a little off the main road which runs over the hills to Stornoway in the one direction, and round the coast in the other.

THE COTTAGE OF TORMAID MACLEOD

stands down by the sea, over the rocks and peat which form the shore, broken here and there by little patches of lazy bedding. The house is of the more modern type, with a chimney at each end, showing that the peat fire is made not in the middle of the floor, but on the hearth of a recessed fire place. At one end of the house a good sized cauldron is boiling in the open air, showing that yarn is being dyed there.

THE DYEING MATERIALS

were all formerly obtained from local resources; and for some of the tints this is still the case, though for others materials are obtained from the shops. The staple colour may be said to be a sort of reddish-brown; this is got from "crotal," a lichen growing on the rocks.

*The material for this account of the ancient Celtic land system is mainly drawn from Mons. de Laveleye's work on "Primitive Property."

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Heather gives a yellow dye, as also do onions, and the "buaghallan-buidhe" or rag-wort. Green is obtained by adding sulphur to the heather, or more commonly now, by passing the yellow yarn through indigo water. For blue it is said that oak bark was formerly used, but now indigo is bought; and the black is now also produced by a bark purchased at the shop. Variations of colour are obtained by mixing the yarns. In one of the two rooms inside the cottage the actual manufacture is carried on. It is a small room, with walls of rough stone, and almost destitute of furniture; but everything is perfectly clean, and there seems nothing to justify the scare as to insanitary conditions of production. On one side of the door stands the small handloom which, to us unskilled in looms, seems of a primitive nature: the shuttle is thrown by hand, and every thread is tightened in its place as it is made. A great deal depends on the care of the worker, since a careless worker fails to make the threads close enough, and the tweed is in consequence loose in texture. A tailor in London told me that his great difficulty in buying

THE HARRIS TWEED

was the uncertainty as to the texture, and the chance of finding a sudden break in the pattern in the middle of a roll.

I was told on enquiry that a steady and skilled worker can, by close application, make about eight yards in a day. The price ruling last summer at the depôts was two shillings and ninepence a yard—it used to be four shillings; but it will be seen that, given a good demand, a comfortable living may be gained even at the present price. Here, then, is a great opportunity for well-wishers to give direct assistance to those engaged on those industries: let them send straight to Harris for the tweeds; by doing this they will both get the goods cheaper than they will in towns, and the money will not be absorbed by middlemen. As bearing on the sanitary question, it should be borne in mind that, after the cloth is made, it has to be scoured and shrunk, which operations would surely destroy any casual germs. In the opposite corner of the room, close under the little windows, stands the spinning wheel on which the raw wool is being spun into yarn; it is wonderful to watch the deftness with which the spinner joins together the strands of the wool which lies in her lap and produces an unbroken thread. The wool used has already been carded with hand carders by the lassie sitting on the chest in the corner, and the yarn when spun is wound on a "crois" or holder. We were told that the Duchess of Sutherland has done much to encourage the weaving; wool is given out to the spinners periodically by her factor, with instructions as to the colour of cloth required, and the finished tweed is bought at the market price.

I was very anxious to get some

FOLK TALES FROM THE HARRIS,

but found many difficulties in the way. The chief, perhaps, was my own very imperfect knowledge of the Gaelic, a defect of my early education which I greatly lament, and acknowledge with deep contrition. The knowledge of their tales of the "Feinne," and the "sithichean" is, I fear, gradually dying out. The chief repositories of them are very old people, who have only the Gaelic; and, I am told that the Gaelic in which they are related would often be with difficulty understood by one coming from a distance, on account of the occurrence of purely local words. There is also a great disinclination to talk of these subjects to strangers; partly, no doubt from a feeling that it is uncanny; partly from a fear of being laughed at; but more than all, I regret to say, because the telling and hearing of these tales has, in times past if not now, been discouraged by the ministers. This is a thing very greatly to be regretted: the loss to ethnology and the comparative study of folklore is incalculable. I succeeded in getting one or two stories of the "Cro Mara," and of the "Beist Uisge," including a good one of a huge specimen of the latter which frequented a loch in the Lews a few years back, and which was seen by an uncle of my informant among others.

As I have already said; one of my chief objects in making these notes was, originally, the hope of interesting tourists in the matter. I fear this is almost hopeless. As the summer comes on we shall see constant reference in the London papers to the great advantage to the Highlands of the

INFLUX OF TOURISTS

in the summer and autumn. Personally I am no believer in these supposed benefits. The bulk of the money spent by the ordinary tourist goes into the pockets of railway or hotel companies, and does no more permanent good than would the dragging of so many sacks of gold over the route. If the condition of the Highlands is to be improved it must be done by the efforts of the Highlanders themselves; and to me it appears that the points to which their efforts should specially be directed are, extension of home industries; compulsory purchase and resettlement of the land; and, not so much an extension, as an entire reconstruction of the Crofter's Acts, so as to restore to the clansmen that inalienable interest in the land of which they have been unjustly deprived since 1745 by legal machinations.

(Concluded.)

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DAYS OF YORE AT ARROCHAR.

BY F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

(Continued from page 160.)

HACO, KING OF NORWAY, made a raid to the West of Scotland in 1263, in the reign of King Alexander III., for the protection of the Western Isles, the petty chiefs of which had for long been feudatory to Norway. The young King was intent on trying to subjugate these Islands, and he encouraged the Earl of Ross and others to invade them. It has an expedition of untold atrocities, and to avenge them Haco gathered a strong fleet and army. He arrived in the Firth of Clyde with 160 battle ships, and after failing to enter into a peaceful treaty with King Alexander, he sent a detachment of 60 ships up the Clyde. Reaching the Head of Loch Long, the seamen dragged their boats across the Isthmus from Arrochar to Loch Lomond, and launching them on the lake, making its islands—then well populated—the scenes of plunder and bloodshed, ending by burning the dwellings of the inhabitants.

The poet of Norway, Sturlas, burst into a song of victory. "The shielded warriors of the thrower of the whizzing spear drew their boats across the broad Isthmus. Our fearless troops, the exactors of contribution, with flaming brands, wasted the populous islands of the lake and the mansions around its winding bays."

But the wind and the waves were adverse to Haco.

A hurricane threatened his fleet with destruction, and his army being less in number to their enemies, was quite defeated.

Arrochar's wooded hills and glens have histories of even deeper interest than those described of Haco's invasion.

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE

found refuge amongst its caves and islands, and sometimes he was reduced with his little band of chosen followers to feed on the roots and wild berries which grow there in such wild luxuriance. "The Brus" found refuge on Loch Lomond after an almost total rout at Methven (by an attack of the Earl of Pembroke), and the King of Scotland, with about 200 staunch followers, lived on food such as fish and venison, added to the wild fruits which abound in the western glens and isles.

Reaching the banks of Loch Lomond—after travelling through Perthshire to Lennox and Stirlingshire—the little army was greatly disconcerted to find no boats in which to cross the lake, but after waiting in great anxiety for fear of being overtaken by their foes, Sir James Douglas descried a little "coble" which, though in a very leaky condition, conveyed the company over—three at a time—to the other side, then in the Parish of Luss (now Arrochar).

So brave was the spirit of Bruce, that as he lay on the Luss shore waiting all night during the tedious process of transporting his followers from the opposite side, he kept up the hearts of his men by telling them chivalrous stories of heroes of romance.

When all were safely ashore the company suffered sorely from want of food. So Bruce divided the band into two parties—one headed by himself and the other by the "Good Lord James." While hunting for deer and other game on the Arrochar hills they met Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, always staunchly true to King Robert, whom he feared was no longer living.

Lennox, also hunting, heard with the greatest joy the sound of the Royal hunting horn. He fell on the King's arms, bursting into tears, while Bruce clasped him tenderly, not less deeply moved.

The Earl—after this burst of joy mingled with sadness—seeing the wretched plight to which his sovereign and his followers were reduced, led them to a safe retreat, where they were regaled with a feast such as they had not tasted for many a day.

The warriors recounted their respective adventures, and Bruce having thanked Lennox for his generous hospitality, it behoved them to part. Arrochar, though at that time the lands of the Earl of Lennox and the Macfarlane's, was not a safe resort for King Robert, so he reminded Lennox that, time being urgent, he must be away to Cantyre, begging his real friend and follower speedily to meet him again.

Bruce and his party landed safely in Cantyre, but feeling it dangerous ground with an increased company, he sailed to the little Island of Rathlin, on the north coast of Ireland, having previously been most hospitably treated and entertained by "Angus of Isla," Lord of Cantyre.

On the east side of Loch Lomond there is the Cave of Cragtrostane—still called the "Cave of Bruce"—where he was sheltered till he could cross the lake, and at Firkin Point, near Arrochar, on Loch Lomond, the spot where he slept on that occasion is still shown to travellers.

Another cave of Robert the Bruce is in a rock a mile above the village of Arrochar, near the march which divides Arrochar from Argyllshire. It is large enough to accommodate 50 men.

Glenfalloch—bounding the barony of Arrochar on the north—was the pass for the Atholl men to go to Arrochar on their plundering raids to Menteith and Stirling, of which there are many traditions to this day.

Once the men of Atholl descended on Arrochar and plundered the Macfarlane's Castle of

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Glenavon in the absence of their Chief with his retainers. On their return Duncan Dhu pursued and overtook the invaders at Staduisk, a glen between Loch Sloy and the River Falloch. While the Atholl men were enjoying their banquet at the shooting lodge Duncan Dhu and his party fastened its door and set it on fire, which consumed the lodge and the marauders: also burning a large tract of the native pine trees which covered the mountains. On hearing of the conflagration the father of black Duncan exclaimed—"A bloody son you'll be to me!"

As he foresaw, three of the Atholl men returned to Arrochar to avenge the death of their comrades. Searching for Donald Dhu, they found him splitting the "bog-fir," used as torches in the Bay of Doune, on Loch Lomond-shore, called Eilean-a-Ghoar.

Not knowing him by sight, they inquired for Donald Dhu. He replied: "If you are anxious to see him I will shew you where he is if you will wait and help me with my work!" at the same time binding the plunderers by an oath that they would never reveal his information.

Telling the Atholl men to catch the log, partly split at one end, he made use of their strength in tearing it up, and when tightening the wedge he struck it out of the log, which closed on their hands and held them like a vice.

Then he cried out: "Here is Donald Dhu! What do you want with him?"

He then proceeded to kill the three men, and in remembrance of this wild deed the islet retains the name of "Eilean-a-Ghoar" (the Bloody Island).

One more legend of this interesting region before closing my rough sketch borrowed from other writers.

Tradition says that in those days there dwelt at Arrochar a noted man named "Callum Garron," who possessed great strength.

Once, when the Atholl men had "lifted" some of the Macfarlane's cattle, bounding afterwards to Strathfillan, Callum headed a sprinkling of the Clan Farlan, overtaking them above Glenfalloch. He there planned that the oldest men should return with the cattle, leaving the younger men to fight. All the Macfarlane's were either killed or wounded, the hero of the Atholl Highlanders alone surviving on either side. He searched the slain, inquiring for Callum Garron, who was severely wounded, and finding Callum he replied: "I will tell you where he is if you will give me a cup of water from the burn!" "I cannot do so" answered the Atholl man, "as I have no cup in which to bring it!"

"Take off my brogue and fill it at once!" cried Callum. The Atholl leader did so, and when stooping down to fill the shoe with water Callum, turning on his side, drew his strong bow, shooting him through the body with an arrow. The wounded man, placing his hand on the wound, Callum exclaimed: "If you want 'Callum Garron,' seek on the other side and you will find him!" meaning it was his habit to shoot his arrow through the body from side to side.

Thanks to Him who came to bring peace to this sad earth; such days of internal strife and bloodshed have passed away from our land, though it has had to go through a severe course of purging to win its freedom.

In the 12th century, in the process of that winnowing, the Dean of Lismore tells us of a man named MacVurich, on his return from a pilgrimage to Rome, sitting down in the Pass of Glencroe, at the stone and well of "Rest and be Thankful," on his way home to the Island of Uist. He repeated the following verse to a traveller going the opposite way:—

* "Here I sit on this wearisome knoll,
No skin on my foot, on heel, or sole;
Oh! Christ! Oh! Peter! Oh! Paul!
Wearie's the road from Rome to Loch Long."

* Translated from the Gaelic by the Rev. Dugald Macfarlane.

THE SANGS MY MITHER SUNG.

"The sangs my mither sung—"
My mither, mither dear—
They've come wi' me alang
Frae a' my hairt hauds dear;
The humble thackit cot,
The heather covered braes,
The winplin' burn, the silent tarn,
And a' my childhood's days!

Oh, gie them back again,
Great Master of the years!
Gie me the craggy "ben";
A shepherd's hopes and fears!
Gie back the honest toil
'Mid scenes my father saw—
The chilling mist, the rushing storm,
The winter's frost an' snaw.

But take me back ance mair
To where my mither sang,
An' let her gentle care
A moment soothe this pang!
Gie me my faither's smile,
And tales of hero's bold,
Of noble deeds and simple faith—
The freeman's dearest hold!

Ah, only in our song—
The "sangs oor mithers' sung"
Shall that for which we long
Back from our childhood come!
For aye shall Scottish song
To Scottish hearts be dear—
Each strain shall hold some mem'ry old,
And bring a smile or tear!

Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. C. C. McCLAUGHRY.

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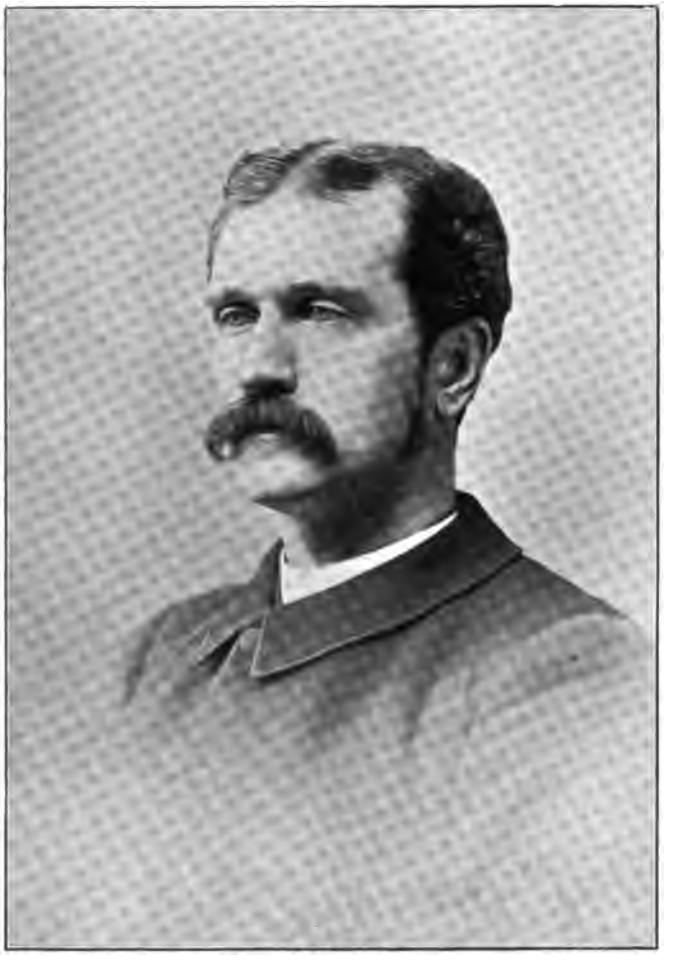

Rev. ROBERT MUNRO, M.A. B.D.,

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 10. Vol. XI.] *JULY, 1903.* [Price Threepence.

REV. ROBERT MUNRO, M.A., B.D., Old Kilpatrick.

THE Rev. Robert Munro, son of Hugh Munro and Christina Mackay, was born at Mudale House, Strathnaver, near the famous broch of Dun Dornadilla. His great-grandmother was Jean of Armadale, the friend of the good Duchess of Sutherland, and one of the most pious women of her time. Mr. Munro received his early education at Strathy Parish School which was then conducted by Mr. Donald Anderson—a teacher of the old type now all but extinct in Scotland—who was specially strong in Latin and Mathematics. The Strathy school never had more than forty or fifty boys at a time, but it turned out scholars who took a high place afterwards in most of the professions and walks of life—in theology, medicine, journalism, the army, and commerce.

When fifteen years of age he entered the University of St. Andrews, where he took a good place in all his classes—especially excelling in philosophy, under Professor Flint, and in the classes of English and Logic, taught by Professor Baynes. He also distinguished himself in athletic sports, and was long known as the stripling who threw Peter Anton, now Parish minister of Kilsyth, and then noted as Inter-University champion in wrestling and in hammer and ball throwing. On leaving St. Andrews he matriculated at the New College, Edinburgh, where he held a foremost place in natural science, history, and dogmatic theology. After finishing his course he took the degree of B.D. at St. Andrews, taking all the subjects at one examination.

In 1878 Mr. Munro was appointed minister of the Free Church of Old Kilpatrick. Since that time, besides devoting himself to the various interests of the parish, he has been a diligent student of the great systems of modern theological thought since the time of Schleiermacher, of philosophy as influenced by Hume and Kant, and of archaeology in its different departments. In connection with his researches in antiquities and folklore he has for several years been honoured by the recognition of the principal archaeologists in Europe and America, such as Virchow, Montelius, Mortillet, Stephens, Rygh, Sir Daniel Wilson, Dr. Joseph Anderson, and Dr. R. Munro.

Mr. Munro has recently published a handsome volume on "*Schleiermacher, Personal and Speculative.*" It was originally intended for Professor Knight's *Philosophical Classics*, and has been well received. The *Aberdeen Free Press* says that there are only a few of the series for which it was written that rise to the same high level. This is high praise, and we congratulate Mr. Munro, and the old school, on whose benches we too sat, that helped to produce him.

But to most the subject of this sketch will be better known by his clever and amusing contribution to the "Crannog" controversy than by his efforts to make known to English readers the thoughts and speculations of the greatest German theologian and thinker of modern times. He goes for his antagonists with the same determination that made him so formidable an opponent in the old, far-away school days—cool, good-humoured, and fair. We think he has slain the "crannog," and one or two things not already so wooden and dead. Mr. Munro has contributed a chapter on the antiquities of Sutherland to that superb book "*Sutherland and the Reay Country*"—edited by two Strathy boys—and articles to the *Ency. Brit.*, *National Observer*, *Scottish Review*, *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, *Celtic Monthly*, *Antiquary*, *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Good Words*, *Quiver*, etc. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, and of the Soc. Antiq. of Scot. He claims descent from the Munros of Fowlis and the Abrach branch of the Mackays.

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XV.—The MacLeods *(Continued.)*

IT would appear that about the time of the '45 there were at least two MacCrimmon pipers at Dunvegan, for while Donald Bàn MacCrimmon sailed from Skye with the royalists, and was killed at the Rout of Moy, his eldest brother Malcolm was hereditary piper at Borreraig, and dying left issue John (*Iain Dubh*) and Donald (*Dòmhnull Ruadh*). It is generally believed that this *Iain Dubh* was the last of the MacCrimmons who held the office of hereditary piper at Dunvegan, and Dr. Keith N. MacDonald, an enthusiast in all that pertains to Highland music, published some years ago a genealogical note bearing on the MacCrimmons, prepared by Mr. John MacKenzie, estate manager to MacLeod of MacLeod, which I reproduce as it will doubtless interest many of my readers. It may be here stated that *Dòmhnull Ruadh* died without issue.

John MacCrimmon (*Iain Dubh*), married first a MacAskill, with issue:—

1 Donald, D.S.P.* was a captain in the army.

2 Peter, D.S.P. was a captain in the army, and was considered one of the strongest men of his day. He emigrated to Cape Coast Castle, West Africa.

3 Malcolm, married in Ardrossan, with issue, several sons.

4 Elizabeth, who married a cooper in Islay of the name of MacKinnon, with issue, two daughters (*a*) Mary Ann, who married Malcolm MacLeod, shipmaster, Lochmaddy, with issue; (*b*) Effie, who married Chisholm, tacksman, of Gairnish, South Uist, with issue.

5 Janet, who married a Ferguson, in America, with issue, an only daughter, who lately resided at Greenock.

6 Flora, who married MacDonald, tacksman of Pein-a-Daorir, South Uist, and factor for South Uist. Mr. MacDonald was a half brother of old Balranald, and great-grand-uncle of the present Balranald, with issue, who succeeded his father in Pein-a-Daorir, and married a daughter of the late Rev. Roderick MacLean, minister of South Uist, with issue, Roderick and Charles, of the firm of C. & R. MacDonald, Glasgow.

7 Marion, who married, with issue?

8 Catherine, who married, with issue?

He married secondly Ann Campbell with issue:—

9 Duncan, married a MacQueen, with issue; (*a*) John, went to New Zealand; (*b*) Donald married a MacLeod, and went to America and has issue.

10 Peter, married Ann MacDonald from Trotternish, with issue, one daughter. He married secondly, Margaret Morrison, issue—three daughters.

11 John, died unmarried, but left an illegitimate son named John, who married a daughter of Neil MacSween, mason, Roag.

12 Euphemia, married Malcolm Nicolson, with issue; (*a*) Hector, died without issue; (*b*) John, married, with issue; (*c*) Murdo, who married a daughter of James Wood; (*d*) John, married Janet, a daughter of John Ban MacLeod, Lusta (a sister of Major Neil MacLeod), with issue; (*e*) Donald, who married a MacNab, with issue; (*f*) Catherine, unmarried; (*g*) Ann, married Murdo MacInnes, Roag, without issue; (*g*) Marion, married Norman MacAskill, tenant, Ullinish, with issue; (*h*) Effie, married Samuel Thorburn, Holmisdale, with issue.

The above is all that can at present be traced in Skye. Mr. MacKenzie also remarks:—

John MacCrimmon was the last of the pipers to the Chief. I am not aware of having ever heard from John's daughter, Mrs. MacKinnon, that her uncle, Donald Roy, was ever a piper to the MacLeods, and I am almost certain he never was.

The above verifies to a large extent what Angus Mackay wrote in his Collection of Piobaireachd in 1838, for he says "*Iain Dubh* was twice married, and had by his first wife, two sons and four daughters. His sons were Malcolm and Donald, the former of whom it is believed is still alive at Ardrossan, but does not follow the profession of his forefathers. The latter went to the West Indies, and died on his homeward passage. One of the daughters, Mrs. MacKinnon, is still alive, a worthy gentlewoman who now keeps a school for females at Dunvegan. John *Dubh* married the second time at the age of sixty, and had issue, five children, some of whom yet survive, as does the widow."

According to Mackay, John MacCrimmon, the last of this celebrated race of pipers left Dunvegan about 1795 and proceeded as far as Greenock with the intention of emigrating to America. He however altered his mind, and returned to his native isle, where he spent the remainder of his life in quiet retirement; and when the infirmities accompanying a protracted life prevented him handling his favourite *piob-mhor* he would sit on the sunny braes, and run over the notes on the staff which assisted his feeble limbs in his lonely wanderings. He died in 1822, in the 91st year of his age, and was buried with his fathers in the churchyard at Kilmuir.

Before dealing with the numerous tunes associated with this celebrated family of pipers it may be well to show

How the MacCrimmon Music was Preserved.

Pipe music generally owes its preservation largely to the heriditary pipers who in their colleges of music taught their pupils what they had learned from their predecessors in the art, and these pupils in turn did the same, and in this way the best music adapted for the pipe was handed down from father

*D. S. P. (died without issue).

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to son, from generation to generation. Among the many changes which followed the eventful '45 was the breaking up of the clan system and the neglect of hereditary bards and pipers. The chief credit of preserving much of our *Ceòl Mór* is due to that gallant Skyeman, Captain Neil MacLeod, the last of the family who occupied the house and lands of Gesto. He was a great authority on pipe music, and although he could not play the bagpipes himself, he knew almost all the "*piobaireachds*" ever composed, as well as their origin and history. In 1828 he published a small book containing twenty "*piobaireachds*" to illustrate the MacCrimmon system of pipe music notation, known as "*Canntaireachd.*" This curious work was republished by Messrs. J. & R. Glen, some years ago. Here is a specimen of the pipers "sol-fa"—being the *Urlar* or groundwork of "*Fàilte Phrionnsa*"—The Prince's Salute, composed by John MacIntyre, Braes of Rannoch, piper to Menzies of that ilk, 1715, in the notation of the MacCrimmons:—

"hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi a chin,
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi chin,
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi a chin,
hi o dro hi ri, hi an an in ha ra,
hi o dro ha chin, ha chin hi chin."

The late Rev. Alex. MacGregor, Inverness, the "Sgiathanach" and "Alasdair Ruadh" of Gaelic literature, himself a piper, who knew Capt. MacLeod well, says—"He had a large MS. collection of the MacCrimmon "*piobaireachds*," as noted by themselves, and part of it was apparently very old and yellow in the paper from age, with some of the writing getting dim. Other parts were evidently more modern, and on different paper. . . I should think that the MS. I saw with him would contain upwards of two hundred "*piobaireachds*," from the bulk of it; and out of that MS. he selected twenty or so, which he published as specimens. The MacArthurs, pipers to Clan MacDonald of the Isles, noted their "*piobaireachds*" also, but with different vocables. Gesto had one very old-looking leaf of their noting on which the vocables appeared very faint."*

Captain MacLeod married Flora, daughter of Charles MacKinnon younger of Corry, with issue—six sons and six daughters. Dr. Keith Norman MacDonald, author of the "Gesto Collection of Highland Music," no doubt owes much of his musical enthusiasm to the fact of his being a grandson of this gallant son of Skye. Captain MacLeod of Gesto died in 1836.

*History of the MacLeods by Alex. MacKenzie, F.S.A., Inverness, 1889, pp. 193-6.

CAPTAIN NEIL MACLEOD OF GESTO.

GLENLYON.

Of all our lovely Highland glens
Glenlyon is the marrow,
With foaming stream and towering bens,
And strath so long and narrow.

Oft through thy course in days of yore
The "fiery cross" was carried,
When stalwart lads the signal bore,
Nor on their journey tarried.

Here faithful chiefs and loyal men
Oft bled and fought together,
For freedom's cause and justice then
Their life-blood stained the heather.

Here fugitives a welcome found
When vengeance was pursuing,
MacGregors when upon thy ground
Ne'er thought of death ensuing.

Thine aged sires with locks so grey,
Oft told their olden story
To listening youth and maidens gay,
Of Fingal's deeds of glory.

The couthie dames their legends told
As round their wheels went spinning,
While merry girls and laddies bold
Played round the hearth so winning.

Where are they now? ah! scattered far,
Or sleeping low for ever,
Beneath the gleam of night's pale star
They lie, no more to sever.

The deer now o'er our corries all
March on with pace so steady,
The sportsman and his hireling thrall
Possess our glen already.

LIOBHANACH.

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HOW BOY BEYOND FOUND THE GOLDEN BEAM.

DARKNESS fell over the island like a velvet plaid, and hid the little crevices among the rocks and the green hollows of the hills. Only the castle stood up like a black sentinel against the lesser mirk of the sky. But the winds came sweeping in from the sea, and the spray of the billows, as they broke with a thunder on the rocks, fell on Gilian and made him shiver with cold and leeloneness. He had lost his way. He did not know where to find the clachan. He was afraid to spend the night on the salt-sprayed rocks, with the cry of seamews in his ears, and the stab of cowardice in his heart. For the boy was a strange lad—a strange lad, indeed—fearing things like the loomy rocks and the cry of birds in the dark, and fearing not the things that men see in dreams and visions and trances. His eye was all for the unseen, but when it came to being out and about on a mirky night on the island, Gilian was of the world that lies behind the setting sun, and could not so much as find the pathway that led to the clachan of the Peat Fires.

He stood shaking there in the cold winds, wet to the skin, and staring up at the castle. He was, doubtless, thinking of the lives of men that had passed its lintel, from the king that long ago was Hacon's foe to the last chief that had been carried out feet foremost. It was ever the thing that lay behind a thing that Gilian fixed his soul upon. So he stood on the weedy rocks, with the scent of wet sea-wrack in the winds that blew about him, and began to see strange sights behind the castle walls.

Then he heard a sound—the sound of a voice speaking low and monotonous, out of the black shadows that lay at the foot of the castle rock. Gilian grew hot with fear. Yet the winds were cold and the spray was cold and the weedy rocks on which he stood were cold. The low voice came again out of the gloom, and something made Gilian go forward. He did not know he was going forward, and still he went. He never stumbled and he never fell. The way lay across stones and soft turf that he could not see for the night-plaid that lay over everything. But without looking Gilian went forward, straight and steady, and he made no mistake. He was seeing something and hearing something behind the low voice. Gilian was more than Gilian—he was Boy Beyond.

At last he felt the great rock looming above him, but a few feet away. He put out his hand to touch its wet side—but someone grasped his hand and gently pulled him forward. On and on he went, right against and through the face of the rock as it seemed to him, led by the hand that was both gentle and yet full of a grippy strength. So he knew that someone was leading him below the castle, into the ghostly cave of Gylen. Then the hand relaxed its hold on the hand of Gilian. He was left alone in the dark, and the sound of the waves seemed to come to him from a far distant shore. Yet it was but moments since he stood on the rocks with the salt sea spray dripping from him. Then a sound—a little speck of fire—and the Cailleach of Gylen held a light before him. He saw the yawning cavern full of shadows, above him, and around him, on this side and on that.

"Gilian they call you yonder at the clachan, but Boy Beyond you are to me," said she.

"Am I that to you?"

"You are that, my lamb."

Then she set her lamp upon a rocky ledge and sat down to speak to Boy Beyond.

She spoke of many things that made Gilian's face shine in the light. He forgot that the night-winds were blowing outby, and that his kilt was dripping wet, and that the salt spray had matted his red hair into streaks and plaits. The Cailleach's eye was on his, and Boy Beyond's eye looked back into the Cailleach's. And for an hour and more they were seeing strange things indeed.

"Boy Beyond," she said, at last, "would you like to see the Golden Beam?"

"And what is that?" asked he.

"Who can tell?"

"Does the Cailleach not know?"

"No. I am seeing it often and often, but it is the pain that I fear and cannot understand. Could one see the Golden Beam without feeling the pain, that would be better than the best thing, I am thinking."

"What pain?" said Boy Beyond, with a world of wistfulness in his eyes.

"You will see and know for yourself," said she.

"Aye, that is what I wish. I am ever wishing that—to see and know for myself. Let me see and know for myself, and then I will tell you."

"To be sure, you will tell me; for I cannot tell myself."

Then the Cailleach went to the end of the cave and groped with her hands against the blind rock. She was feeling for something.

"Aye, here it is."

Her hand touched a little stone that came loose in her fingers, and for Gilian there was a singing in his ears and a swimming before his eyes. He swooned away. When he came to himself again with a delightful sense of something new awaiting him—he looked at the rude cave where the blind rock had been, and lo! the

rock had opened and Gilian could see beyond. Then, indeed, Boy Beyond was happy. The Cailleach stood looking through the gateway of the rock and she motioned to Gilian to come near.

He came near. He looked through. He saw a fair sight. For before him stood framed in the circlet of the open rock, a dim cathedral nave, with onyx pillars and jasper floors and a vast groined roof, blue and dim, like the vault of heaven on a starry night. There was no priest in the silent temple, no acolyte, no worshipper. The only sound that filled the pillared nave was a sound like the low and even-toned husheen of waves. But so cold and empty and vast did the temple seem that Gilian could not refrain from exclaiming, "Tell me, Cailleach, why there is no light."

"Aye, that is it, Boy Beyond. Would you like to see that solemn place lit up with light that would dazzle your eyes like the glory of God's throne?"

"That would I—that would I."

"Then I know a way—but it is the way of pain. Many a time have I walked in, and at my walking in the place has blazed with heavenly fire, but the floor! Ah, Boy Beyond, the moment your hands or feet touch that jasper floor, it is the pain of hell that you will feel. For the place is so paved with pricks of pain that none can walk between these pillars and not cry out. Yet you cannot see the Golden Beam unless you walk in."

'Then I shall walk in, for I must see the Golden Beam. There is something beyond yon furthest step—something mystic that I cannot see. So I shall enter now."

"But the pain, Gilian!"

"I shall get beyond the pain."

"Ah, you cannot get beyond the pain. It is the pain of hell, and you will never understand it."

"I shall try."

"No, no. Better miss the Golden Beam than suffer the pain."

"Not so, Cailleach. Better suffer the pain than miss the Golden Beam. Come!"

So they stepped through, hand in hand, and Boy Beyond was a step in front. The moment they touched the jasper floor the Cailleach cried out, and pulling her hand from Gilian's, ran back. Her feet were pricked with pain, yet what had pricked them she did not know. Gilian did not cry, but he stood still and shut his eyes. The pain pierced his feet like spikes of fire, and made him white with suffering. Again he stepped forward, but still at every step he quivered with the agony of it. Another step and he opened his eyes. A broad beam of splendid radiance struck through the temple from end to end, and lighted the place with awful brilliance. The light made Boy Beyond, in a measure, forget the pain. He gazed and gazed, and saw the onyx pillars flash, and the groined roof of blue quiver with the scintillation of a thousand stars. Then he looked beyond the furthest step—and there in the chancel stood a crowd of priests and acolytes swinging censers high and low. Their faces were turned inward to the end of the chancel where an altar stood draped in samite, gold and white. Behind the altar stood a cross, plain and unadorned. And before the cross, on which the Golden Beam was focussed wondrously, the priests and acolytes stood and prayed. The censers swung, with the clink of their golden chains breaking the holy silence, and then, softly and low, the sound of chanting stole through the pillared nave in which Gilian in his pain was the only worshipper. The music rose and fell, and mingled melodies most sweet with melodies that were sweeter still. Boy Beyond took a step forward to reach the furthest step, but the pain of that stepping out pierced him through and through, and he stumbled on the jasper floor and lay quite still. The melody awoke him again, and he stretched forth his hands on the jasper floor. They too were stung with pain. He looked at them and at the floor. Then he saw that the rich inlaying of the jasper flags was edged everywhere with crystal points that pierced the feet of the worshipper. He lifted one and found it unattached, and the light of the Golden Beam flashed fires of red and blue and green and white from it.

"Ah!" whimpered Boy Beyond, "it is a diamond. And this, and this, and every one of them—a pointed, piercing diamond!"

Then he replaced it point downward, and another and another, until all around him on the floor he had made a smooth space on which he could stand without being pierced. He raised himself slowly and stood up. He felt no pain, but when he turned his head and gazed towards the altar with the samite cloth and the plain white cross, Boy Beyond was filled with remorse. For the light had failed, the Golden Beam was focussed now on himself, and the chancel was dim and dark, and the vision of the cross and worshippers was withdrawn. The music, too, was far away.

"Ah! now I see," cried Boy Beyond, "now I know and understand!"

And bending down again on the jasper floor he began to repick and replace each flashing diamond with point upraised. Narrower and narrower grew the space of painless paving round about him, but the chanting of the voices grew louder. Still he worked, until at last each pointed diamond stood replaced, ready to prick him with its deadly pain.

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He raised himself to his knees, and they were torn with sharpness while he prayed. But the music came nearer. He closed his eyes and pressed his lips to keep him from crying out, and stood upright. His feet again were pierced, but with a courage most divine Boy Beyond stepped out. His soul was agonized. He opened his eyes and looked. The Golden Beam had come again and was focussed once more on the samite altar with the plain white cross. The music rose and fell and mingled as before melodies most sweet with melodies that were sweeter still, and Boy Beyond walked on and on. At last he came near to the steps of the peopled chancel, and the pain of his going brought him to his knees again. He fell even on his face. But when he rose, the little pointed prick diamonds on the floor had pierced his brow in a circlet of wounds, and the little drops of blood that came made Gilian look like One who had worn a crown of thorns.

But his foot was on the step. Another shaft of pain shot through him, and he stood on the white blood-stained steps, listening to the music which was triumphant now, and gazing spell-bound on the great white cross His pain was past. He began to sing. And taking up a censer he swung it high and low, and the clinking of the golden chains mingled most mystically with the chorus of the worshippers who stood singing in the centre of the Golden Beam.

TORQUIL MACLEOD.

THE PASS OF THE SHADOW.

BY ASHMORE WINGATE.

Author of "Distinctions of Ossianic Poems."

(Continued from page 129.)

THE CELTIC SPIRIT AND THE WORLD.

TO conclude this part of my essay I can only sum up in a concise form what I have been saying; firstly, that misfortune in temporal affairs has given the Celts a certain spiritual and literary power, but that excess of misfortune has prevented them from developing it to the fullest extent; secondly, that no civilization is entirely dependent upon beautiful externals; thirdly, that we have a great deal to learn about the Celtic golden age; fourthly, that the Celtic spirit has been for centuries at work in Europe. And with regard to this fourth point, let me remark that one of the best examples of this Celtic spirit is the instinct of chivalry which once swayed a great deal of the world.

And now that I have concluded the last section of my essay with a definition of this Celtic spirit, it remains for me to elaborate the definition, and to remark upon the relation to the world of that intellectual force and temperament, of which the Celt has furnished us with the most notable development. Now, just as it grieves one to see the decline of the Celtic power in material things, to compare, for example, the place and importance of Ireland on the earth of the eighth century, with the place and importance of Ireland on the earth of to-day, just as this grieves one, so also does it sadden one to see the decline of the Celtic Ideal, of that Ideal which Western Europe owes to the Celtic blood in it, to see the decrease of that tendency of mind which is an inheritance from Celtic ancestors. Now, whereas in the region of material things, a renewed life, although possibly resembling the galvanic life with which artifice excites a corpse, might be conferred on "res Celticas," and the appearance of

CLAN SOCIETIES, EISTEDFODDS,

Language Preservation Societies, and Gaelic Chairs in Universities, seems to imply something of the kind, whereas all this is so, on the one hand—on the other hand, it is almost impossible to revive such an intangible affair as a habit of mind. There is the difference.

The decay of what may be called Celtism—for one has as much right to coin the word as M. Renan had to coin "Avevroisme," for example—the decay of Celtism is from within. And, unfortunately, it is difficult to see how the society of the future is to dispense with Celtism. There are no persons or things indispensable to the universe; and only one or two indispensable to this planet, but Celtism is one of them. It is with a considerable sinking at the heart that I watch this legacy of the first Indo-Europeans, or to use the lowest critical estimate, this intellectual force and temperament of which the Celt has furnished us with the most notable development, that I watch this disappear.

"Causa victor Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni." There is the utterance of

THE CELTIC SPIRIT,

although, curiously enough, Cato, on most points, as is well known, was almost Teutonic, so that the quotation may serve as an illustration of the law laid down by a modern novelist,* that the saying that is most contrary to our nature is that by which we are remembered.

"Causa victor Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni." There it is, one of the grandest sentences that anyone could utter. It is the expression of an unconquerable sentiment that has had its roots

*Graham Travers, in "Mona MacLean."

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in human nature, and which, if it is dying down, is only dying down because human nature itself is changing. Possibly this sentiment is undergoing a mere metamorphosis, but, if this is the case, it will be none the less lost to mankind so far as its original form is concerned; lost like that army in the Scottish glen. For there is a Pass of the Shadow, whither the breath of the "Zeit-Geist" is continually driving the best of human things, like a wind driving waves that yet represent the maximum height of an ocean.

Change is the natural condition of the Universe, and change itself changes its ratio; and, to continue my simile, just as the waves fall before the gale, because they are elevated above the mass of the sea, so it may be said that the Celtic Ideal, representing an abnormal pitch of human nature, is a likely victim of this fierce mutation that ranges the mental world. If a view of things is to last for ever, or even for a great while, it must be moderate, must keep on the safe side; one cannot be fashionable both to-day and to morrow. And the Celtic Ideal is inevitably of other metal than this, it is a daring Ideal.

As I have just said, human nature is not secure against change; it has changed, and is losing this abnormal pitch, that

THE CELTIC IDEAL

represents. Indeed never was the "Abnormal" so discredited as at present. "The schoolmaster is abroad," and so is the magistrate; that is to say that what has been called Corporalism, or the mechanical treatment of man by man is in the ascendant. People are becoming, under the influence of education, more and more incapable of enthusiasm, of emotion, of bias, of fanaticism. And all these are Celtic.

So dispassionate an observer as Mr. Herbert Spencer considers that the tendency of modern society is towards slavery, towards the elimination of the claims of personality. There may be a great deal of talk of the right of the child to knowledge, of the right of the sick to the hospital, of the right of the citizen to household comfort; but all the while there is compulsion being applied to the child, to the sick, to the citizen. And in spite of all that is being done for humanity in the mass, are they any the happier? I grant that in what were the dark places of the earth, where human sacrifice was an everyday occurrence, I grant that there—faces may be brighter than two centuries ago. But in Europe? Are faces brighter in the streets of the capitals. Will the cab-driver be at the height of joy when the State shall have provided for him, as it will provide, and forced upon him, as it will force, an education worthy of a king? And what shall we answer to Mommser's grave doubt as to whether the area covered by the Roman Empire is any happier in the Christian to-day, than it was fifteen hundred years ago?

In this country, the educationalist says that we have no right to expect a more pleasant state of things all at once; but that if we give him more of our money, and allow him to stuff Peter with facts at the expense of Paul, and to hedge us round with multiplying restrictions, for a few centuries, that the golden age will certainly appear. We may take his word for what it is worth.

Now all this is a digression, and few people, especially the careless reader, like a digression. So then it remains to proceed with the statement that human nature is becoming more and more disciplined, and more and more disciplinable. And that this ideal of discipline is not the Celtic ideal; the Celtic ideal is that of

CHIVALRY AND HONOUR.

And while modern nations seem to find their driving power in comparalism, there was a time when certain races found it in the voluntary pleasure of knights and of clansmen. Under the Celtic "régime" every individual is loyal to those whom he can be got to admit as his superiors; he can be trusted; but under our mechanical régime, the mass of citizens are afraid to trust themselves as units.

Unfortunately, however, the Celt has never been got to admit any one as his superior without difficulty; and it is noteworthy that while a small district under Celtic sway can furnish the maximum of loyalty, a Celtic kingdom of any size has been far to seek. The Celt has never been able to push his theory of the loyalty due by the less to the greater to its logical conclusion. Inconsistent he has undoubtedly been. But with the exception of God Almighty, and the Devil, there are no consistent beings in the universe. The Teuton, the Roman if you like, with his Imperial ideal, has either to be inconsistent, or else under the obligation of annexing all the world. For he might say with Bacon* "neither is the opinion of some of the schoolmen to be received that a war cannot justly be made but upon a precedent injury or provocation. For there is no question but a just fear of an imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a

LAWFUL CAUSE OF A WAR."

And indeed, not only must the Imperialist preserve the territory that is his, but he comes ultimately to this, that any intermediate land

*Essays. ("Of Empire.") XIX.

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of which a possible enemy might make a possible fortress, he is bound to seize in anticipation, and so on indefinitely. And if a large fleet is anywhere building, he must assume that it is against himself. But he cannot act up to the full height of this principle, or life on the globe would become intolerable.

So then the various human temperaments are ultimately inconsistent in their products. But, whereas in a material age of "big battalions" the Imperial temperament is likely to increase and to profit, the Celtic temperament, being of necessity only at its best in a minority, and existing uncomfortably, like a pioneer in a drawing-room, in a majority, is rapidly disappearing. And, as I have been saying, it is indispensable to this planet; and it is ill when the indispensable goes. I cannot see how the future is going to adjust itself at all.

(To be concluded).

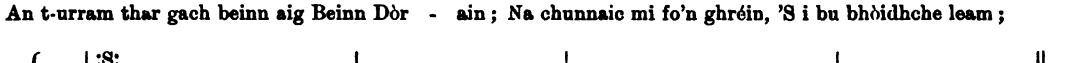
OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE following is a setting of Duncan Bàn MacIntyre's famous poem in praise of Ben Dorain—which is in the form of a Pibroch. The notes were taken down by Mr. Malcolm MacFarlane from the singing of Mr. John Cameron, a native of Ballachulish. The words will be found in any edition of the bard's poems so that it is unnecessary to give them here.

FIONN.

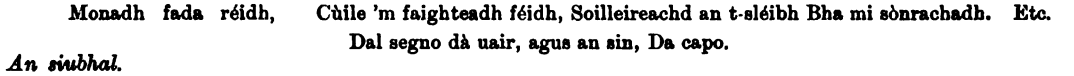
MOLADH BEINN DORAIN.

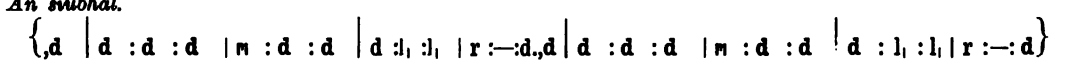
GLEUS. F. *An t-urlar.*

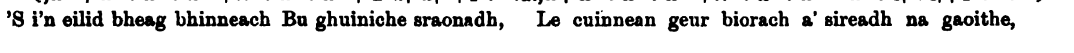


Dal segno dà uair, agus an sin, Da capo.

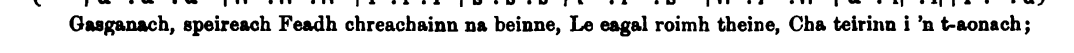
An siubhal.

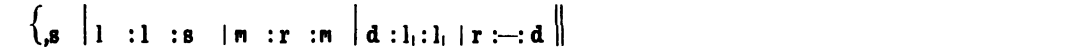


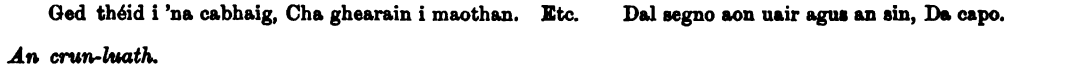


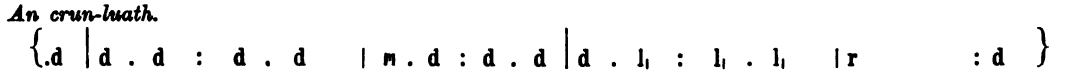


An crun-luath.









Dal segno sé uairean agus an sin, Da capo.

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A LEGEND OF LORN.

BY JANET A. M'CULLOCH.

WITHIN Dunstaffnage grim and grey,
The chiefs are gathered as of yore,
Foremost of many a bloody fray,
Red Donald steps the threshold o'er.
No weakling he, this Highland wight,
Whose arm ne'er deals a second stroke,
Dunollie, near such giant height,
Is but a sapling by an oak.

But ever turns Red Donald's glance
To mark Dunollie's laughing mood,
The clansmen in that look askance
Read smouldering fires of deadly feud.
And whisper they with bated breath—
"The path with danger dire is fraught,
His feet are on the brink of death
Who thwarts Red Donald's wish in aught."

These two have sought sweet Moira's hand,
Have rivals been to win her grace,
The Campbell covets wealth and land,
Macdougall loves her gentle face.
Hid in this castle's tower remote,
The maid has pined for many a day,
And who dare hope to reach that spot
When grim Dunstaffnage bars the way.

A hero true is he, I ween,
Who seeks unawed in den or lair,
The mountain-cat whose claws are keen,
The fierce wild boar whose tusks are bare.
Dunollie's heart is fearless, bold,
It's every pulse to honour true,
But trapped within Red Donald's hold,
His love-quest rash he well may rue.

The revel speeds, the cup goes round,
The rafters ring with boisterous glee,
Red Donald's shout, a mighty sound,
Rolls, strong as storms on Loch Linnhe.
But while the fiery draught he quaffs,
His eye must on Dunollie lower,
And slily in his beard he laughs
To know his rival's in his power.

. . . . . .

Midnight—without the tempest raves,
Within the castle, scarce a sound.
Unheard the strife of winds and waves,
Through wearied revellers' rest profound.
Red Donald by the threshold cast,
Still grasps his weapon in his sleep,
And dreams of foemen falling fast
Before that weapon's ruthless sweep.

But hist! a step is on the stair,
A stealthy step, as feather light,
A woman's shadow hovers there,
A fainter shadow on the night.
From the dark hall a calm, set face
Appears, that shadowy form to greet,
Beside Red Donald's resting-place
Two yearning, eager spirits meet.

Ah! never sure did lovers stand
So near, and yet so far apart,
For ne'er before did hand clasp hand
Above a sleeping foeman's heart.

A look, a sign, Dunollie springs,
But ere his arms enfold the maid
Loudly the Campbell slogan rings,
Alas! alas! they are betrayed.

No shriek she gives, that lady brave,
"Quick, quick!" she cries, "the secret way,
Better to trust wild Lora's wave
Than live the Campbell's captured prey."
With winged feet, for life, dear life
They flee to reach the door of stone;
'Mid clamour hoarse—the din of strife,
And oath, and yell, and dying groan.

Dunollie's men are staunch, I trow,
"Victory or Death" their martial cry,
But 'gainst such fearful odds they know
Each man his weapon draws to die.
Fain would Dunollie turn to face
His enemy, yet must defend
His love, nor stay that headlong race
Of baffled hopes the bitter end.

On, on—the stone is reached at last,
Scant pause—the maid must choose her fate,
Before, wild waves and raging blast,
Behind, Red Donald's vengeful hate.
"'Tis victory or death, sweet love,
Wilt dare with me to win—or die,
Or suppliant to Red Donald prove?"
Her clasp, her kiss, give mute reply.

One close embrace, no sobs, no tears,
Red Donald's foot is on the shore,
But nought he finds, and nought he hears
Save thunder's crash, and breaker's roar.
One blinding, lurid flash is seen,
An instant quivers—then is gone,
And where a stalwart form had been,
A silent, soulless shape lies prone.

On wide Loch Linnhe's flowing tide
Morn's sunbeams glitter passing fair,
In high Dunollie's bower a bride
Smiles, as she dries her raven hair.
But mournfully round Etive's shore
The coronach's sad notes resound,
In battle front or chase, no more
Shall Campbells' mighty chief be found.

. . . . . .

Still frowns each castle's massive walls,
Their ancient grandeur but a dream,
O'er hoary towers and roofless halls
Echoes the sea-bird's wailing scream.
Campbell, Macdougall, clansmen true,
No longer foes—at duty's call
Give king and country service due,
With honour win—with glory fall.

THE NAME KENNETH.

SIR,—As regards the query in your last issue, I have heard my mother, who is a Caithness woman, say there was a nobleman who wanted his son to be named after an old woman *cailleach*, so he called him *coinneach*. St. Kenneth was an Irishman.

Glen Devon. DUNCAN FERGUSON.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1905.

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HIGHLAND LITERATURE.—Those of our readers who are interested in the literature relating to the Highlands will find our advertising pages specially attractive this month. We have in stock a select collection of rare and curious Gaelic books, including the very scarce early Gaelic magazines. We also print a list of works in English treating of clans and families, and a variety of other Celtic topics.

HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.

WE have to express our indebtedness to several readers for contributions towards this fund, which we understand is making satisfactory progress. We are particularly obliged to a patriotic clansman, Mr. Robert Mackay, 42 Cromwell Street, Glasgow, who collected £8 13s. 6d. among his friends for this deserving object. The following subscriptions were received by him:—Baird & Stevenson, 13 Carlton Place, Glasgow, £1 1s.; Robert Mackay, 42 Cromwell Street, £1 1s.; William Forbes, 515 New City Road, 10s.6d.; John Gray, 29 Scotia Street, 10s.6d.; Alex. Mackie, 58 Renfield Street, 10s.6d.; Wm. Gemmill, Dawsholm, 10s.; Thos. King & Co., Auchinleck Quarries, 10s.; Duncan Cameron, Thornliebank, 5s.; Jas. T. Maclachlan, Irvine, 5s.; Robert Maclaren, 2 Possil Road, 5s.; Wm. Shaw, Corry Quarry, Arran, 5s.; Mr. Macgregor, Corry Quarry, Arran, 5s.; Alex. Smith, Giffin, 5s.; J. Cruickshank, 51 Gardner Street, Partick, 5s.; Thos. Calder, 586 Eglinton Street, 5s.; J. Newall, 3 Beechwood Drive, 5s.; Robert Adam, Govan, 5s.; lesser sums, £1 10s., total, £8 13s. 6d. The following additional subscriptions have also reached us: Archd. MacDowall, Rait Lodge, Edinburgh, 5s.; J. Simpson, Fountainhall Road, Edinburgh, 5s.; F. Mathieson, Cape Town, South Africa, 5s.; A. W. Mackenzie, Columbus, Ohio, U.S.A., 4s.; James Mackenzie, Bootle, £1 1s.; D. M. Mackinnon, Farmers' Milling Co., Illinois, U.S.A., £1.

We were pleased to be favoured with a visit this week from one of our New Zealand readers, Mr. D. Macpherson, of Dunedin, a worthy son of Kintyre, and a prominent official of the Gaelic Society of Otago. He informed us that he was the bearer from his Society of £5 towards the MacDonald Fund, £50 for the War Fund in connection with the Highland Regiments, and a handsome donation towards the Gaelic Prize Fund of the Gaelic Society of London, a scheme worthy of every encouragement. Our New Zealand kinsmen deserve to be congratulated on such a generous support of Highland objects.

IN SPRING.

'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring, and the birds are nesting,
Singing the song that they sang last year;
Whilst I with weary heart am breasting
The hill of sorrow, and pain, and fear.

Last Spring, last Spring, clear the birds were singing
Of sweet to-morrow and glad to-day;
Ever to thee were my glad thoughts winging,
And life was a peaceful mossy way.

Oh! Spring, sweet Spring, with thy heart of gladness,
Grant me some joy from thy rich, full store;
With gentle hand soothe my soul's deep sadness,
Till I wake to the Spring that is Spring evermore!

MARGARET T. MACGREGOR.

COLIN RETURNS NO MORE.

WHAT are you dreaming of, lassie, lassie,
Gazing so wistfully west?
Can you see in the far Atlantic there
The fortunate Isles of Rest?
Or 'way in the clouds where the sea meets sky,
Blood-red with the closing day,
Can you see the plain in the sad Soudan
Where your lover's life ebbed away?

Turn your eyes from the west, lass,
Turn your eyes to the shore;
You should be for the bridal dressed, lass—
Your Colin comes back no more.
You may seek and never rest, lass,
Your Colin returns no more.

Why did you send him away, lassie,
With words so cruel and cold?
He was proud with a pride stronger than love,
Though linked to a heart of gold!
You may wait and watch for him long, lassie,
But his story you'll never know,
For your friends have been cruelly kind, dear,
Since that day you bade him go!

J. A. MACDONALD.

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CLAN MENZIES ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

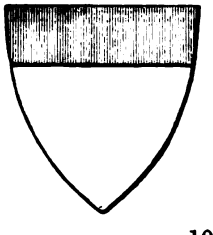
BY D. P. MENZIES, OF MENZIESTON, F.S.A., SCOT.,

Author of "The 'Red & White' Book of Menzies." &c., &c.

Toileadh Dia è 's ni mise è.

THE CHIEF MENZIES OF MENZIES; BARONET CREATED 1665; ARMS RECORDED 1672 & 1734.

THE escutcheon, or shield, of Clan Menzies has but two colours, "Red and White;" this is a sure sign of antiquity, conjectured to have been the colours adopted by the first Menzies, "King Maynus," and also continued on the name being made a surname by King Malcolm Canmore in 1057, from which time the "Red and White" shield descended in heraldry a *"chief gules"*—that is, a white shield



MENZIES OF THAT ILK, 1061 (?)

with a red band across its top, one-third its depth, called "The chief" because it is the head or chief part of the shield. The ancient register of the Lyon King-of-Arms being lost, the earliest record preserved of the Menzies arms is the seal of Sir Thomas Menzies, 1320, which seems to be a chief indented with two lizards to fill up the side spaces outside shield—it is affixed to the letter of the Scottish barons to the Pope, 1320. The next is Sir David Menzies' arms on his seal

SIR THOMAS MENZIES, 1320.

SIR DAVID MENZIES, 1431.

in 1431, which seems to be a *"chief gules"* the lines being irregular. The next is about 1470, when the Chief of the Menzies had his arms registered as a chief, "A field ermine," as Menzies of Weem," given by Lindsay, Lyon King.—Stodart, vol. ii, p. 287.

Tradition says that about the time of James III., the chief, Sir Robert Menzies, had a grant of two semi-nude men or savages as supporters to his arms, as a recognition of the services of Clan Menzies in capturing alive several wild men or savages, who lived by plundering the herds and crops of the peaceful Highlanders of Athole, the king having offered them as supporters to the arms of whatever clan that would capture them alive; this the Menzies' succeeded in doing, and had the grant bestowed upon them. The supporters were certainly half nude about the time of James IV.. as is shown by the arms on the Menzies altar, which was reconstructed by St. David about 1430, and the arms of one of the Lady Menzies', about 1520. The full arms as they now are, were registered in 1672 by Chief Sir Alexander Menzies, first Baronet, and are *"Argent, a chief gules,"* that is, the "Red and White" shield. Supporters—two savages wreathed about the head and middle with laurel or ash; Crest—a Saracen's head, *ppr.*, proper—the badge of baronetcy to be hung by the savages under the shield. Motto in Gaelic is—*Toileadh Dia e's ni mise e*, and in old Scottish—"Vil God I zall" (Will God I shall.) It is also said that the two savages were given as supporters to denote the great antiquity of the name of Maynus—now Menzies—and to indicate that they had been in Scotland since the days when her inhabitants were considered savages. Heraldic authorities say that the Menzies' may well be proud of their simple Red and White shield and men supporters, as sure marks of dignity and antiquity.

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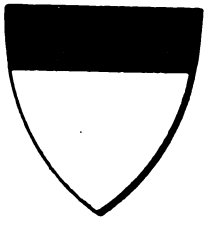
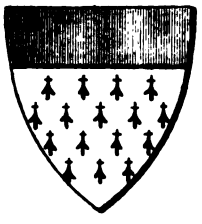
Red and White being the clan colours, the

whole of the emblems are based on them—Red and White being the colours of the full dress Menzies tartan; the Standard being Red and White, also a red flag with a white cross, red and white heath, the full dress badge—*Gael is dearg gù brath*—(The red and white for ever) being the slogan or war cry.

The branch chieftains—the Menzies of Enouch and Durrisdeer—had a grant of separate arms registered about 1370, the shield being "*a chief sable*," or "Black and White." — Stodart's



MENZIES OF ENOUCH, 1370.



MENZIES OF ENOUCH, 1542.

Heraldry. Their escutcheon was changed in 1542 to "*Ermine on a chief gules*," or "Red and White," with ermine figuring on the white; this was again registered in 1565 — Workman's *Heraldry*. Black and White.—This branch is also called the Menzies of Castlehill, who used the same armr, "*Ceulx de Creuoe*." Their tartan was the Black and White Menzies.

MENZIES OF ROTMELL (NOW CHESTHILL), PERTHSHIRE, 1510.

The arms of the Rotmell branch of Clan Menzies, who also held Dowally, Cluny, Gardnerland &c., were granted and registered in 1510, the shield having "*a chief gules, a rose argent*," or a "Red and White" shield, with a white rose on the red top band; this white rose would accordingly be the crest.—Balfour *M.S.*, Stodart, vol. ii., p. 309. The present representative of this branch is Major W. J. B. Stewart Menzies of Chesthill, Glenlyon, Perthshire.

Tha mi an dòchus.

MENZIES OF SHIAN AND GLENQUICH, PERTHSHIRE, 1672.

This branch descends from the second son of Sir Robert the 48th chief, Ian, or John, who got Glenlyon and Glenquich—born about 1487—and whose arms must have been granted about 1512. The shield is, "*Argent, a chief gules, a bordure chequy azure and of the first*," that is the usual "Red and White" shield of the Menzies with a blue and white check border in three lines round the shield. Crest—a book expanded, *ppr.* proper; Motto—"Spero," or "I hope"—the Gaelic being "*Tha mi an dòchus.*" These arms were re-recorded in 1672, after the fire in the buildings of the Lyon King-of-Arms, where almost all previous armorial records were destroyed, this being the reason so many are dated about 1672.—*General Armoury*, p. 678. The nearest known representative of this branch is Mr. A. J. P. Menzies, Advocate, Edinburgh.

Tha 'm freasdal a fabhar nan treun.

MENZIES OF CULDARES, MEGGERNIE AND GLENLYON 1672.

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The Menzies' of Culdares, Meggernie, and Glenlyon descend from James, the second son of Sir Alexander the 50th chief: they must have got a grant of arms about 1577. These are—"*Argent, a sword in pale ppr., hilted and pommelled, or a chief gules,*" being a sword proper on the white portion of the "Red and White" shield of the Menzies' Crest—"a *demi* (red) lion, holding in its dexter paw a baton proper." Motto — "Fortem Fors Juvat," or "Fortune favours the brave;" another translation is, "Fortune aids the valorous"—in Gaelic it is, "*Tha 'm freasdal a fabhar nan treun.*"—Nisbet's *Heraldry*. Their arms were re-granted about 1672, on the restoration of the Lyon Register. The representative of this branch is Captain W. G. S. Menzies of Culdares, Glenlyon, Perthshire. Their seat was till some years ago Meggernie Castle, Glenlyon.

Criosda crioch àraid na beatha.

MENZIES OF ABERDEEN, 1672.

The branch of the clan in Aberdeen, represented by Rev. Professor John Menzies, had a grant of arms in 1672, the shield being "*Ermine on a chief azure, a cherub's head argent,*" or the usual Menzies shield, but a blue band across the top instead of red, with a white cherub's head, the under portion being white, with ermine figures. Crest—a cherub with expanded wings proper, *ppr.;* Motto—"Scopus Vitae Christus," or, "Christ the Aim of Life"—in Gaelic the motto is, "*Criosda crioch àraid na beatha.*"

(To be continued.)

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON. — This flourishing Society has just published their annual booklet, which shows that good progress has been made during the past year, both funds and membership showing an increase.

[WE regret to intimate the death of Mr. Duncan Mackintosh, Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The Society owes much of its present prosperity to Mr. Mackintosh's efforts.—ED.]

THE BASILEUS OF BRITAIN.

BY D. F. DE L' HOSTE RANKING, M.A., LL.D.

AT a time when the hearts of all true Scots burn within them at the insult offered to their country by the assumption, without any modification or qualifying alternative, of the title of

"EDWARD VII"

by the ruler of these realms; it may be worth while to trace shortly the various steps in the long struggle to which an end is thus summarily put by the arbitrary act of that ruler.

The advocates and upholders of the claim to supremacy made by the kings of England over the kingdom and the kings of Scotland base their arguments, not so much on the actual authority exercised by Edward I. of England in the settlement of the disputed succession to the crown of Scotland caused by the death of Alexander III. in 1286, and that of the Maid of Norway in 1290, as on the assertion that this authority was exercised in pursuance of a right claimed from the earliest times, often evidenced by action, and finally conclusively acknowledged by the invitation given to Edward to arbitrate between the competitors for the crown, and by the decision of the Committee of Investigation in their final report, dated June 2nd, 1292, whereby they declined to give an absolute decision "*without hearing the better judgment of the prelates, nobles, and other wise men of England.*"

The conclusion drawn by the upholders of the claim is two-fold; first, that by the request to arbitrate the position of Edward as *Overlord* of Scotland was definitely recognised; second, that the decision of the commission amounted to a recognition and emphatic admission that England was the court of final appeal for the whole island. Two weaker or more baseless propositions one can hardly imagine. As to the first point, do those who maintain it also infer that in every reference to arbitration, whether between States or individuals, the parties who appoint an arbitrator thereby recognise in the arbitrator chosen a previously existing, inherent right to decide between them, involving a claim to ownership of the subject matter in dispute? And as to the second point, do not the whole facts prove that this evasion of a decision by the commission was in fact done in order to avoid a brutal massacre of all dissentient members by Edward?

Here are the facts. The original meeting of the nobility and clergy of Scotland, summoned by Edward as *arbitrator* was held at Norham, in *English territory*, on May 10th, 1291. At this meeting Edward, to the astonishment of all present, demanded, as a preliminary to arbitra-

tion, that the assembly should recognise him as

LORD PARAMOUNT OF THE KINGDOM.

The assembly, astounded, attempted to evade the point, saying that it was impossible to give an answer while the throne remained vacant. Edward, after asserting his determination to uphold his claim, gave a period of three weeks for deliberation, fixing the adjourned meeting to be held at Upsettlington on June 2nd. In the meantime Edward summoned all the Barons of his kingdom to meet him *with all their forces* at Upsettlington on June 3rd, so that the Scots nobles and clergy found themselves surrounded by a large hostile force, ready and anxious to enforce the claims of Edward. So, too, the eight competitors who presented themselves, found themselves called upon by the Chancellor of England to acknowledge Edward as Lord Paramount of Scotland.

Now, note that these same competitors were, by reason of lands held in England, all of them

VASSALS OF THE ENGLISH KING.

If they refused to recognise this new claim their refusal might be interpreted as rebellion against their liege lord; and their peers, in answer to the summons of Edward, were there ready to try them. A refusal meant an immediate reduction of the number of competitors. It may not have been heroic, but it was politic: the competitors all acknowledged the claim. The commission itself did not go so far as an express acknowledgement of the claim; they do not, on this occasion, seem to have been called upon to do so; the competitors had themselves made the submission: therefore the assembly as a safe course to take, and to avoid a wholesale massacre of dissentients, declared themselves unable to decide between the opposing claims, and referred, *not* the question of supremacy, but *simply* the claim to succession by descent, to the proper tribunal, the peers of those who had already declared themselves to be on one side of their character simply English nobles, whatever other character might ultimately attach to that claimant in whose favour the decision should be made. Let us now examine shortly the earlier, and in most cases very shadowy grounds, on which the claim of Edward was based.

CELTS AND TEUTONS.

It is essential to remember that in Scotland there have always been two distinct, and in many respects antagonistic, racial elements: the Celtic, with its own laws of inheritance, succession, and landownership; no individual, exclusive property in land being recognised, but the chief, as head of the race, administering the clan territory for the benefit of the clan: and the Teutonic element, whether, as at first purely Norse, or as later Anglo-Norman. Among this latter element the earlier Teutonic system of tribal ownership had been gradually superseded by the Feudal idea of an absolute ownership in the Overlord, and a holding by the tenant by service and homage.

The supporters of the claim of supremacy tell us that the Feudal idea was no new introduction into this country at the time of the Norman Conquest of England, but was simply a process of crystallisation round a nucleus of ideas which already existed in practice though without any defined form. Such a statement seems a mere twisting of facts to suit a theory. The Feudal system, especially in its later development, was purely a system evolved by ecclesiastical lawyers, and based on Roman law. To the exigencies of the rules created by this system the independent systems previously existing were made arbitrarily to conform; slight points of resemblance were seized upon as evidence of the universal applicability of the Feudal rules; while divergencies or antagonistic rules were either ignored, or, as has comparatively recently been seen in the Courts of Session, solemnly declared not to exist! The exponents of the law *felt* that they could not exist; if they did, what became of the Feudal law, and the lawyers who made and interpreted it?

EDWIN OF NORTHUMBRIA.

The earliest instance produced of the exercise by English rulers of authority over Scotland is the fact that the Bretwalda, Edwin of Northumbria (A.D. 621-634), gave his name to Edinburgh or Dunedin. Setting aside the question of the correctness of the derivation, and allowing that the name of the city does perpetuate the name of the ruler, this plea proves too much. At the time in question the great contest for supremacy between the various kingdoms of the Heptarch was commencing. Northumbria, under its two divisions of Bernicia and Deira, extended from Forth to Humber; and Edwin, ruler of this portion, that is to say the ruler of the Southern or Teutonic portion of the kingdom of Scotland, actually established his title as Bretwalda against the whole of the rulers of Middle and Southern England! Exactly the converse of the proposition as stated by our opponents. Oswald, nephew of Edwin, Bretwalda (634-642) and his brother Oswik (654-670) exercised the same authority. Egfird, son of Oswy, was slain by the Picts in battle at Nectans-mere, near the Tay, in an attempt to extend the supremacy of the Teutonic Northumbria over the Celtic and Ibernian portion of Scotland. This defeat broke the power of the rulers of Northumbria, that is of Southern Scotland and Northern England, and allowed of the rise of Mercia and Wessex.

EDWARD, SON OF ALFRED,

is said to have been accepted both by the "Picts or Men of Galloway" (a term which would pro-

bably include Cumberland), and by the Scots as "Father, Lord, and Protector." The most that can be made out of this recognition is a purely personal alliance of a defensive character, such as has often been entered into in modern times, *e.g.* the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

CONSTANTINE. In 937 Constantine, King of Scots, actually entered into an alliance with Anlaf the Dane, and fought against Athelstan at Brunanburli. In 946 EDMUND THE ATHELING gave Cumbria as fief to Malcolm of Scotland, and assigned to him the duty of guarding the North of England against foreign invaders. Much has been made of this as being a proof of the supremacy of the English king. Nothing can be more mistaken. The position of Cumbria was most peculiar: it was Celtic or Pictish, not Teutonic; it bordered closely on the English portion of Northumbria, which from natural circumstances was becoming more in affinity with its Southern than its Northern neighbours; it was a "debatable land," and the question of ownership was settled by Malcolm undertaking, since it lay most convenient for him, to exercise authority over and maintain order in it. It might as well be maintained that because the early Norman kings of England were, by virtue of their possessions in France, vassals of the French king, therefore the king of France was Overlord of England!

EDGAR "BASILEUS" OF ALBION.

Much again is made of the fact that Edgar (959-975) was rowed on one occasion by a crew of eight crowned kings, among whom were Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumbria, and the king of Galloway; and that Edgar was himself recognised as *Basileus*: the equivalent of *Imperator*. These facts seem quite capable of explanation; the "crowned kings" rowed, not *as* kings, but as holding lands under the English king; while as regards the title *Basileus* the dispute between Basil the Macedonian, and Lewis the Second of Italy, shews that the term meant at most an absolutely independent sovereign owning no superior, and did not imply in itself authority over others. It was in fact assumed probably to shew that no dependence was owned by the kings of England to the Roman Emperors, either Eastern or Western. KNUT AND MALCOLM 1018. Stress is also laid on the point that in 1018 Duncan, king of Cumbria, and Malcolm, King of Scotland, refused to acknowledge Knut on the ground that he was usurping the throne which belonged of right to the heir of Ethelred Evil-Counsel.

WILLIAM II. It is true that Duncan in 1094, and Edgar, son of Malcolm Ceanmor in 1097, did homage to William Rufus; and Malcolm the Maiden did homage in 1157 to HENRY II; but in each case it is evidently only for the English fiefs, since there was always a clause "*reserving all his rights and dignities.*" Certainly the terms of the

TREATY OF FALAISE, 1174,

by which William the Lion did homage to Henry II. are quite unambiguous; but it must be remembered that he was at the time a prisoner in chains, having been captured at Alnwick; and all these *new* claims were definitely renounced by Richard I. in the treaty of A.D. 1189.

IN THE TREATY OF NEWCASTLE, 1254, Alexander of Scotland speaks of "*his dear and liege lord Henry of England*," but these terms may well be held to refer to the English fiefs; and he also binds himself "*never to enter into alliance with the enemies of Henry or his heirs.*" These words certainly were a derogation from the right of an independent sovereign to make what treaties he please; but in no way amount to an acknowledgment of dependency.

Such are the early historical incidents on which the claims of Edward I. were based. It would be interesting to know on what is based the claim to the title of

"EDWARD VII. OF SCOTLAND."

Is it too much to expect that the people of Scotland will protest loudly and effectively against the insult? Probably it is: when the Lyon King of Arms allows his portrait to be exhibited with a tabard bearing the arms of England instead of those of Scotland, it can hardly be expected that the ordinary individual should appreciate the depth of the insult conveyed.

In spite of this the "Court" of "Edward VII." at Holyrood was largely attended. There are fat chaplaincies, judgeships, provostships, and what not to the fore; let alone purveyorships, and Royal warrants; and the aspirants will fall over one another to lick the hand that smites them!

BEURLA.

SIR,—It is supposed by many ardent Celts that the Gaelic language stands entirely on its own foundation as an original form of speech that does not borrow from other languages. It is therefore with much diffidence, and even a sense of fear, that I suggest "parley," from the French "parler," to speak as the origin of "beurla." This was suggested to me long ago by the title-page of an old Irish-English dictionary I happened to see with the word meant for "beurla" spelt "parly." To a Norman Frenchman, after the conquest of Ireland, Saxon English would appear as the "parley" or patois of the common English people.

Kinloch Rannoch. JOHN SINCLAIR.

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THE LEGEND OF LIANACHAN, OR A STORY OF THE "GREY HAG."

LIANACHAN is the name of a farm on Lord Abinger's Lochaber estate. It is situated near the river Cùr—a tributary of the Roy and Spean—that runs along the base of the range of mountains extending northward from Ben Nevis.

Lianachan was for ages the home of a race of tacksmen of the name of Kennedy, and it has only been within living memory that their connection with the place ceased. The legend which I translate and give here has been known in Lochaber for generations, and the maledictions of the "grey hag" have fallen heavily upon the family concerned.

This "grey hag" was not the same as the "Bean-shith," or fairy woman. The "Bean-shith" was always kindly to the family she patronised, and to their friends, but the "hag" was ever malicious and trying to do evil to all the children of men. The Gaelic name for her was the "stig" or "glas-stig," the word "glas," which means grey, being given to her from the colour of the elf locks that always hang over her shoulders. This creature was said to milk the deer upon the mountain tops, charming them into tameness by singing the weirdest and most pathetic songs to them. One of them who lived on a mountain at the head of Loch-Leven, near Glencoe, and who was known as "Cailleach Beinn na Bric," is said to have composed the air called "Crodh Chailean," which gave its name to the "Crochalan Club," so long known in Edinburgh. In winter, when the snow was heavy, and the deer had no milk, and the wild cresses could not be gathered by the fountains, it is said these creatures used to steal kail from the gardens of the people, and gather dulse by the sea-shore, always taking care not to be seen by mortals. "Cailleach Beinn na Bric," in one of her songs, exonerates herself from the charge of such pilfering, as follows:—

"Cha do ghoid mi cliabhan duilisg,
Cha do ghoid mi cliabhan duilisg,
Cha do ghoid mi cliabhan duilisg,
'S cha do ghoid mi puinneag chail."

This district about Ben-Nevis seemed the especial haunt of these unearthly hags. In an old song, which is very fine when played on the bagpipes, there is a conversation between a Ronald of Keppoch, and one of these weird creatures. The tune is called "Dheoghail an t-àl." She began it with—

"A horó a Raonaill ud thall,
Hu huró a Raonaill ud thall,
A horò a Raonaill ud thall,
Hu horó nach imich thu nall."

Ranald heeded her not, and in order to lure him out, she began to hint that the calves had sucked the cows, and everything was wrong among his cattle. She put it thus—

"A horó dheoghail an t-àl,
Hù horó dheoghail an t-àl,
A horò dheoghail an t-àl,"

whilst he, quite unmoved, added the fourth line to the verse—

"Hu horó mu dheoghail leig dhoibh."

Iron of any kind was a sure protection against all that belonged to the fairy race, and so Ranald was playing two trumps, or Jew's harps, as he lay resting in the sheiling, and after she had vainly tried all arguments to get him out, he told her the two tongues in his head made him independent of her.—

"A horó cha'n'eil mi na d' thaing,
Hu horó dá theangaidh nam cheann."

She leaves him at last, saying she is going to some distance from him.—

"A horó mach an Carn-dearg,
Hu horó gu ceann Loch-Treig."

The "Carn dearg" is the next mountain to Ben-Nevis, and it may have been the same "grey hag" who tried to get Ranald of Keppoch in her power through sweet singing and fair speaking, that also met Mac Uaraig, or Kennedy of Lianachan, as he was returning from the smity one evening with the ploughshare, which he had been getting repaired. He was on horseback, and preparing to cross the river Crù at the ford called "Croisg," when this hag suddenly appeared before him, saying, "Failt-ort ill dhuibh, mhoir Mhic Uaraig, am b'fhearrd thu culag." —"All hail to the big black son of Kennedy; would you be the better of a support behind you?" And on saying that she attempted to leap behind him on horseback. He, with a sudden turn, prevented her, and lifting her quickly from the shore of the river, he placed her in front of him, with the ploughshare between them, saying, "b'fhearrd agus bialag." He then tied her firmly on the back of the beautiful horse with a charmed woollen band, and he vowed he would not release her until he showed her in the presence of men.

"Let me free," she cried, and I will give thee a herd of dappled, white-headed, piebald, and black kine. I will give thee the charm of the hunting hills, where thou wilt always be prosperous, and thou and thy posterity will from this hour for evermore meet a lucky foot when going on a journey." "All that I have already without thee," said the 'Gille Dubh Mòr,' "and so that offer will not serve to set thee free." She then replied—

"Leig as mi 's fagaidh mi d' fhonn,
'S an robh mi 's an tòm a thàmh,
Agus togaidh mi dhuit a nochd
Air an fhoich' ud thall

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Tigh mòr daingean dige,
Tigh air noch druigh teine,
Uisge, no saighead, no iarunn,
'S a ghleidheas tu gu tioram seasgair,
Gun fhiamh, gun eagal, 's bi sian ort."

"Let me go and I will leave thy lands, in the hills of which my home has ever been, and I will build thee a house to-night on yonder meadow—a large house I will build of stone—a house that cannot be damaged by fire nor arrow nor iron—a house that will keep thee dry and warm, without either fear or terror, and in it thou wilt possess a charm against poison, unruly men, and fairies." "Fulfil thy vow," said he, "and then I will give thee thy freedom."

The grey hag then gave a loud and mournful shriek that was heard over the seven mountains. One would think it was Fingal's celebrated "Corn-na-Féinn" that had sounded, and there was not a fairy knowe all around but awakened and reverberated to that terrible cry. In response to that call the fairies soon gathered in countless numbers on the marsh of Lianachan, where they awaited their instructions from her who summoned them. She arranged hastily, and they set to work in good order. They brought stones and flags to her from the waterfall of Clianaig (a mountain at a considerable distance from Lianachan), passing them on from hand to hand. In "Tom-innis-a-Chladaich" they cut wooden pins to fix the divots and thatch. They brought rafters, side-rafters, and long smooth beams from the "Caornach." No one could be seen at work, but all night long the voice of the "hag" could be heard crying "Place one stone above two stones, and two stones upon one stone, bring me a pin and a divot, hand me a wattle, give me of each tree in the wood but birdcherry, who would not get as they can lay on, and who would not lay on as they would get." In the grey dawn the divots covered the top of the house. It was completed, and smoke issuing from its chimneys.

Kennedy put the ploughshare in the fire to guard himself against harm, for he knew the tricks of the fairies and the spells they used, and he expected the "hag" would try to injure him when he would unloose her. When the house was finished, and she fulfilled all her promises, he unloosed her bonds and escaped from her without suffering injury. She came, however, to the window of his chamber, and offering him her hoof-like hand, she wished to bid him good-bye. He, knowing that it was her intention if she got his hand to take him to fairyland, placed the hot ploughshare in her grasp, the skin of her palm stuck to it, and enraged, she leaped to the top of a grey stone that stood in the field to utter maledictions upon him. She cursed him with the curse of the people, and the curse of the dwellers in caves, and she got the assurance that her wish would be gratified. "The doom of your race is, she cried—

"To grow like the rushes,
To wither like the bracken,
To be grey in early youth,
To die in the strength of manhood; [est,
When you are strongest you shall be weak-
And when you are wealthiest you shall be fewest.
"But I will not wish that the son may not succeed the father.

"I am the bowed down 'grey hag' that lived among the hills so long. I have built a large house on yonder meadow, and it has put the arrow of death into my bowels, and now I shall pour out the blood of my heart upon 'Sgùr-Fionn-Uiseag' (the name of a mountain), upon three bushes of rushes, and as a witness of my curse and its fulfilment they will for evermore be red."

Then as she ceased to speak she went away in a green flame over the shoulder of the "Sgùr," and the three bushes of rushes on which she poured out the blood of her heart are red unto this day. It has been literally true of this excellent family that they became early grey, that their best and noblest died in the hey-day of their strong manhood, that they were most numerous when they had but little of wealth, and that the last of the direct line is the richest. They were strongest when they were weakest. Lochaber people—including the last of the Kennedys of Lianachan—believe thoroughly in the fulfilment of the doom or prediction uttered by the grey hag.

The grey hags must be harmless creatures now. If iron was their great terror, the twisted coil throbbing on the brow, and in the bosom of Ben Nevis, and connecting it with the busy thoroughfares of the world, must be to them the very iron that has entered their souls—that has carried the lightning that flashed upon them from afar into their homes in the caves of the rocks. Who knows what dying agonies the weird creature may be enduring as that electric shock passes through the hidden caves so long their own?

THE NAME "KENNETH."

SIR,—Referring to the query of Kenneth Mathieson IX. in the *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. XI. p. 60, I refer him to "British Family Names," by Rev. Henry Barber, M.D., F.S.A., published by Mr. Eliot Stock, London, this year, in which he will see the following description of the name:—"Kenneth. Irish *Caoinnach* (peaceable man)." I may here state that we have the name Kennethmont in Aberdeenshire as the name of a village, in the churchyard of which are many curious epitaphs. The Christian name Kenneth is not altogether uncommon in Scotland, but occasionally we hear of it.

Aberdeen. ROBERT LAWRANCE.

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THE MACLEANS OF CROSSAPOL.

SIR,—The articles under the above heading in the January and February *Celtic Monthly* have only now come to my notice. They afford me considerable entertainment and interest, for I am, as the author, the Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, mentions, the representative of the Macleans of Crossapol, in fact I and my younger brother, Captain H. D. Neil Maclean, D.S.O., of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, are the only male descendants living of that Neil Maclean who was tacksman of Crossapol in 1773, when Doctor Johnson visited Coll. It is pleasing to note that of the "three distinct theories" as to our origin, Mr. Sinclair is in the end inclined to believe that we are either descended from Neil Mor, or one of the sons of John Garbh, seventh Chief of Coll (eighth Chief according to the same author's "Clan Gillean.") It is as pleasing to be able to inform him that we are descended from *both* those sources, from John Garbh in the male line and from Neil Mor in the female. Unfortunately many of Mr. Sinclair's arguments are not sufficiently clear and distinct to be convincing; his reasoning is misty, his dates in several instances are incorrect, and facts from the old Coll charters, and also old letters and documents which I possess and sent him copies of and extracts from some years ago, he would now seemingly cast a shade of doubt over, by using more than once the terms "Which is said to be," "It is said," "it is alleged," etc. I have considerable belief in Mr. Sinclair's integrity of purpose in venturing to write on this subject, but his knowledge is not sufficient to warrant his doing so, and his reasons for publishing these articles without the courtesy of in any way communicating with me, are obviously an endeavour to cast a doubt on the Macleans of Crossapol being now the nearest cadet to the old family of Coll. It is therefore incumbent on me not to leave such published arguments without a partial reply to them. Mr. Sinclair avoids mentioning that I, after furnishing all evidence possible at the time to the Lyon Court, Edinburgh, received in November, 1898, a letter from the Lyon King of Arms, stating that after carefully considering the claim, he was prepared to grant a matriculation of the ancient Coll Coat of Arms with supporters to my brother, the late Major A. W. D. Maclean, as being the senior representative of the Coll family. The extract, though duly prepared, was not issued to my brother, as neither he nor I were then able to spend the money which would have been required to brief council in a Court of the Lyon Office and probably go to the Court of Sessions afterwards, to establish our case against the "protest" which was lodged by those probably most interested in preventing any one being thus legally Chief of Coll in the present day.

I may here inform Mr. Sinclair that the daughters of Col. Hugh Maclean, the last Laird of Coll, *did* sign a paper which was duly witnessed, "declaring, acknowledging, and asserting to the best of our belief, from old family tradition and from evidence laid before us," that my brother as Maclean of Crossapol and descended from Hugh, third son of John Garbh, seventh of Coll, succeeded my father as nineteenth chief, who had succeeded as eighteenth chief their brother John Hector Norman the seventeenth chief, and the document ends "and we hereby acknowledge him (my brother) as such and as senior male representative of the family." It must also be remembered that the old inhabitants of Coll duly acknowledged and elected my brother as their chief entirely on the same grounds, and about half-a-dozen of the most intelligent and best informed on these matters from their forefathers, signed a declaration before a Justice of the Peace to the effect that in their knowledge the Crossapol family was the nearest cadet to the old family of Coll, and the most direct representatives of the old chiefs. These most valuable facts may be food for reflection to Mr. Sinclair.

Reverting to Mr. Sinclair's articles; he quotes a letter written by the Rev. Hector Maclean of Lochalsh to his nephew (my father). I have the letter before me and there is a very distinct logical connection between the two sentences quoted, and it is absurd to suppose they refer to different matters, which Mr. Sinclair absolutely goes out of his way to try and show. My father's "great-grand-father" was that Alexander Maclean of Gott, Tyree, whose daughter married the Rev. Donald Maclean, minister of Small Isles, and from that marriage alone are we descended from Neil Mor. I myself now possess those pieces of plate mentioned in the letter, and on each is "A. McL. M. McL." Alexander's wife was named Margaret. Mr. Sinclair can't dispute one fact at any rate, *i.e.* that my father's great-grandfather in the *male* line could have been no one else than Neil Crossapol of 1773. The Rev. Neil Maclean, minister of Tyree, also mentions in an old letter, going into the farm there (Tyree) "once occupied by our grandfather," but here again his grandfather in the male line was no other than Neil, Crossapol, of 1773. Mr. Sinclair questions the authenticity of a slip of paper written by Miss Harriot Maclean, daughter of the above Rev. Neil Maclean; let me inform him that it *is* in her writing and that it is not by any means the only particle of evidence I possess of my descent from John Garbh. Here for instance is another bit of food for Mr. Sinclair's reflection out of the many dainty morsels I could give him. My father, who died in 1892, not 1878 as Mr. Sinclair twice mentions, was as a youth in Tyree and while there wrote to his mother in Plymouth; the letter is now before me, and is in his own handwriting: it is dated "Gott, Tyree, Aug. 25th, 1837"; in it he says "Uncle Neil has to-day given me my pedigrees (the plural is used) which I send you; it will show you I am of ancient and good family." Inside this letter I found a "slip of paper" in my father's handwriting as follows:—

MACLEANS OF CROSSAPOL.

1st. Alexander son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of Neil, son of Hector, grandson of John Garbh.
2nd. Alexander son of Alexander, son of Donald and Lillias, daughter of Alexander son of Allan, son of Neil, son of Neil son of chief of Coll."

The Rev. Neil Maclean, his daughters and his brothers were undoubtedly proud of their Neil Mor descent, but prior to their date, there is not any reference to it. I have many letters of my great-grandfather, the Rev. Donald of Small Isles, but Neil Mor is never referred to, though the laird of Coll and his family constantly are, and showing a very close friendship, to say the least, and it must be remembered that at that date the failure of the direct line of chiefs could not have been anticipated. "Seneachie," who wrote his History of the Clan in

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1838, gives the Crossapols as the last in the order of cadets of the Coll family, therefore he considered them the nearest.

Mr. Sinclair, his "Edinburgh correspondent," and the late Hugh Maclean of Dunoon, have undoubtedly become muddled over their "Neil Mors and Neil Ogs," and Mr. Sinclair has not had the benefit of being able to personally sift in Coll and thereabouts the very strong evidence of fact and tradition existing, otherwise in his wish to "get at the truth" he would have been more open-minded. I can inform him that Neil of Crossapol of 1773 was never known as "Neil Og," and no fact or tradition gives a "Neil Og of Crossapol." Neil of 1773 was born in 1712, not 1724 as Mr. Sinclair asserts. I have myself seen the slate gravestone found in Crossapol graveyard, and on it was—"Here lies the corps of Neil McLean, tacksman of Crossapol, died 25th September, 1787, aged 75 years." Mr. Sinclair's assumptions and arguments regarding the meeting of Session in Coll in 1732 are incorrect; it is a pity he did not possess a copy of the minutes before referring to them, as the minutes and those of the following year show that what Mr. Sinclair says "is supposed by some persons" is perfectly correct. There certainly was a John Maclean in Crossapol in 1642; he is given in the charter as "Joanne McClean in Crocepoldo." There is absolutely no evidence to show who he was, but the use of the word "*in*" instead of the usual word "*of*" betokens he was not an ancestor of mine. If he was a son of John Garbh as Mr. Sinclair suggests, he must have been John of Totronald, and if so why is he mentioned as "in Crossapol"? The fact remains, which I told Mr. Sinclair, though he now refers to it as an "alleged statement," that John Maclean second son of Allan Maclean of Crossapol, *did* state at the time of his brother Neil's death in 1855 that Crossapol had been in the possession of his family for nearly 200 years; both his daughters have told me they perfectly remember his doing so on his return to London from Coll.

Finally I can assure Mr. Sinclair that notwithstanding all his arguments, I and those who have the right to be most interested, backed by the Islanders and those really in a position to know, the facts I have herein referred to and the further evidence which in good and sufficient time will be authenticated by legal authority, adhere most firmly to my Crossapol descent from John Garbh seventh of Coll, and that through it I am now the senior male representative of the Coll family.

London. HECTOR A. C. MACLEAN.

TO THE CANNA.

WHITE as the sainted Culdee's beard, bleached and long,
Soft as a maiden's silken tresses, slowly swayed
In silent music, kissed by the sunshine and the rain
The snowy Canna.

Like faery lambs at play, see how the flow'r-heads dance
Above the peat moss. Pure as the hill wind,
Or the star-lit sky o'er-head. Emblem of holiness—
The snowy Canna.

COINNEACH DUBH.

DONALD DIABHUL,

(Donald Mackay, First Lord Reay).

LEGENDS OF THE CLAN MACKAY.

(Continued from page 169.)

THE "LANG DANCE OF GREENLAND."

TO pree the strength of Scotland's "stills,"
And hae some sport amang her hills,
Twa English lads came doon the dell
Where Donald sat and sunned himsel'.
Soon as he kent they strangers were,
To welcome them he did prepare;
And wi' a' courtsie walked before,
And led them to his cottage door.
Being wearied wi' the sport a' day,
Ere lang the lads baith ootstretched lay;
While Donald forth the bottle drew,
And treated them to Mountain Dew.

When morning smiled upon the lea,
To hunt the deer oot went the three;
And weel provided for the day
They took the hills that led to Reay.
The deer were startled frae their lair,
And fell before the skilful pair;
Nor till the moonbeams tipped the lea
Thought they to leave the scene of glee.

At last they kent they were benighted,
And half amazed and half excited
They speired at Donald, but he swore
That he ne'er passed the way before.
Sae wi' deil a' to eat or drink
The English loons began to think.
Then Donald says "Lads bide a wee,
I think a sma' rude cot I see,
And gin we reach that snug retreat
We'll get enough to drink and eat."

Wi' that they rose and struggled on,
And soon the snug retreat was won;
And there frae midnight's chilly blast
The three were safely lodged at last.
An auld hag rising frae her bed,
Before her guests good victuals spread;
While frae the "press" the flask she drew,
And coupled it wi' mountain dew.

When they had eaten to content,
Each to his neuk of slumber went;
And wearied oot wi' hills and streams,
They soon were in the land of dreams.
Soon as the smiles of morning peeped
Oot frae his rude couch Donald creeped,
And what was his surprise to see
'Twas Dunnet Head that met his e'e!
The old dame soon did blythe appear,
And spread before them steaming cheer;
And they o'erjoyed at such a sight
Began to eat wi' appetite.

Close by the fire the old dame sat,
And at her side her auld Tom cat;
While on the smouldering ashes baking,
Barley scones she was a-making.

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She just had turned her face, when lo!
Her een met Donald's; and aglow—
Bright as the sunshine on the sea,
Appeared her cat-grey haggard e'e.
Aside she stepped, to gie him room,
For weel she kent in his big thumb
There was mair power than "Cloots" would gie
To any of Adam's pedigree.

His walking staff he did inspire,
And struck the bannock on the fire;
While wi' a quick and merry bound
It left the fire and wheeled around.
It first danced lightly on the floor,
Then bounded swiftly to the door;
And danced around wi' grace fu' clean,
Then bounded swiftly o'er the green.
The auld dame saw the moment bright,
And kent her luck was noo in flight;
Sae tucking in her coats she ran,
And muttering to hersel' began—

"Oh, thou wha reigns supreme in gloom,
Tak' pity and reverse my doom;
For ever since I lost thy skill
I lack my influence o'er the hill.
Gie me young vigour to o'ertake
That great and potent rolling cake,
Thou kens it came frae Donald's hand,
And he stands high in thy command,
For if I catch that rolling ba',
In spells I will outshine them a';
Grant me this favour once again,
And a' the praise be thine, amen!"

Wi' that she bounded on wi' glee,
Her auld coats tucked above her knee;
For noo the dogs wi' hunger prest
In hot pursuit had won the crest.
To ootdo a' the yelling pack
A quicker stride she noo did tak',
And fast was gaining on the cake
When lo! it neared the Dunnet Lake.

Wi' yells that rent the very air
She bounded on in wild despair;
But ere she won the mossy bank
Its virtues fled, and doon it sank.
In haste she tried to scale the brink,
It gied twa turns and doon did sink;
And kening noo 'twas vain to sigh,
She turned around and hame did hie.

When she came in the hunters three
Were blithe and merry as could be,
And Donald was weel pleased, I ween,
To see despair in Maggie's een.
"Weel Maggie, hae ye got the cake,"
Said Donald, "ere it met the lake?
Ah! no, for by ye're een I ken
Ye've lost the golden chance again;
But come and I will mak' amends,
Since ye were good to my twa friends,
And deil a limmer ever spat
Will bear the gree frae Maggie Watt."

Wi' that she knelt at Donald's beck,
Wha drew his staff across her neck,
Then in a voice baith weird and low,
Which set the hag's twa een aglow,
He whispered "Rise up, Maggie Watt,
For 'Clootie' noo has ye begat."

Then sprang she up at Donald's nod,
And kissed the very ground he trod;
For 'neath the influence of that stroke,
To her dark senses she awoke.
At the auld door they parted a',
And bade farewell, and went awa';
And left puir Maggie to hersel',
To work the gift she got frae ——.

The English loons confounded quite,
And tho' they seemed full of delight
Yet they baith longed for Thurso Toon,
To part wi' such a dangerous loon.
Frae John o' Groats to Olrig Hill,
Maggie grew famous for her skill;
And Heaven keep those who bore her hate,
Their's was a dark and dismal fate.

(To be continued.)

RHYMING PLACE NAMES.

SIR,—Last year, while visiting by order of my doctor one of the Southern States (Victoria), I came across a unique specimen of poetry consisting of place-names. It is the first that ever came to my knowledge. It would be interesting to know if more exists. I took it down from the rehearsal of Mrs. Cameron, Hamilton, Victoria, daughter of the late Mr. Dugald M'Naughton, formerly of Glen-a-creapasdail, Morvern, who in his day was a great repertory of Ossianic poetry. Often since, I have regretted that I did not write down what the old man knew of the Ossianic poetry, but I was then young and hardly appreciated as I do now its value.

Poll Locha 's an Iùbhrach,
Giùbhsachan 's Scamadal,
Poll Locha 's an Iùbhrach,
'S Achadh-a-dilein-ud thall.

Ochdamh Tor-na-Mòine,
Cuil-Eóghain Ard-Shluiginis,
Ochdamh Tor-na-Mòine,
'S an Dail bha 'n Camus-nan Gall.

Rainneachan na Sròine,
Sònraicht' am fearann e;
Rainneachn na Sròine,
'S Acha-na-Lia 's Ard-na-stairg.

Muilionn Chill-a'-Chòmhain,
'S mòr a bhios do chuideachd ann,
Muilionn Chill-a'-Chòmhain,
'S bidh gach dara fear dhiubh cam.

Acha-teinne is Buairbleig,
Suardal is Migaraidh,
Acha-teinne 's Buairbleig,
Cill-a'-Mhoire 's Braigh-nan-Allt.

Victoria, Australia. DONALD BEATON.

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The Late D. N. NICOL, M.P.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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THE LATE DONALD N. NICOL,

M.P. for Argyllshire.

THE sudden death of Mr. D. N. Nicol, who has so worthily represented Argyllshire in the Imperial Parliament for nearly ten years, is sincerely lamented not only by his own constituents, but by Highlanders generally representing all shades of political opinion. He was a hard worker, and what he has done for the county of Argyle will be long appreciated by his countrymen. His serious illness was only known to a few, so that the sudden news of his death on the 27th ult. was quite unexpected by the electors.

It is not our intention in this brief obituary notice to refer at any considerable length to his public career, as it was adequately dealt with in a sketch which appeared in our issue of June, 1894. At that time Mr. Nicol was preparing to contest Argyllshire, in the Unionist interest, and we well remember an interesting conversation which we then had with him as to the duties of a member representing a Highland constituency. His desire was to know personally every householder in the county, to learn their aspirations and grievances, and to do his utmost to gratify their wishes. He carried out his mission faithfully, and we have no hesitation in saying that no member of parliament in the kingdom was on speaking terms with so many of his constituents as Mr. Nicol was with the electors of Argyllshire. He was most assiduous in his attention to his parliamentary duties, and spared no labour to remove any grievance which was brought under his notice.

He rarely took part in parliamentary debates, but performed a great deal of committee work. As joint secretary of the Highland Society of London he did much to encourage education by recommending Highland students for the various bursaries offered annually by this Society. Many a poor student has been assisted by this means to overcome the initial obstacles in his way to enter upon a successful career in one of the professions. The personal knowledge which Mr. Nicol gained during his study at Glasgow University of the disadvantages under which Highland students are placed, led him to devote a considerable amount of time and trouble in working out the details of a scheme which has proved so fruitful in its results.

At the last general election he was opposed by Mr. J. S. Ainsworth, of Ardanaiseig, who represented the Liberal interest, and whom he defeated.

AN OLD GRAVEYARD.

Where a tinkling noisy brook
  Meets a riotous roaring river,
Is a bleak forgotten nook
  With dank sedgegrass aquiver.
'Mid weary waste of wildered weeds
  Are grey-green mossy mounds,
Tipping the tops of rustling reeds
  Whose growth the graveyard bounds.
And strewn between and set aslant
  The slabs of granite lie,
Like a picket of giants smitten with sleep
  Beneath a lowering sky.
    And the lash of the rain
    Like a soul in pain
      Complains increasingly,
    On each granite grave
    Upborne by the brave,
      Beating unceasingly.
    And ever the brook goes on:
      In tenor and treble
      On a rosary pebble,
    Telling its beads
    Of the doughty deeds
      Of each slumbering Jacobite rebel.
    Telling of rest that each man needs:
    Telling of death that all succeeds—
      So ever the brook goes on.

J. A. MACDONALD.

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ALICE CAMERON.

A TRUE STORY.

AWAY in a small Highland village lived Alice Cameron. She was reared in a quiet and peaceful home. She had early lost her mother, but was fortunate in having the gentlest and most considerate of fathers, and a sister older a few years than herself, who was a most painstaking housekeeper. Their home was in the outskirts of the village, a pretty white-washed cottage with a nicely-kept garden in front, which was always the special charge of Alice. She was a lively, intelligent girl, who had a more than ordinary degree of beauty. Her hair was black and crimpy, her eyes large and greyish-black, and her cheeks red as the rowan berries at their ripest. The bright look of happiness about Alice was, however, her greatest charm. She made one think of sunshine and flowers, and whatever was gay and glad. She was never idle. She was always either busy in her garden, singing among the flowers, or in the house knitting or sewing.

The young men of the village eagerly sought Alice Cameron's company, and he was a proud and happy man who was permitted to walk home from church with her, or to accompany her on an errand to any distance. There was one of them she liked more than the rest, and she often asked herself the question if this preference meant love, and though she did not think so, yet she was not quite sure until the question was decided for her in a manner of which she had not dreamed. Her brother had been away in a distant city, and he wrote home to say that he was coming for his holidays, and that his bosom friend and companion agreed to spend some days with them. Alice had heard a great deal of this young man from her brother, so very much that he did not come to her at all like a stranger. But she soon found out in his company that she had only a friendly liking for the other young man, and that in this one she had found her fate. He was not more than ordinarily good looking, though he was very handsomely formed, but the manliness and the softness of his nature combined, made a charm that overcame the heart of Alice. That he learned to love her was nothing strange, for he had so often seen her delightful letters to her brother, and he yearned for the affection of such a maiden. Somehow, without a word spoken on either side, they acknowledged each other as being very near and dear. Alice was quite willing that it should be so, for she knew from his bright and joyous face that he would be a sweet and pleasant companion, and, from what she heard of him from her brother, she gave him the fullest trust, for she knew he was worthy. We shall call him William MacDonald, and we may say before he left the home of Alice, he was bound heart and soul to the maiden, though without any formal engagement.

About this time the elder sister of Alice got married, and the cares of the family fell upon her, so that she had enough to occupy her. Her old lover, Jamie Fraser, dropped in evening by evening, but he now made no attempt to pay her any attentions, he made toys for her young brothers and devoted himself to her sisters. He had sulked a little at first when he saw MacDonald winning the love that he had hoped to be his own, but after a while he seemed to accept matters as they were, with a wondrously good grace, and Alice was thankful to him for being so generous. Fraser was a fine looking young man, with a handsome form and a fresh complexion, but there was a something repelling in the narrow eyes, from the corners of which he was apt to look furtively. A stranger would feel an instinctive distrust in his presence. He had been very attentive to MacDonald when on his visits there, and the frank-hearted young man, unaware of the state of his companion's feelings, was wont to speak freely of his happy future with Alice for his life-long companion. Whilst Fraser smiled and assented to what the other said, his soul was filled with a deadly hatred, and he determined to blight these bright prospects. He did not breathe this even to the winds of heaven, but he might be seen often with a knitted brow, compressed lips, and clenched fist, vowing vengeance on him who came between him and Alice, whom he believed all his own before this stranger came. With Alice he smiled and jested about her lover, and gave his sympathy to her sorrow over the separation. He made up his mind to bide his time, to work slow and work sure.

What joy the letters of her lover were to Alice; she kissed them over and over, she slept with them next her heart, she read them scores of times, they were so full of the love he bore her—his great and strong love. But now the letters came more seldom, and in them was a complaining of the irregularity with which she wrote, which annoyed her as she knew she had not neglected one mail of the times arranged; and the love gifts he said he had forwarded from time to time she never got. She spoke to Jamie Fraser about it, for his father kept the village post-office, and the young man assured her that they could not possibly have been lost in this country *if MacDonald did send them*; that they must have been lost in the foreign post-office. "*If MacDonald did send them!*"—the soul of Alice recoiled against the doubt, and yet, somehow, it took possession of her; the words haunted her, especially as the letters now came more

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seldom than ever, and when they did come there was none of the old bright news in them, and at length they dropped altogether, and at the same time her brother ceased writing, and Alice drooped in terrible pain and sorrow. She complained to no one; she could not bear that even her own sister would know the one she had loved so well had forsaken her so cruelly. Jamie Fraser was a great comfort to her, he was so considerate and tender, and she learned to lean for sympathy on him as a devoted friend who had no selfish cause for his devotion. At length one day, after a year had passed without a single letter from the absent one, Jamie Fraser, in the softest and most friendly manner possible, told her of his great love for her, even from her childhood; how he stood aside when he saw her happiness likely to be centred in another; and that he would always have borne his pain in silence if he thought her happiness concerned, but now he could not allow her to droop like this. He must get her to his own home to comfort her, and to keep her from being talked of as one who was suffering from a slighted love. His words stung her as he meant that they should. All her woman's pride was up in arms. Did they talk of her as slighted? It was too awful to be borne. Then he told her that they did talk so of her, and that all the neighbours pitied her. Then he talked about his only desire being to protect her; that her father was getting frail and would soon need rest from work, and that he would provide for both; that he would not exact love from her until in the course of time he would be able to win it. He would in the meantime be content with the happiness of being permitted to love her, and to get her friendship in return. Soon Alice thought him the most unselfish and generous-hearted fellow in existence, and she blamed herself for not being able to give him the smallest morsel of that great love that clung wildly to the absent one. Then Fraser seemed so unhappy, and she felt sorry for causing so true a friend so much pain. At length, in her hopelessness, she promised to become his wife if she got no reply to one last letter she would send to the lover who seemed to have entirely forsaken her. Oh, what a letter that was, anguish and undying love shining through the carefully-worded pages; and then how she waited through the weeks, hoping and fearing, until at length the heart grew sick, and in despair she leaned her weary head upon the bosom that was alluring her to her doom. The name of her absent lover roused in her breast the strongest feeling of wrong and indignation, but yet the thought of Jamie Fraser did not awake one tender emotion. She was bewildered, and went blindly on to her fate. Two years had elapsed since that parting, so loving and so fraught with hope, on the morning of a golden day in May—two dragging years, loaded with sorrow and pain, and any change that offered an escape from a future of the same sort seemed welcome—and then Jamie Fraser would be so sympathising, he knew the wounds of her heart, he would not quench the smoking flax nor break the bruised reed, and it was so good of him to be so unexacting. So, on a bright day in May, they were quietly married, and Alice went gravely to her husband's home. She had prepared no bridal array, and there was no festivity, and the small tea-party that in the evening met around her table seemed more like people eating a funeral feast than a wedding party. All remembered the one who ought to be there, and a sadness fell on their spirits, and the faded roses on the bride's cheek told eloquently of her sufferings.

On the morning after her marriage, Alice arose with a firm determination to learn to love her husband, and in the meantime to do her duty to him tenderly and well. She would hide away her wound from the world, she would grow roses on the grave of happiness. Full of this spirit she went about her household duties, and in the first place she took up her husband's wedding suit to brush and put carefully away, and before folding them she emptied the pockets of their contents. Oh, fatal hour! Oh, untold grief and bitterness. There in her husband's pocket was a letter addressed to herself in the dear old handwriting, the date on the postmark told it had but come the day before. She might think he had forgotten to give it to her if it was still closed, but the seal was broken, and the letter had been read. She sat down with a piteous moan, and there before her was such a letter as broke her heart, such an outpouring of passionate love and pain as was seldom ever put on paper before. He implored of her to answer this letter if it was with but one line; he had written so many and got no reply, and now his longing overcame him, and he was coming home to learn from her own lips why she seemed to have forsaken him. He could not bear suspense longer, he must know what horror it was that severed him from her who was his very life. Alice could not move. She sat with the letter clasped to her bosom, rocking herself to and fro in dumb anguish. At length he came in, her perfidious deceiver. She knew it all now. He had got all the letters and kept them back; he was her destroyer. He had just recollected that he had thrust that letter hastily into his pocket on the previous day, until he would get an opportunity to burn it, and he afterwards forgot it, and now with an oath he went forward to take it out of her hand, hoping that she had not read it. As soon as Alice saw him she

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screamed, and sprang to her feet in terror. Then he saw his vile conduct was discovered, and he tried to say he did it for the love of her. Alice could not bear his touch, nor listen to his words, she shrank from him with loathing and horror. Her reason seemed gone for the moment, and, rushing past him, she fled to her father's house. With a loud wail she fell on her sister's bosom, and, unable to speak, she gave her the letter, "Oh, had I but gotten it yesterday; 'tis cruel, 'tis cruel, my darling," was all she could say.

Alice took brain fever, and weeks passed before she was able to recognise them again. Then she slowly and reluctantly returned back to life, although those who loved her best prayed that she might die rather than have to take up the burden of her blighted life. Her sister had written to the sorrowing lover, and told him to pray for the death of his Alice. But she did not die—and as she gathered strength she set herself to take up the threads of life anew, and make the best of them, but she could not bear the sight of Jamie Fraser. In the course of time her father and the minister began to urge upon her her duty as a wife. They knew not the outrage on a sensitive nature of which they were guilty in forcing her back to a man she loathed. She went to him to please them and because she was willing to do her duty, but sometimes, when she heard his footsteps approach, in her horror and bewilderment she would go and hide herself; she would wander among the braes and sit in every spot that was associated in her mind with that joyous time that was now like a dream to her. She would return home and sit as if in a stupor, and though people spoke to her she did not always notice them. Her brain might have recovered strength had they allowed her to remain away from Fraser, but her pure and truthful spirit felt his presence hateful. At length he took a situation in a distant part of the country, and he took her away with him. His sister went to live with them, and they were both very harsh to the stricken and sorrowful Alice. There her baby was born, and they hoped that the birth of the child would make a difference. It did not, however, and when her brother, who had newly returned from abroad, went to see her along with her sister, she sat in bed singing the fine old Psalm—

By Babel's streams we sat and wept.

She begged of her relatives not to leave her until they took her away with them, and they had not long to wait. She mercifully at the last forgot everything that was painful, and she murmured about "Willie coming home," and fancied again that she was about the braes with him, gathering the early summer flowers. All the intervening time seemed forgotten, excepting when she plaintively said at times, "For there they that led us captive required a song of us, and they that wasted us—mirth." She passed away with the name of Willie upon her lips, and "beyond these voices there was peace." They took her remains with them, and buried her beside her mother in the village churchyard, and there shortly afterwards a strong man with bronzed face might be seen, bowing his head with grief. It was Willie MacDonald who buried his face in the grass over the grave of the dear victim of treachery. He took his place again in the world, his sorrow making him a tender and sympathising friend to all who were in pain, and, as every May comes round, he makes a pilgrimage to that spot where his only idol of earth lies buried, and there some day it is said that he too will lie down to sleep his last long sleep.

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

A fair land claims dominion
Over our minds and hearts,
To which on eagle's pinion
From noisy city marts
Or distant post of Empire
Fond memory returns;
Painting her lofty bens still higher,
Dreaming more sweet than sacred lyre,
The music of her burns.

From North Sea to Atlantic
That thunders on her shores,
She stands a Queen romantic
This matchless land of ours;
The kirtle folds that round her sweep
Are heath and bracken woven,
The mists upon her shoulders sleep,
Her feet are in the waters deep,
Her brow is turned to heaven.

Her royal girdle splendid
With magic gems is strewed,
Whose hues from rainbows rended
Reflect each changeful mood;
When tempest gathers round her head
They gleam with sullen fire,
Changed when the shattered clouds have fled,
By the fierce sunburst's lances sped,
To diamond or sapphire.

It is from her no wonder
A loyal race should spring,
No gold their love could sunder
From him they deemed their King;
Tho' lost the cause, 'twas not in vain
That Highland blood should pour,
Purged as with fire there still remain,
What is our glorious Empire's gain,
Leal hearts in danger's hour.

London. ERIC MACKAY.

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LEGENDS OF THE CLAN MACKAY.

DONALD DIABHUL,

(Donald Mackay, First Lord Reay).

(Continued from page 200.)

The Bridge across the Pentland Firth.

ONE day as Donald sat alane,
Musing beside the auld "split stane,"*
He saw a piper in high tune,
An' asked the stranger tae sit doon.

. . . . .

A smile was in the piper's e'e,
And Donald, when he'd looked a wee,
Despite the garb, sae auld and sootie,
Kent weel the piper was auld "Clootie."

"Hallo, my frien'!" said Donald, "Where
Are you for noo!" A frien'ly stare
The piper gie'd, and sat him doon,
Blew up his pipes, and played a tune.
When done, they left the famous "stane,"
And, arm in arm, they baith were gane
Adoon the hill that leads to Reay,
An' cracked quite frien'ly by the way.

Startled wi' music, a' folks stared,
For a' were for the kirk prepared,
As thro' the hamlet, cheek for jowl,
Tae get recruits they took their stroll.
At the kirk door they took their post,
And wi' Hell's sign the people crossed,
But not ane joined the sulphur corps,
Sae frae the place ashamed they tore.

Afraid to enter Thurso toon,
On Scrabster hill they baith sat doon,
While Hornie, drawin' forth a book,
Close sealed and waxed, wi' cunning look,
Tell't Donald, this was for himsel'
Tae read and ken the secrets well.

O'erjoyed, oor hero took the gift,
Resolved the mysteries tae sift;
While Hornie, in a brunstane lowe,
Rose frae the hill and waved adieu.
When Donald opened up the book,
The very grun' beneath him shook,
An' Donald tae did shake wi' dreed,
When he the awfu' lines did read.

"The man to whom this book is given
Is frien' o' Hell an' foe o' Heaven,
An' since in magic he'll excel,
He's bound tae serve his master well.
Frae Orkney Isles tae Dunnet shore,
The Pentland Firth shall be bridged o'er,
And when he shall on Dunnet stand,
His work is then but to command.

Then open to the Northern breeze
This book, and forth shall issue fleas;
Then say the word, and it shall be,
A bridge shall span the northern sea.
Each flea shall take a fairy's form,
The awful firth shall instant swarm,
Then, like the spider, they shall spin
A gossamer, but strong within."

Then in high tune, he did go forth
To bridge the wild and stormy North;
But when he came to Murkle Hill,
Hard seemed the mission to fulfil:
Sae sitting doon tae find a flaw,
He broke the stamp that sealed the Law.

Forth frae the book the fairies sprung,
The air around wi' clamours rung,
While "work! work! work!" was a' the cry,
And he maun gie them work or fly.
He pu'd some heather frae the hill
And spun a rope, their tongues tae still,
While instant they spread at the ca',
And span the heather ane and a'.
Sae swift they toiled, ere setting day,
Nae heath was left on Claridon brae.

Then loud again came "work! work! work!"
And Donald had tae try a quirk,
For weel he kent the heather noo
Was span frae Murkle's clayey broo.
Wi' mutterin' soun' he bent him doon,
While a' the fairies gathered roun',
Then frae the ditch he pu'd some straw
And summoned roun' the fairies a'.

Then ane by chance came up the way
Where, open wide, the volume lay,
And as it neared the mystic spot,
It fleeing powers nae longer got;
Then like the sheep when dogs assail,
The ithers followed at its tail.
And as he got them a' confined,
Our hero had an easier mind;
Sae wi' sealed book, and staff in han',
He took the road tae Dunnet San'.

Before the tide wave would return,
He tried to cross the "mid-sand-burn,"
But floatin' in the tidal swell,
Some sea-weed tripped him an' he fell.
Oot o' his breast the volume flew,
An' broke the seal of Hornie too,
The fairies noo a' free ance mair,
For work tormented Donald sair.

Again "work! work!" was a' the cry,
And Donald must find work or fly,
While goaded by the stangs he bore,
To gie them endless toils he swore.
He bent him to the sand, and made
A coil of rope, which he displayed.

Then a' wi' zeal the work began
The ropes tae spin, the Firth tae span;
But soon as each coil was displayed,
The centre broke and a' decayed.
Things now assumed so fair a face,
Oor Hero braced him for the chase,
So tae make sure of his escape,
To form of steed he changed his shape.

Then on in shape of steed he tore,
Till safely past the lang, lang shore,
And never halted nor lay doon
Till he was safe past Thurso toon,
Frae that day hence our hero sware,
The Deil wad never cheat him mair;
Sae in that mind he settled doon,
And lived and died a christian loon.

(Concluded.)

*Druimholisten, a split stone on the roadside between Reay and Melvich, with which many legends and fairy tales are associated.

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TOUR OF HIS EXCELLENCY FIELD-MARSHAL MACDONALD,

Duke of Tarentum, Field-Marshal of France, High Chancellor of the Order of the Legion of Honour, Etc.

THROUGH THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS & ISLES.

SOME time ago a goodly number of the books and MSS. of the late Rev. Father Charles MacDonald of Moidart came into my possession. Among the latter I find a MS. Itinerary of the great Marshal's visit to the Highlands and Western Islands of Scotland. I am not quite sure if this Account ever appeared in print, but even if it did, I feel sure it will prove of interest to the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*, at this time when so much patriotic enthusiasm has been aroused by the sad death of another great MacDonald. I rather think the original of the MS. was contributed to Father Charles by Miss M'Donnell of the Loch Shiel family, resident in Edinburgh. Coming, however, from the library of the writer of that charming book "Moidart; or among the Clanranalds" it will be of especial interest to those who have read that book or who knew its author. In any event the Tour is, I think, worthy of a permanent record in the pages of the *Celtic*; and later on I may furnish you with a continuation of "Moidart," and also some notes regarding the families referred to in the journey. The Marshal's full name was Stephen James Joseph MacDonald, born 17th Nov., 1765, died 24th Sept., 1840. (HUGH MACLEOD.) The MS. is as follows:—

AFTER visiting Hopetoun House, the Palace of Linlithgow, the fields of the battles of Falkirk and Bannockburn, Stirling Castle, the Roman Camp at Ardoch, Crieff, Perth, the Palace of Scone, St. Martin's, Kinfauns, Dunkeld, the Pass of Killiecrankie, the scene of the battle of Harlaw, Blair, Field of Culloden, Inverness, Loch Ness, Fort-Augustus, Loch Lochy, Fort-William, etc., the Field Marshal proceeded from Fort-William on Tuesday morning, the 28th of June, for Clanranald's House in Arisaig, where he had resolved to be that night and which was the first private gentleman's house in which the Marshal had slept since he left France, being resolved to dedicate the very short time he had to spare upon the occasion of his present visit to Great Britain in seeing as much of the country as possible, and especially in the enjoyment of the scenery and romantic beauty of the Highland hills, and interesting Isles which gave birth to his ancestors.

These motives induced Marshal Macdonald to decline with much reluctance, many kind and pressing invitations from some of the first noblemen and gentlemen of the land to partake of their hospitality and a hearty Scottish welcome. Amongst these were his Grace the Duke of Montrose, the Duke of Argyle, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Belhaven, Lord Macdonald, Lord Gray, Generals Sir David Baird, Sir James Stewart, Hew Hamilton Dalrymple, Sir David Hunter Blair, Sir Wm. Cumming Gordon, etc. The first stage from Fort-William to Arisaig, being the inn at Glenfinnan, the Field-Marshal and suite breakfasted there, and were shown the spot where Prince Charles Stuart first erected his standard in 1745, attended by young Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart, and about twenty gentlemen of the name of Macdonald, many of them tacksmen upon the estate of, and all of them immediately descended from and cadets of, the family of Clanranald; these, with about a thousand men from the Clanranald estates, joined by Lochiel, Glengarry, the Gordons, Macphersons, Frasers, etc., formed the first part of the army of the unfortunate Prince Charles in 1745. From Glenfinnan the party proceeded by the excellent road and romantic scenery which the district and country of Arisaig present, to Borrodale, the residence of John Macdonald, Esq., who with Mrs. Macdonald and his four amiable daughters and three sons, were all at home, to give a kind reception to their distinguished visitor. Here the Field-Marshal surveyed, with feelings of much interest, the place where Prince Charles first landed, in 1745, on the mainland, and afterwards embarked in 1746, when he took his last farewell of Scotland, accompanied by the Field-Marshal's father, Neil Macdonald, Esq., of the family of Houghbeg, in South Uist, and the near relation of Clanranald, whom he was visiting at Nunton House, when Prince Charles came there, and upon which occasion the Field-Marshal's father was introduced for the first time; and from that moment, and from his being a man of very superior education and literary acquirements, the Prince took a great liking to, and never afterwards parted with him. From Borrodale the party proceeded to Clanranald's house in Arisaig, where they dined and slept; and early on the following morning, the 29th, the Field-Marshal was waited upon by Captain Henry Dundas Beatson, of his Majesty's cutter *Swift*, who, by the kind attention of my Lord Melville, and of Sir William Boothley and Captain Knight, had been ordered to that part of the coast, to receive his Excellency.

The party breakfasted at five o'clock in the morning, and immediately thereafter embarked on board the cutter. It had been the intention of the Field-Marshal to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald of Rhu, but the wind being fair, and it being of much importance to overtake the tide, to work out of the Bay of Arisaig, that gentleman and Mrs. Macdonald, with their five amiable daughters and three sons, and Colonel Macdonald of Scotos, their son-in-law, very kindly came on board the cutter, to pay their respects to their distinguished clansman, who was not less pleased by their considerate attention and very judicious arrangement of time, for his convenience, than he was gratified by the

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affability and kindness of the whole family, who had hardly left the cutter when the Marshal discovered that they had stored the vessel with all sorts of fresh provisions, such as vegetables, fruit, cream, butter, newly-caught salmon; which, with two fat, six-year-old wedders from Clanranald's parks, and a supply of wines, and some casks of mountain dew, enabled his Excellency and his friends to put to sea, with the comfortable sensation of having abundance of fresh stores on board. The wind having been fair, his Excellency reached the destined port (Loch Skipport), in South Uist, that same night about eleven o'clock; and, after sleeping a few hours, he left the cutter at four in the morning in the barge, and landed at the inn of Craig Goray, upon the ford which separates the island of Benbecula from that of South Uist.

Here the Marshal was met by Mr. Shaw, Clanranald's factor, who had kindly provided his gig and saddle horses for the whole party, on which they proceeded through the farms in the north end of South Uist to Houghbeg, where the Field-Marshal had the satisfaction of meeting some near relations of his late respected father and his own, whom his Excellency seemed very happy to see, and to whom he requested Mr. Macdonald to say that he had come all the way from France chiefly to see them. The overwhelming joy and gratitude of his relations at this mark of kindness may be more easily conceived than described. In taking leave, his Excellency announced to Mr. Shaw his intention of giving a liberal annuity to several of these relations, which should henceforth be paid to them through him on the 30th of June in each year; and in the meanwhile his Excellency distributed nearly about two hundred sovereigns in various donations. The Field-Marshal proceeded from Houghbeg to Nunton House, the seat of the Clanranald family in the Isles, and which as at present was then occupied by his factor Mr. Shaw. On the arrival of his Excellency and suite at Nunton, Mrs. Shaw, accompanied by her amiable and beautiful sister, Miss Flora M'Leod, and Mr. Shaw's son, received them with that cordial kindness and hearty welcome for which the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland are so justly celebrated. It may not be uninteresting to mention here, that upon the inhabitants of South Uist being apprised of the arrival of their distinguished visitor, upwards of six hundred of them had assembled near Houghbeg to greet him on his arrival in the Isle which gave birth to his father and a long line of ancestry. Upon this occasion the Field-Marshal ordered a cask of whisky to be given to his kind visitors, and after drinking all their healths, and that of their chief, Clanranald, and wishing them and their handsome families, of whom he had seen so good a specimen that day, all health, happiness, and prosperity, he left them to enjoy themselves, and proceeded with his suite to Nunton. His Excellency and friends having dined and slept at Nunton (his Excellency in the very room in which the celebrated and lovely Flora Macdonald slept), they started early on the following morning for the cutter, which they reached about seven o'clock and where they found a fine deer which Clanranald had ordered to be killed, and immediately thereafter set sail from Loch Skipport, and glided along the South Uist coast until they reached the bay of Corrodale, where they landed, and visited the two remarkable caves on that bay, into which the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart had taken shelter, and where, and in an eagle's cliff at Loch Boisdale, he lay concealed for several weeks, and was attended during that time principally by Neil Macdonald, Esq., the father of Marshal Macdonald, and by Alexander Macdonald, Esq., of Boisdale, the grandfather of Mr. Macdonald of Staffa. From Corrodale Bay the cutter proceeded for several hours to follow the *very course* which Prince Charles Stuart, attended by the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald, who so much contributed to aid the escape of her Prince, took in sailing from Uist to Kingsburgh in Skye, after which Captain Beatson, at the request of his Excellency, shaped his course along the South coast of Skye, for Armadale Castle in Sleat, the property of Lord Macdonald, where the party arrived soon after four o'clock, the cutter having performed the voyage from Corrodale to the Point of Sleat, in the wonderfully short space of four hours. On landing under Armadale Castle, his Excellency and suite were met by Mr. Macpherson, the factor for Lord Macdonald, Mr. M'Kinnon of Corry, and several of the gentlemen of Skye, who were joined by a large party of the Field-Marshal's clansmen from Borrodale, Rhue, Arisaig, and Morar, who had crossed for the purpose. On leaving the ship Captain Beatson fired a salute of fifteen guns which was returned from the Castle; on approaching which his Excellency was received by three hearty cheers from several hundreds of Lord Macdonald's tenantry, who had come there for the purpose, and were headed by several of the gentlemen of Skye, which compliment the Field-Marshal felt very strongly, and requested of Mr. Macdonald of Staffa to state to the people, in Gaelic, and to express the deep regret his Excellency felt, in not having the good fortune to find the noble proprietor at home. On the following morning, Saturday, the 2nd July, his Excellency went on board the cutter at an early hour, accompanied by all the Arisaig and Morar gentlemen, and proceeded to Castle Tyrim, at the mouth of Loch Moidart,

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being the ancient stronghold of the Clan Reginald of the Isles, on the mainland of Scotland, and which forms the crest to this day of all the Clanranald family, and its descendants, together with the motto of "My hope is constant in thee" which were the words addressed by King Robert the Bruce to the Lord of the Isles, on the day of the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314, and which is of course the motto of Field-Marshal Macdonald. At Castle Tyrim, about four hundred of the Moidart and Arisaig tenantry were assembled to receive their distinguished clansman and visitor, whom they cheered as he ascended the rock and approached the revered walls of the ancient edifice, in a style which few could sufficiently appreciate, who were not accustomed to the ancient usages of these attached, honourable, and faithful people; but to the Field-Marshal's magnanimous feelings the scene was full of interest, and it was not one of the least striking circumstances that among those of the tenantry who assembled there that day was a hale old man of the name of Alexander Macdonald, aged nearly about a hundred years, who detailed the whole circumstances of Prince Charles Stuart's embarking at Borrodale for France, with his suite, which circumstances this veteran had a most perfect recollection of, having been within a few yards of the Prince on that day before he embarked. Upon the Field Marshal being informed of this, he immediately approached the old man, and through the medium of Mr. Macdonald of Staffa, put several questions to him relative to the appearance, stature, dress, complexion, etc., of the Prince, and of those who accompanied him, to all of which the old man answered readily, and with perfect precision and confidence, which astonished as much as it gratified the Field-Marshal, who declared that this man's account entirely corresponded with that which his Excellency's father had often told him of the departure of Prince Charles and his suite, amongst whom the Field-Marshal's father was one. From Castle Tyrim the party proceeded to Eilean Shona, the residence of Mrs. Macdonald of Glenaladale, to whom his Excellency paid his respects, and sincerely condoled with her on the irretrievable loss which she had sustained by the death at so early an age of her only and much esteemed son.

From this the party proceeded to Kinlochmoidart, the property of Miss Macdonald, now the representative of that family and married to Colonel Robertson. The Colonel and Mrs. Robertson Macdonald and family being at home, and having kindly pressed the Marshal to remain to dinner, the party spent some pleasant hours at Kinlochmoidart, and afterwards went on board the cutter; and on the following morning set sail for the Island of Staffa, where the cutter arrived in the evening in sufficient time to enable the Marshal not only to view its curiosities from the cutter's boat, which rowed round the island, but also to land, and take a still more complete view of the wonderful construction and arrangement of the stupendous basaltic columns, with which the Field-Marshal was much struck and astonished; and in particular with the formation of these columns into large caverns, of which Fingal's Cave is the most remarkable. On the 4th passed through the sound of Mull, and after visiting the ancient Macdonald Castles of Mingarry, Aros, Ardtornish, etc., landed in the evening at Lismore, and paid a visit to the Right Reverend Bishop Macdonald and his amiable niece, Miss Macdonald, with whom his Excellency and suite drank tea. Went on board at 7 p.m. and set sail immediately for the Giant's Causeway; reached the Irish shore on the evening of the 5th; landed early on the 6th; visited the Giant's Causeway and Glenluce Castle; slept that night at Cushindal, and proceeded next morning, the 7th, to Glenarm Castle, where his Excellency meant to have passed the day, but unfortunately the Countes of Antrim was from home.

Embarked that same day on board the cutter and reached Inveraray on the following morning, the 8th, where immediately, on his Excellency's landing, he was waited upon by the Duke of Argyle's secretary, who kindly invited his Excellency and suite to go to the Castle and remain there during their stay, which kind invitation, from the absence of the noble proprietor, his excellency politely declined, but availed himself of the opportunity of seeing the Castle, and of viewing the beautiful grounds of that superb and magnificent place. On the 9th left Inveraray at four o'clock a.m.; reached Loch Lomond in time for that morning's steamboat, and after making the complete tour of that beautiful lake, reached the hospitable mansion of Mr. Macdonald Buchanan, at Ross Abbey Priory, to dinner, remaining there that night and the whole of next day. During the second day the Marshal took an opportunity of visiting the grounds of Buchanan, and the Duke of Montrose's most superb gardens which he pronounced to be the finest he had seen in Great Britain. His Grace of Montrose having been detained by official duties in London, had not arrived on the 10th. Visited also on that day Mr. Buchanan of Ardoch at Balloch Castle, which, as well as Tullochewen Castle on the opposite side of the Leven, are very fine specimens of modern architecture. On Monday the 11th, proceeded from Ross Abbey to Glasgow by Dumbarton. On that same day visited the College of Glasgow and the Museum there, one of the finest in Europe; also saw Mr. Mitchell's tambouring by machinery impelled by steam, likewise the singe-

ing of the cotton and other objects, very much worthy the notice of the stranger in Glasgow.

On Tuesday morning, 12th, visited Mr. Monteath's extensive dye and bundana works, etc., with which his Excellency was much gratified; and after that the Marshal and suite proceeded by Bothwell Castle, Hamilton Palace, Wishaw Castle, and Coltness, to Sir Henry Stewart's, at Allanton House, on a visit to Mrs. Macdonald of Staffa, and her family, where the Field-Marshal and his suite met a large party at dinner, and remained that night. On the following day set out for Dublin, by Lanark, Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, and Holyhead, where his Excellency arrived on Saturday last, the 16th. In the whole course of the above tour, the weather proved most favourable, and when to that is added the unwearied exertion and kind attention of Captain Beatson, of H.M. cutter *Swift*, by means of which everything was rendered comfortable and pleasant while at sea, and wherever his Excellency landed the warm reception he met with in every place he shewed himself, was calculated to make a powerful impression upon feelings less ardent and susceptible than his; in whom they have excited sentiments of gratification and admiration of everything he has met and seen in Scotland, which border on enthusiasm, in the admiration of the people and of the country in general, and in particular of the characteristic warmth of feeling and generous hospitality which the Field-Marshal experienced throughout the Highlands and Islands. He was particularly struck with the air and gait of the Highlanders, accompanied uniformly as he observed by a courtesy and address, and polished manner which attracted his admiration not less than his surprise, and he frequently remarked to his fellow travellers that from the time he entered the Highlands at Dunkeld, until his return to Glasgow, he never by any accident met with an individual who did not put his hand to his hat or bonnet and accompanied his salute with a very becoming and graceful attitude.

We understand that the Field-Marshal felt so strongly the kind attention of Captain Beatson that at parting he made him a present of a valuable gold snuff-box, and gave fifty guineas to the cutter's crew. His Excellency's stay in Dublin will be limited to a very few days, and it is his intention to proceed from that to London on his way to Paris, with the determination, however, of embracing, at no distant period, an opportunity of coming to Great Britain for a longer stay; in this good feeling his brave and gallant aide-de-camp, Count de Conessin, most warmly participates. We are told that the Field-Marshal and Mr. Macdonald have kept a very full journal of their tour, and in particular about the Island of South Uist, Prince Charles Stuart, and the 1745; blended with some very interesting anecdotes of that period and country, never communicated to the public. Count de Conessin is descended from one of the most ancient families in Brittany, and is married to the niece of Marshal Macdonald.

THE CLOSING DOORS.

I HEAR the rush of the waters
Sweep out beyond my door,
The strong swift swirl, and foaming curl
Of the wavelets combed in pearl:
Ah! me.
The pebbled stones are smoothly worn
Away, and out to the eddies borne,
So free.

I see the light on the waters
Fall from the open door;
The strong peat glare, through the darkness flare,
Red in the gloom of the branches bare:
I ween
No bird could pass in its careless flight,
Or ship go by in the silent night,
Unseen.

The mantle of night is cold and drear,
The hour of the closing doors draws near,
When the pale stars shimmer, and day grow dimmer,
The glow of the peats but a smouldering glimmer:
A righ!*
Must the door of the heart be closed for ever,
The word of welcome be changed to never,
'Twixt thee and me?

Once, the waves were a tiny stream,
Once, the life was a golden dream;
The paths so near, though the rocks lay sheer,
My hand lay close in thy warm clasp, dear;
Oh! fate!
The rain fell fast, and the winter's blast
Blew the tiny stream to a river vast,
In spate.

I hear the swirl of the river,
But I could hear so well
The faintest cry, as the storm swept by,
Did I know that my love was nigh:
No tear,
Though I knew in my heart you loved me so,
Fell from mine eyes as I let thee go.
Ah! dear.

O! dark is the flow of the river,
When the door is stickit fast;
My hand it is trembling, for now I'm remembering
The brightness that lay in the past:
And I
Am closing the doors but slowly,
For hope, dear, however lowly,
Is slow to die.

London. ALICE C. MACDONELL.

*My king.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1903.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

As next issue completes the present volume, readers who intend subscribing for Volume XII. are requested to forward the annual contribution (4s. post free—American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note and save cost of Money Order) as soon as convenient to the editor, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.

SINCE last issue we have received the following donations towards this deserving object, and thank our friends for their welcome contributions—Mr. Nicol MacNeill, Argentine Republic (a patriotic native of Colonsay), £2; Mr. John Mackay, Allison Street, Glasgow (collected), £1 13s.; Provost A. Y. Mackay, Grangemouth, 5s.; Miss Mary Urquhart, York, 2s. The total sum which we have now received from our readers amounts to £30 18s. The London fund now exceeds £5,000, and the Committee are hopeful of raising a much larger amount. The sums raised in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dingwall are very much less than this handsome total. Mr. R. C. Bruce, Ugaruru, New Zealand, President of the Caledonian Society, informs us that the members are subscribing towards the Macdonald Fund.

THE CLAN MACKAY TOUR IN THE REAY COUNTRY has now been arranged to start from Inverness on Monday, 7th September. Conveyances will meet the party at Forsinard, and they will drive down Strath Halladale to Melvich, where the first gathering will be held on Tuesday. Farr will be visited on Wednesday, Strathnaver Thursday, Tongue Friday, and Melness on Saturday. At each parish Gaelic competitions, athletic sports, children's races, concerts and dances will be held as on former occasions. Members or friends wishing to take part are requested to communicate with the Hon.Secy., Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Dr., Glasgow, at once.

THE BEATONS AND OSSIANIC POETRY.

DEAR SIR—The *Oban Times* had recently an article on "Beaton and Bethune" written by "Fionn," which to me is very interesting. "Fionn" says the Beatons of Skye were of Flemish descent. The following tradition seems to contradict that statement. While a youth hardly in my teens, our family resided at Ceann-a-leathaid, Arisaig. One day my parents and I went to visit a place near Borodal, called, I believe, Druim-nan-darach, alongside a harbour much frequented at herring fishing time. Druim-nan-darach was then uninhabited. We went all over the premises and out-places, and I thought it was a lovely spot for a residence. I fancy I can see the "bruthach cas" and the "sceachagan," trees which then grew up the face of the "bruthach cas," and near the end of the formed road that terminated at the Cladach. In this once lived some of my ancestors by my mother's side. The following particulars were given me:—Fearchar Beaton (MacBeth) commonly styled "Fearchar Ligheach," lived here. He was probably physician to "Mac-ic-Ailein." Refering to Arisaig—in one of your Glasgow contemporaries lately it was stated that the Rev. Duncan MacCallum composed certain Ossianic poetry. Perhaps "Fionn" will remember the name (Collath, I think). It is said he palmed it off as Ossianic, but afterwards admitted that it was his own composition. The Rev. Mr. M'Callum was a very dry preacher, but a good Gaelic scholar. He translated the History of the Church into Gaelic, of which my father had a copy. He also published some of his own poetry, and from his efforts with the muse in that publication no one would expect any effusions from his pen like the noble Ossian. The following lines are from the Rev. gentleman's effort in praise of—well, some one.

Ho ro-o-chan
Hi ri-i-chan
Hug eile ho ro-o-chan.
Bu tu mac an duin'-uasail
Air 'm bu shuarach punnd clothachain.
Ho ro-o-chan, etc.

Mr. MacCallum never composed any poetry fit to be placed in the catalogue of Ossianic. At Ceann-a-Leothid there lived and died an old man, Allan M'Donald by name, who was a repertory of Ossianic poetry and sgealachdan, and it is more than probable that the Rev. gentleman received it or wrote it down from Ailein's dictation. If there was any deception it was when he said it was his own. I know he was very vain of his own ability. Fancy "Ho ro-o-chan, Hi ri-i-chan," being Ossianic! Though we were Protestants, the people were Catholics. The following rhyme was repeated by the children when they met an aspen tree—

A chrithionn so 'se an crithionn crion
Air 'n do chrochadh mo Righ,
Mallachd air an t-suil a chi
'S nach cronaich an crithionn crion.

Whether the above was ever published I do not know.

Queensland. DONALD BEATON.

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THE LAST EVENING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

OUR last evening in the Highlands! We linger regretfully over the words, for this is not our first experience of a long farewell to the bonniest portion of God's creation, the Western Highlands. Long years ago, when in the heyday of youth and hope we bade farewell to the Highlands and set out for the "golden east," the woods and lochs were in the grip of the Ice King, and the wild waves were beating furiously on the shores of the Western firths. It then seemed hard enough to take leave of the familiar scenes. On the other hand, was not the world before us? What might we not hope for in the Orient? Might we not look forward, in a few years, after having shaken the pagoda-tree, to renewing our acquaintance with the Hebrides?

Well! the years have come and gone, but the few years of our exile, as depicted by our youthful imagination, have, alas! lengthened into a long spell of absence from the old country. In the meantime, we have helped to lay beneath the sod in a far off land many a good man and true, fated never again to "behold the Hebrides." How our pulse quickened and the blood warmed, when, after those years of exile, we found ourselves once more beneath the shadow of the "everlasting hills," saw the tartan again, and listened to the stirring strain of the piob-mhor among the hills and glens. Though, alas! many "kent" faces were missed from the circle of our friends, still many remained to welcome the wanderer home again.

And now, once more, after an all too brief stay among the lochs and the bens, drinking in, all the while, a new spell of life and strength from the air of our native hills, the time has again arrived to say good-bye to the bonny Highlands. This time we are bidding farewell to the familiar scenes on a day in Autumn. If, when we turned our back on the Highlands for the first time, we did so with feelings of regret, how much more has this feeling been deepened and accentuated since; for, during the time of our exile we have learned to love with a deeply intensified affection the "land of bens, and glens, and heroes."

Those who have spent all their life at home cannot possibly realise what the memories of the old country mean to their brethren in exile. Though, before his departure to distant climes, the life of the young Celt may have been one of poverty and struggle, still, in exile, all that is forgotten; the sordid is lost sight of, while all that is beautiful, all that is bred of patriotism and sentiment, is indelibly enshrined in the memory of the wanderer. I think I am justified in saying, that, whether the exile's lot be cast in the "Far West" or in the more luxurious though more enervating "Golden Orient"; whether Fortune has treated him well or whether he be still struggling manfully up a "stae brae," one thought is uppermost in his heart, that of some day being able to spend, at least, the evening of his days among the hills and glens which he loves so well. The story is told of a Highland gentleman, who, after a severe illness, was travelling for his health in the mild climate of Italy, and who was attended by an old Highland retainer of his family. One day, as the laird and his servant were driving through the fertile plains of Lombardy, the master remarked to his servant: "What magnificent fertile land is this! What would you do, Donald, if you were given a farm here?" "Well, laird," rejoined Donald, "I am not denying that it is a fine country; but, if some one gave me a bit of it, I'm thinking I wad sell it and buy a wee place in Lochaber." I venture to think that there are many of his countrymen who share Donald's opinion.

How doubly beautiful familiar scenes appear when the time has arrived to take our last look of them! This morning we cast our flies for the last time in the deep, black pool, half surrounded by cliffs from which drooped the rowan trees now crimson with clusters of berries; and, while we endeavoured to lure the finny denizens of the pool, the whaups on the moor some twenty feet above our head seemed to be calling "good-bye" in their mournful tongue. Reluctantly we put up our rod at the end of a forenoon's successful angling, for we well knew, that though in other climes we might find use for our gun, we had handled our rod for the last time, unless it was fated to be our good fortune again to spend our time in the Highlands. This afternoon we had our last sail on the loch. Sweetly across the water from the opposite shore were borne the strains of the pipes. A yacht had landed a pic-nic party in a sheltered bay. They had brought a piper with them, and the air he played was that of "Would I were where Gowdie rins." Let those who sneer at pipe-music hear it among the hills and over the water, and then let them, if they can, maintain that there is no sweetness in it! How peaceful everything looked. Far away, on the other side of the Sound, the white sails of the yachts appeared like so many beautiful seabirds skimming along their native element. An inquisitive seal bobbed up its human-looking head at intervals at the stern of our boat, while out at sea could be descried the spouting of a solitary whale. The breeze, which carried our boat along, seemed to bring new life and energy to us. It was hard to think that before another twenty-four hours had passed, all these things

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would be but a memory to us. This afternoon we bade good-bye to the old folk in the clachan, which nestles at the foot of the Ben. The good folks' parting wish of "Haste ye back again" conveyed to us somewhat of a sense of irony; for we wondered how many years might have to pass over our head ere we again visited these scenes.

Evening has now come and with it the lovely gloaming, and we are now, unaccompanied, breasting the slopes of the Ben, to feast our eyes for the last time on the view of the sun setting over the distant Hebrides. Not far from the ground we are now treading mournful scenes were enacted a little over a century ago. A ship which lay in the bay, overshadowed by the Ben on whose sides we are now standing, was embarking the inhabitants of the Strath who were being deprived of country and home, their erstwhile chiefs having learned to prefer the lordship of sheep to that of their faithful clansfolk. A sorrowful company of young and old, men and women, were leaving the homes of their ancestors for the "Far West," and mournfully the wail of the pipes resounded for the last time among the corries and glens as the strains of "Lochaber no more" and "Cha till, cha till, cha till, mi tuilleadh" were wafted on the evening breeze." "No more, no more, no more, for ever!" *We* have at least some prospect of returning, after a lapse of years, to our native land, but to these poor emigrants the farewell they bade to their Highland homes was indeed "for ever!"

The spot which we have chosen from which to take our last view of the Highland sunset, lies halfway up the side of the Ben. The views it commands are reminiscent of sadness and farewells. At the foot of the Ben lies the little sandy bay from which the poor emigrants embarked, when they left the Highland shores for those of the Far West. A little graveyard nestles in a nook at the head of the bay among the birks. As the sun-rays, setting behind Barra, light up the bay, its sandy shores assume a silvery sheen. A little to the North of where we stand is the country of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and the spot where the royal fugitive took his last farewell of the Scottish mainland and went "over the sea to Skye" is within our range of view. Still further to the North the grand peaks of the Coolin Hills are glimmering from amidst the "Isle of Mist" like irridescent opals in the sunbeams. The panorama which lies beneath and around us is altogether suggestive of peace and beauty. The cushie's note comes sweetly from the firwood a few hundred yards down the hill. Save for that sound and the mournful cry of the pee-wit on the moor beside us, all Nature is at rest. The bracken is just beginning to turn russet, but the purple heather is still in its glory, and the sweet odour of the bog-myrtle perfumes the atmosphere around us. How glorious it all is, and how difficult it is to fully realise that this is our last view, "it may be for years and it may be for ever," of a Highland sunset. To-morrow morning we shall be speeding Southwards through the Sound, the great "Highway of the North," as fast as steam can carry us. To morrow night will find us in the metropolis of the Empire; and beneath our window, instead of the waters of the loch murmuring on the shore, the never-ending roar of London street traffic will fall on our ears. A month hence we shall be distant ten thousand miles from this sweet and peaceful scene which will then be but a memory to us, in the region of eternal summer, and beneath the pitiless rays of the tropical sun.

But it is now time to retrace our steps, for the sun has disappeared like a globe of fire behind the distant Hebrides, so we descend the hill amid the gorgeous lights and shades of the Northern gloaming. We are now bidding farewell to the beautiful and poetical side of life for a while, and are again on the eve of facing once more the hard and commonplace aspect of existence. And yet, though we are ready to resume our place in the battle of life, we cannot help murmuring, as we take our farewell glimpse of the fairy scene, that though—

"From the dim sheiling on the misty island
Mountains divide us and a world of seas! [land;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are High-
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!"

Tongkah, West Siam. FRANK ADAM.

SIR HECTOR'S WILL.—Sir Hector Macdonald's will is curious reading when contrasted with some of Lady Macdonald's statements after the burial. So far as we can ascertain her name is not mentioned. He bequeathed all his belongings, including £4,402 in cash and investments, to his only son, Hector. In view of this substantial sum, we wonder what Sheriff Guthrie will do with the fund he raised for the education of the boy. He did so on the presumption that Sir Hector left no means for the support of his son. The Sheriff issued his appeal rather hurriedly, we fear. We learn that the commissioners who were sent to Ceylon to enquire into the charges against Sir Hector Macdonald report favourably, and expect to be able to establish his innocence.

CLAN LINDSAY.—The Annual Gathering of this Society was held in Edinburgh last month and was very successful. Seventy members visited the house and grounds of Gosford during the day, and had a pleasant outing.

JACOBITE EXHIBITION. — This most interesting exhibition at Inverness was opened by Lochiel recently, and is attracting a large attendance daily. It contains a unique collection of relics of the '45, as well as objects representing other exciting episodes in Highland history.

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CLAN MENZIES ARMORIAL BEARINGS.

BY D. P. MENZIES, OF MENZIESTON, F.S.A., SCOT.,

Author of "The 'Red & White' Book of Menzies."

&c., &c.

(Continued from page 193.)

Bàs roimh eas-urram.

MENZIES OF PITFODELS, ABERDEENSHIRE, 1672.

THE chieftains of Pitfodels descended from Sir Alexander, the second son of Chief Sir Robert the 42nd Menzies, from their seals to charters in 1555 and 1573. Their shield bore "*Ermine, a chief,*" or the "Red and White" shield of the Menzies', with the ermine marks on the white portion. This they continued to use until the Restoration, when, for their great sufferings and valiant support of the royal Stewarts, they had a grant of supporters about 1672—their arms being "*Ermine, a chief gules,*" or the "Red and White" shield, with the ermine marks on the white, the supporters being two greyhounds (or deerhounds), *argent* collared *gules*. Crest—a demi-eagle, with wings expanded *ppr.* (proper); Motto—"Malo mori quam foedari," or "I had rather die than be dishonoured."—Burke's *Peerage*. Another translation is: "Death rather than disgrace"—their motto being in Gaelic "*Bàs roimh eas-urram.*" The armorial bearings of the Pitfodel Menzies' were re-registered about 1672, on the new register of the Lyon Office being commenced after the destruction by fire of the old records.

The seat of this branch was Pitfodels Castle on the Dee, Aberdeenshire.

'N uair dh'eireas mi, ni mi saois.

MENZIES OF GLEDSTANES AND EDINBURGH, 1695.

The Menzies' of Gledstanes, in the lower ward of Lanarkshire, from whom were also cadets of the clan in Edinburgh and shire, had a grant of arms in 1695, the shield being "*Per pale argent and or, three crescents gules, a chief of the last*"—that is: the top band of the shield, red—the under half divided into two—one yellow, the other white—with three red crescents. Crest—a crescent *ppr.* (proper); Motto—"Ut Crescit Clarescit," or, "As it increases it becomes famous" (Fairbairn); and in Gaelic their motto is: "*'N uair dh'eireas mi ni mi saois.*" The seat of the Menzies' of Edinburgh was Gledstanes, near Biggar; and another branch connected with them was the Menzies' of Cambo in Edinburghshire.

Bàs roimh eas-urram.

TRADITIONAL ARMS OF THE MENZIES OF BOLFRACKS.

The chieftains and cadet families of the Menzies' of Bolfracks have traditionally for their arms the "Red and White" shield of the Menzies' of Menzies, or, "*Argent, a chief gules,*"

with a demi-eagle under the chief, and for a Crest—a Phœnix, a demi-eagle rising out from amid flames of fire and ashes; Motto—"Malo mori quam foedari"—in Gaelic being "*Bàs roimh eas urram*"; their traditional translation being "Death before dishonour." The seat of this branch was Bolfracks Castle, about three miles west of Aberfeldy, Perthshire, and included the lands and town of Aberfeldy, with their celebrated Birks. The greater number of the military men of the name and clan of Menzies are of this branch, among whom are:—Sir Charles Menzies, K.C.B.; Major James Stewart Menzies, late of the 74th Highlanders, Perth, who figured in the Indian wars; Major Archibald Menzies of the 42nd Highlanders, who fought so bravely at Quatre Bras (against a company of Lancers) on the first day's fighting of Waterloo, and his son Captain Gilbert Menzies, and many other military men of distinction now in the British service. Owing to the fire in the offices of the Lyon King-of-Arms, their old arms given above are now amissing, but the present representative family of the Menzies' of Bolfracks and of Pitlochie, or Cockspow, in Stirlingshire, had a

Bàs roimh eas-urram.

MENZIES OF BOLFRACKS AND PITLOCHIE, 1853.

new grant of armorial bearings on 25th January, 1853, which are: Azure, three stars or mullets; Argent, with a double tressure, flowered and counter-flowered with *fleur de lis*; Or, that is a shield of blue, with three white stars, with a double yellow border similar to that of the Royal Standard of Scotland, having *fleur de lis* round it.

The present representative of this branch is Robert Murray Menzies of Bolfracks, The Knoll, Dipton, N.Z.

MENZIES OF COMRIE.

The Barony of Comrie dates back to 1374 when it was founded and Comrie Castle was built, and although the Estates of Comrie have passed out of the hands of that branch, there are among the descendants of the Comrie Menzies' cadets who hold Estates.

MENZIES OF MENZIESTON.

The following are the armorial bearings of Mr. D. P. Menzies, who claims to be a cadet of the ancient House of Comrie.—ED.

The Arms are—argent, a clàrsach (or Highland harp) in pale ppr. or a chief gules, being the Highland harp proper on the white portion of the red and white shield. Crest—The head of a Celtic king crowned ppr. Motto—in Gaelic—Air Reigh Sìol. Of royal ancestry. Mantle—of Menzies tartan with ribbons forming Celtic designs surmounted with the clan badges. Seats—Cornwall House and Athole Bank House, Menzieston, Perthshire.

MOTTO OF CLAN MENZIES.

The motto of Clan Menzies in Gaelic is "*Toileadh Dia è 's ni mise è.*" Translated—it is "Will God it and I'll do it!" or in old Scotch, as it is used on the arms of the chief, "Vil God I Zal," otherwise, "Will God I shall."

THE WAR-CRY, OR "CATH-GHAIRM," OF CLAN MENZIES.

The war-cry or slogan, or, as it is called in Gaelic, the *cath-ghairm*, is "*Geal 's Dearg gu Bràth*," which is, in English, "The Red and White for Ever." The Menzies' shout of

victory is, in Gaelic, *"Geal 's Dearg a Suas,"* that is, "Up with the Red and White": it was often used as the battle-shout when closing with the enemy, and in the moment of victory.

THE DUART COAT OF ARMS.

BY THE REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

THE Ardgour MS. was written about 1765. It gives the following account of the Duart Arms:—"First quarter, or, a lion rampant, gules; second quarter, azure, a castle triple-towered argent, windowed and port gules, masoned sable; third quarter, argent, a lymphad with her sails furled up and her oars in action, sable; fourth quarter, a salmon naiant proper and in chief two eagles' heads erased, affronte, gules. The whole is supported by two ostriches with a horseshoe in each of their bills, proper. The Crest is a battle-axe standing upright upon an open helmet, with a laurel and a cypress branch proper tied saltire-wise by a ribbon gules about the axe. The Motto is, Altera merces. Written below the whole are the words, Virtus durissima terit.

Baron David Maclean, of Sweden, was the son of John Dubh, fourth son of Hector Og of Duart. His coat-of-arms in the year 1708 may be seen in the Riddarhus, Stockholm. It is the same as the coat-of-arms described in the Ardgour MS., except that it has no helmet under the crest and that the eagles' heads bend down towards the salmon.

Donald Maclean, third of Bro'as, was the son of Lachlan, son of Donald third son of Hector Og of Duart. He died April 25th, 1725, and was buried in Inchkenneth churchyard. The coat of arms on his tombstone is as follows:—First quarter, a lion rampant; second a fort with two merlons; third, a galley and a salmon; fourth, a hand, holding a cross, and having three balls or perhaps disks suspended from it. The supporters are two ostriches and the motto, Altera merces.

Charles Maclean of Killunaig was a son of Allan of Grulin, and belonged to the Macleans of Morvern. He died March 6th, 1743, aged 69 years, and was buried in the Killunaig churchyard. The coat of arms on his tombstone has a lion rampant in the first quarter, a wide castle in the second, a hand holding a cross in the third, and a galley and a salmon in the fourth.

The Rev. Archibald Maclean, minister of Ross, belonged to the Boreray branch of the Macleans of Ardgour. He died March 10th, 1755, aged 76 years, and was buried in Kilvicewen churchyard near Bunessan. The coat of arms on his tombstone has a lion rampant in the first quarter, a castle in the second, a hand holding a cross in the third, and a lymphad or long-fhada in the fourth. He was the father of Tearlach Mor na Sgurra and the great-grandfather of President Maclean of Princeton College.

There is a very accurate account of the Macleans of Duart in the Macfarlane MSS. Its description of the Duart arms is the same as that which is given in the Ardgour MS. The writer, however, adds that the castle was for the MacLeods, the salmon for Argyle, and the eagles' heads for the Macdonalds. So far as the eagles' heads are concerned, he was undoubtedly correct. He wrote his account of the Macleans apparently between 1755 and 1765.

Donald Maclean, third of Brolas, was succeeded in Brolas by his son Allan. Sir Allan was an officer in the army, and spent several years in America in the Montgomery Highlanders. He retired from the army in 1763, and settled at Inchkenneth, where he received a visit from Dr. Johnson and Boswell in 1773. He died in 1783, and left two daughters. John Maclean was married to the second daughter.

A letter written by John of Inverscaddle, in 1797, to Baron Ratger Maclean in Sweden contains the following account of the Duart arms:—"One of the chiefs of our clan married a daughter of Macdonald of the Isles, whose arms were blended with ours and used by the clan till lately. On searching the Herald's office it was found that those I use were the proper ones; namely, a mountain called Kernaburg in the first quarter, a hand and cross crosslet in the second, a galley in the third, and two hawks' or griffins' heads and a salmon in the fourth, with a Lochaber axe between branches of laurel and cypress as a crest. The motto is, Altera merces. The full arms with supporters have for motto, Virtus durissima terit, alluding to the digestive powers of the ostrich's stomach, said, whether true or false, to overcome the hardest substances, even iron."

John of Inverscaddle was evidently under the impression that the lion was the principal emblem of the Macdonalds, and that it was introduced into the armorial bearings of the Macleans in consequence of the marriage of Lachlan Lubanach, in 1366, with the daughter of John, first Lord of the Isles. The chief emblems of the Macdonalds in 1366, and during the whole period of their greatness, were the galley and the eagle. The Lords of the Isles never had a lion in the first quarter of their arms. They had no desire to be merely fighting lions down on the earth; what they aimed at was to be imperial eagles soaring high over the heads of others.

In the coat of arms described by John of Inverscaddle,—which was evidently the Duart coat of arms used in 1797—we find the lion removed from the first quarter and a rock put

in place of it. We also find the castle thrown out of the second quarter, and a hand and cross crosslet substituted. In all other respects the Duart arms of 1797 were the same as the Duart arms used by the Duart Macleans of Sweden in 1708. They were also the same as the Duart arms described in the Ardgour MS. Of course the heads looked like the heads of griffins; at the same time they were evidently intended for the heads of eagles. They were Macdonald emblems and were retained as such for the sake of the days of old.

The Macleans had a galley in their coat of arms ever since they existed as a clan. Among the famous warriors buried in Iona were Angus Og of the Isles—the Angus Og who fought under Bruce, Allan nan Sop, and Neil of Ross. The only heraldic emblem on Allan nan Sop's tombstone is a large two-masted galley. The galley was not put on the tombstone to indicate that Allan was in the habit of making a voyage occasionally to the Lowlands and to Ireland; it was put there simply as a Maclean emblem. Neil of Ross's tombstone has a shield carved on it. The upper half of the shield has a two-masted galley in it, and the lower half a lion rampant. The lion's tail is now almost worn off. There are four lines below the galley on Allan nan Sop's tombstone. Angus Og's tombstone has also a galley on it with four lions below it. I do not think that in either of these cases the lions have anything to do with the armorial bearings; they seem to have been used merely for ornamental purposes.

SITHICHEAN SHEILA.

DAOINE SITH! Tha fhios gu 'n robh daoine sìth ann, ged a tha cuid nach creid e. Bha leannan sìth aig an fheàr nach maireann ach thug e 'n car aisde, phòs e té eile agus oidhche na bainnse cha mhòr nach do leagadh an tigh gus an do thilg fear-na-bainnse mach sporan airgeid a thug a bhean shìth dha. Mar a creid sibh sin so agaibh naigheachd fhior timchioll sithichean a chunnaic Sheila.

Bha cròit bheag aig athair Sheila anns a' Ghàidhealtachd. Bha naoi nigheanan aige agus brathair aig a h-uile té dhiubh. Anns an t-samhradh bha 'n crodh a mach air an t-sliabh agus té do na nigheanan a' buachailleachd, obair chiatach; bha crodh cuid eile ann cuideach agus cuideigin as gach tigh a' buachailleachd—seòrsa do dh-àiridh.

Anns an fhoghar cha robh iad cho teann a faire, bha iad a' fàgail a chruidh air an t-sliabh gu feasgar agus a sin a dol ga 'n cur dhachaidh ga 'm bleòdhan.

Air feasgar ceòthar, fluich, ciùin, chaidh Sheila a chur dhachaidh crodh a h-athar a casan ris, earrasaid mu ceann, breacan mu pearsa, bata na laimh, a' seinn orain bheag, eòin bheag a seinn, a' ghobhar-athair a gorachdail, an trèan-ri-trèan a glaodhaich, tunnagan a fàcnail, 's mar sin.

Cha 'n fhaiceadh neach ceud slat an ceann, air uairean leis cho dùmhail 's a bha 'n ceò, uairean eile cha robh e cho dona, co-dhiu bha fhios aig Sheila far an robh an crodh, gheibheadh i iad 's a dà shùil dùinte; airson eagal cha robh fhios aice gu de bu chiall dha. ged a sguir i a sheinn 'n àm dol seachad "Punndair na Glaisrig" —creutur sìth.

Bha Alasdair Ruadh a mach aig beulaobh an tighe aige fhéin a faire nan gàmhna fad 's a bha càch 's a' bhàthaich a bleodhan. Bha e 'gàireachduinn a' cluinntuinn Sheila cho ceòl-mhòr ged nach bu léir dha i. Sgur i tacan ach ghabhadh i ceathramh an dràsd 's a rithisd.

'Nuair bha bean Alasdair 's cach ullamh a' bleodhan, dh-fhalbh esan leis a spreidh do 'n fhang—so cròdh na h-oidhche, dìreach gàradh cloiche, lamh ris an t-sliabh. Bha e tilleadh dhachaidh agus gu bhi aig an tigh 'nuair chual e srathail feadh an t-seileasdair, a sin guth "An tu 'tha siud, Alasdair?"

"'S mi. An d' fhuair thu 'n crodh idir?"

"O Alasdair! Eudail! Gu de ni mi? Tha 'n crodh air an t-sliabh ach tha sithichean nan suidhe air a' ghàradh; tha mi dol dhachaidh."

"Gun an crodh," ars' esan "Oinsich mhòir 's tusa sin, coisich còmhla riumsa 's cuiridh mi dhachaidh an crodh leat."

"Cha téid! Cha téid!" arsa Sheila—b'e Sheila bh' ann—"Tha iad ann gun teagamh."

"Ma tha, bitheadh, feumaidh an crodh dol dhachaidh," ars' esan.

Dh' fhalbh iad le cheile, ise 's a cridhe na beul. Bha Alastair de 'n t seòrsa mhisneachail sin nach leig orra gu 'm bheil eagal orra, mar sin a cumail misneach an cach. Bha iad a dlùthachadh air an àite, agus da-rireadh bha dithis chreutairean mi-nàdurra ann a siud, cha robh ni bu chinntiche na gu 'm b'e sìthichean a bh' ann. Còmhla ris a sinn bha oiteag ghaoth-aidh a' tighinn mu 'n cuairt orra, agus bha feasgar gun deò as an deigh "Ma tha," ars' Alasdair, "eagal mòr ort, theid sinn mu 'n cuairt — ach thusa 's do shithichean." Bha cridhe Alasdair a plosgartaich, ach chaidh e mu 'n cuairt is sheachain e na sìthichean.

Bha 'n crodh air an taobh thall dhiu, ceart làmh riu agus mu 'n d' rànig Alasdair is Sheila iad leis an rathad mu 'n cuairt, thog an ceò, bha gaoth air togail 's mar sin a choltas fhein air a h-uile rud; tha ceò anabarrach mealltach agus gu sonruichte oidhche fhoghair. Ged a thog an ceò, cha do charaich na sìthichean. Bha iad an siud, dà chorra-ghritheach mhòr na'n suidhe air a' ghàradh gu neo-chiontach. BROG CUTHAIG.

The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XV.—The MacLeods *(Concluded.)*

DOUBTLESS much of the MacCrimmon music has been lost beyond recall, but we have reason to be thankful that so many tunes have been preserved. As these are scattered in various collections of pipe music I shall endeavour to arrange the tunes so far as possible under their respective composers.

MacCrimmon Music.

The following tunes were composed by Donald Mór MacCrimmon—

*MacLeod's Controversy, 1603.
*MacLeod's Salute.
*Donald *Diabhul* Mackay's Lament, 1649.
*The MacDonalds' Salute.
*The Earl of Ross's March, about 1600.
†MacLeod of Raasay's Lament, 1648.
†MacLeod of MacLeod's Rowing Pibroch or Salute.

The following tunes were composed by Patrick Mór MacCrimmon—

*I got a Kiss of the King's Hand, 1651.
*John Garve MacLeod of Raasay's Lament, 1648.
¶Lament for the Children. §
§Cumha an aona mhic (Lament for the only son.)
§Too Long in this Condition. ‡
§The Drunken Groat. ‡
*Lament for Rory Mór MacLeod, 1626. §

Composed by Donald Bàn MacCrimmon—

*MacCrimmon's Lament, 1745. ‡

Composed by Patrick Og MacCrimmon—

*The Pretty Dirk.
*Am Port Leathach (The half-finished tune.)

Composed by John MacCrimmon—

*The Glen is Mine. §

The following tunes are regarded as MacCrimmon compositions, but it is difficult to determine which of this family composed any specific one—

§"Maol Donn"—MacCrimmon's Sweetheart. ¶
‡Lament for Ronald MacDonald of Morar.
‡Lament for the Duke of Hamilton, 1712.
‡Lament for Patrick Mòr MacCrimmon.
‡"*'Nann air mhire tha sibh?*" composed on the birth of Roderick Mor MacLeod, Dunvegan.†
†Mrs. MacLeod of Tallisker's Salute.
†Isle of Skye *("Eilean a' Cheò.")*

A number of interesting historic notes regarding many of these tunes will be found in Mackay's Collection of Piobaireachd, and as that work is now easily procured it is unnecessary to quote therefrom.

Even among pipers the MacCrimmons are allowed to bear the palm. In illustration of this it is related that when Donald Bàn MacCrimmon accompanied his chief who was opposed to Prince Charlie, the MacLeods marched southwards in conjunction with the Munros to dislodge Lord Lewis Gordon from Aberdeen, but they were attacked at Inverurie and quickly routed, and MacCrimmon, piper to MacLeod, was taken prisoner. Next morning Lord Lewis and his officers were much surprised that the pipers did not play as usual, and enquiry was made to ascertain the cause. They were told that MacCrimmon was prisoner, and, while he was captive among them their pipes would be silent. This explanation procured his immediate release, but, as already stated, he was shortly afterwards killed at the Rout of Moy, near Inverness.

Clan MacLeod Pipers.

The position and fame of the MacCrimmons as hereditary pipers to the Clan have in a large measure eclipsed the accomplishments as pipers of members of the Clan MacLeod. Among the members of the Clan who have composed pipe tunes which are still popular we may mention Norman MacLeod, a native of Raasay, who was at one time family piper to MacDougall of Dunolly. He was at one time connected with the MacKenzie Highlanders and ultimately pipe-major to the Argyle and Bute Militia. He died at Campbeltown. Among the tunes which he composed are "Dunolly Castle March," "Miss Margaret Morrison's Reel," "Dunstaffnage Castle March," and "78th's March to Lucknow." These will be found in David Glen's "Collection of Highland Bagpipe Music." Another composer of some note was Alexander MacLeod, who died in Edinburgh a few years ago. The following are among his best known tunes—"The Drunken Piper" (quickstep), "My Drouthie Cronie" (quickstep), "A MacLeod's Reel," "The Wee Sergeant's March," "Alex. MacLeod's March," "The 1st Burma Rifles March," "Alex. MacLeod's Strathspey," "The Sirdar's Welcome to Edinburgh," "Well Done, My Highland Lads," "The March to Pretoria," "The Relief of Mafeking," and "Marching to Glasgow Cathedral with the Old Cameronian Colours." The most of these will be found in David Glen's Collection.

Among the other MacLeod tunes that are in

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*Angus Mackay's Collection of Piobaireachd, 1838.
†"*Ceòl Mór*" by Major-General Thomason, 1900.
§David Glen's Collection of Ancient Piobaireachd, 1900.
¶W. Ross' Collection. Originally published 1869.
‡Donald MacDonald's Collection, 1822.

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print there may be mentioned "MacLeod of Colbeck's Lament," and "Lady Doyly's Salute,"* both by John Mackay, and "MacLeod of Raasay's Salute," by Angus Mackay. These will be found in Angus Mackay's Collection of Piobaireachd. "Lament for Dr. Norman MacLeod of Glasgow," by William Ross, the Queen's piper. The following tunes are in Thomason's "*Ceòl Mór*"—"A Taunt on MacLeod," "Dispraise of MacLeod," "MacLeod of Gesto's Salute," "Lament for John MacLeod" (son of John Garve), "Lament for Mary MacLeod," and "Mrs. MacLeod of Talliker's Salute."

*Lady Doyly was of the MacLeods of Raasay. She published a small collection of Original Gaelic Songs with melodies in 1875.

THE PASS OF THE SHADOW.

BY ASHMORE WINGATE.

Author of "Distinctions of Ossianic Poems."

(Continued from page 188.)

THE CELTIC SPIRIT AND THE WORLD.

CONTINUING my statement that the Celtic temperament is of necessity at its best in a minority, I might say that it is also the characteristic of a small nation, self-conscious of its independence, and not in a position to take itself for granted. Therefore as populations increase

THE CELTIC SPIRIT

will have less and less predominance. We are drifting back to a Spartan condition of things, and to a slavery to public opinion. Love of humanity is on the increase, but love of one's neighbour is on the decrease. Whereas in ancient times one loved the people who shared one's moor, and hated the people who occupied the next.

And yet again, there were fewer people in the world; the forests were larger; the air was purer; the heaven was more unclouded; there was no need to reserve public spaces, wherein to take constrained walks. There was more mystery surrounding life. The poor man, with all his disadvantages, might expect to see his patron saint in the twilight, or to meet some gay lady in a darkling wood, and be led to some door in the hill, and attain Avalon. Who knew?

On the other hand, at the present moment, we are suffering from "Disillusionment," as the late Mr. F. H. Myers puts it. The beauty of the visible world declines, and the spiritual world becomes less and less credited. Curiously enough, in spite of our antithesis of natural and supernatural, the supernatural seems to be dependent upon certain conditions of the natural, for its existence in the minds of men, that is to say for its subjective existence. But what a terrible dilemma is ahead of us, how to live

A LIFE WITHOUT ROMANCE.

Indeed the sense of mechanical repetition is a steady cause of the increase of insanity; this sense, combined with that other sense of the meaninglessness of existence. The old Pagan joy in the world, the determination to spend the hours, has fled, for the constitution of things has altered.

> "Who can see the green Earth any more
> As she was by the sources of Time?
> Who imagines her fields as they lay
> In the sunshine unworn by the plough?
> Who thinks as they thought,
> The tribes who then lived on her breast,
> Her vigorous primitive sons?
>
> And we say that repose has fled
> For ever the course of the River of Time
> That cities will crowd to its edge
> In a blacker, incessanter line;
> That the din will be more on its banks,
> Denser the trade on its stream,
> Hotter the plain where it flows,
> Fiercer the sun overhead.
> That never will those on its breast
> See an ennobling sight,
> Drink of the feeling of quiet again,
> But what was before us we know not,
> And we know not what shall succeed."*

The old Pagan self-containedness is becoming impossible. And unfortunately the miraculous, historical Christianity which lightened the Dark Ages, when the splendour of the classical times which had conferred so much joy upon life had crumbled away, — this miraculous, historical religion, be it true or false, is losing its hold. The resistless, inevitable, scientific mechanisms that will govern the future society are neither Christian nor anti-Christian, but are simply on a different plane from that of Christianity. And as for this future society; unless some unexpected change occur, the missiles of the preacher will shrill harmlessly over its head. But as the improvements of mankind are making this planet more and more unlovely; and as the epicurean life is becoming, thanks to magistrates, and reformers, and what not, more and more impossible, humanity will be deprived both of this world and of the next.

Again the writer whose name I have just quoted as having spoken of

†"DISILLUSIONMENT,"

remarks that France, as the most sensitive country in Europe, the "antennæ" of Europe in fact, has been the first to reject religious beliefs,

*"The Buried Life."—Matthew Arnold.
†F. H. Myers.—"Science and a Future Life."

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just as she has been the first to indulge in fierce and pitiless democratic reforms. And he proceeds to remark that the birth-rate in France is lower than in most other parts of the world, especially the birth-rate of the better classes, pointing out that it is due to the fact that deeply-reasoning men who have found life miserable and Death terrible, detest the notion of ushering into the world a long succession of trembling souls and of reproductive bodies.

Other nations, he remarks, will assuredly follow in the footsteps of France. And for my part I can quite understand, that if on the one side we accept Christ's statement, that "Few there be that shall enter" (the straight gate of Heaven), that is to say that the majority are fuel for infernal fire, if we accept this statement, then parenthood is a crime; for as the text runs, there are more black balls in the bag to exclude our family from Heaven, than white balls to admit them to its sweet society; whereas, on the other side, although we believe with Omar Khayyam in the delights of sense, we are confronted with the stern truth that modern progress is fast robbing us of these very delights, that police, clergy, military service, education, labour, expense, public opinion, and a hundred other things are in the way, not to speak of the soul's divine dissatisfaction; we are confronted by all this, and compelled to admit that our descendants will have little pleasure in the world as it stands.

It is possible that M. Sully Prudhomme will prevail with his view of the matter.

"Du plus aveugle instinct je veux me rendre maitre,
Hélas! non par vertu, mais par compassion.
Daus L'invisible essaim des condamnéc a naitre,
Je fais grace a celui dort je sens aiguillon.

Demeure daus l'empire innomé du possible,
O fils le plus aime qui naitras jamais!
Mieux sauvé que les morts et plus inaccessible,
Tu ne sortira pas de l'ombre où je dormais!"

To conclude, the Celtic spirit supplies

LIFE WITH ILLUSIONS,

gilds the pill in fact. And that is why I cannot see how the society of the future is to dispense with the Celtic spirit. Yet it seems as though it would be called upon to do so. The great idealists are dead; in politics we miss Gladstone, in poetry we miss Byron. The shade of Bismarck is colouring all the motives and the methods of the civilized world. Might will shortly be right. Only the Balkan states preserve the old love of a minor independence, preferring to be door-keepers in their own tents, rather than dwellers in the secure alcoves of great empires.

In the main, man is becoming "Tame in Earth's paddock, as her prize."* A healthy fanaticism is growing rare. There are men living

WHOSE GREAT-GRANDFATHERS FOUGHT

on moorland spaces against huge civilized tyrannies, who can yet grovel to those very huge, civilized tyrannies. The patriot sheaths his sword at the Imperial promise of an educational system, a ballot-box, and improved sanitation.

Indeed, when one sees our own Government, to go no father afield, pressing reform after reform upon Egypt, one is reminded of Lord Fauntleroy's guardian, showering gifts upon the child, "to make him forget his mother." And now, what grinding processes are at work to make us in turn forget all that is best in human nature, to convince us that "the spark from Heaven" is a mere "ignis fatuus." And yet these same processes leave us with the most unsatisfactory bribes. Over us all there is at work a vast engine of uniformity, demolishing all outstanding dreams, and phantasies, and hopes, as one might pass over a Renaissance town, and break down a minaret here, an ancient balustrade there, a carved portice there, and leave only the modern accretion of shapeless brick and of hideous mortar.

THE CELT,

after infusing so much of his nobility in western countries, leaving his way of thinking as absolutely as he has left his physical type in living Europe, has been able in certain quarters to retain his tradition, his language, his spirituality. But in the policies of the world the influence of that Idealism, which found a notable development in him, is failing very fast. We are on the eve of a war of merciless economies, humanized by a godless impersonal tenderness.

And as I close this chapter, an intense bulk of shadow fills the Pass in the Ochils, and I picture mankind as an army marching thither from plains of sunshine, as though at some command in the words of the French poet—"Quittez le long espoir, et les vastes pensées."

(Concluded.)

M'QUISTIN OR M'EYSTEIN.

M'QUISTIN OR M'EYSTEIN: I want light on the family name M'Quistin or M'Eystein. Can any reader direct me to sources of information where I may learn the origin of this family; to what clan they belonged, or of what family they were dependents; the country they occupied, and any record references?

An 'Uitlander,' I am greatly hampered by the poverty of this land in works dealing with such matters, hence my appeal for light and guidance.

South Australia. "SOUTHERN CROSS."

*Browning.—"Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day."

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THE "COLQUHOUNS' PIBROCH."

FOR THE LUSS HIGHLAND GATHERING,

July 25th, 1903.

Now are the glens clad in purple and green,
Rich are the hues where the sunbeams have been!
Welcome our chief to Loch Lomond's loved vale,
Welcome once more to the Land of the Gael!

Deer of the corries, and birds of the lea,
Mingle their welcome of gladness to thee!
Come then in sorrow—or come in true joy,
Thine is a Talisman naught can destroy!

F. MARY COLQUHOUN.

THE 'NETHER LOCHABER' MEMORIAL.

UNVEILING CEREMONY.

ON Saturday, July 18th, the memorial cross erected at Onich to Rev. Alex. Stewart, LL.D., "Nether Lochaber," was unveiled in the presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen. Col. Stewart, C.I.E., Ardvorlich, presided, and among those present were Colonel Stewart, of Achnacone, Major F. A. MacKinnon, M.A., J.P., chieftain of the Clan MacKinnon, and the Hon. Mrs. MacKinnon, Appin House, Mrs. Cameron-Lucy, Sheriff Davidson, Rev. Father MacKintosh, Dr. Grant, Ballachulish, Messrs. A. A. Stewart, Hon. Secy. of Memorial Committee, Kenneth M. Stewart, J.P., Brecklet, son of "Nether Lochaber," Mr. Henry Whyte, "Fionn," Mr. Alex. Stewart, Glenlyon, etc.

After praise and prayer, Col. Stewart in a few well-chosen remarks called on Achnacone to unveil the monument. Achnacone expressed his sense of the honour conferred upon him, and remarked that the site so kindly granted by Lochiel was an excellent one, while the memorial cross was of beautiful design. Dr. Stewart was a distinguished Gaelic scholar as well as seanachie and bard. The best of his earlier productions which had appeared in the "*Inverness Courier*" had been published in two volumes, entitled respectively "Nether Lochaber," and "'Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencoe. He was much beloved as a pastor—and he trusted that the memorial cross would hand down to posterity the name of a man who was worthy of being remembered, and one who had in life nobly supported and adorned the name he bore, and who worthily performed the solemn duties of his calling.

Mr. K. M. Stewart, son of Dr. Stewart, replied on behalf of the family in eloquent terms.

Mr. A. A. Stewart reported that the amount subscribed was £185, and after paying for the memorial, and defraying sundry expenses, a small balance remained.

The memorial is a handsome cross of grey granite standing over twenty feet high. It is richly decorated with Celtic laced work. The inscription on the pedestal runs as follows:—

IN MEMORY

OF

The Rev. ALEX. STEWART, LL.D.,
F.S.A. Scot.,

"NETHER-LOCHABER."

For 50 years Minister of Ballachulish and Ardgour.

Died 17th January, 1901, in the 72nd year of his age.

Scholar, Naturalist, Seanachie, and Bard. Distinguished for the variety and charm of his writings; dear to all who knew him, and most dear to those who knew him best.

"Agus labhair e air craobhan, on chraun-seudair a tha ann an Lebanon, eadhon gu ruig an hisop a dh' fhasas a mach as a' bhalla; labhair e mar an ceudna air ainmhidhean, agus air eunlaith, agus air nithibh a shnaigeas, agus air iasgaidh."—1 Kings, iv., 33.

Erected by Friends under the Auspices

OF

THE STEWART SOCIETY.

The Biblical quotation is singularly appropriate and runs in English as follows:—

"And he spake of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even into the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts and of fowl and of creeping things and of fishes."

GAELIC EVENING CLASSES.—We may here note that at the request of the Glasgow School Board, "Fionn" has agreed to conduct the Gaelic Evening Classes in the High School, Glasgow, this winter. The classes (senior and junior) will be held on Monday evenings, from the beginning of September, and we trust all who are anxious to acquire a knowledge of Gaelic, or perfect the knowledge which they possess, will take advantage of this opportunity.

HIGHLAND GOLDEN WEDDING IN CALIFORNIA.—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fraser, of San Francisco, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on the 20th July. There was a large gathering of Scottish friends to congratulate the aged couple on the auspicious event. We heartily convey our best wishes. Mr. Fraser is one of the best known Gaels in California, and was the originator of the "Clan Fraser" in San Francisco.

THE ANNUAL MOD takes place at Inverness on 24th September, the Marquis of Tullibardine in the chair. A very large number of handsome prizes are offered for competition, which will doubtless attract many competitors. Full particulars will be found in our advertising pages.

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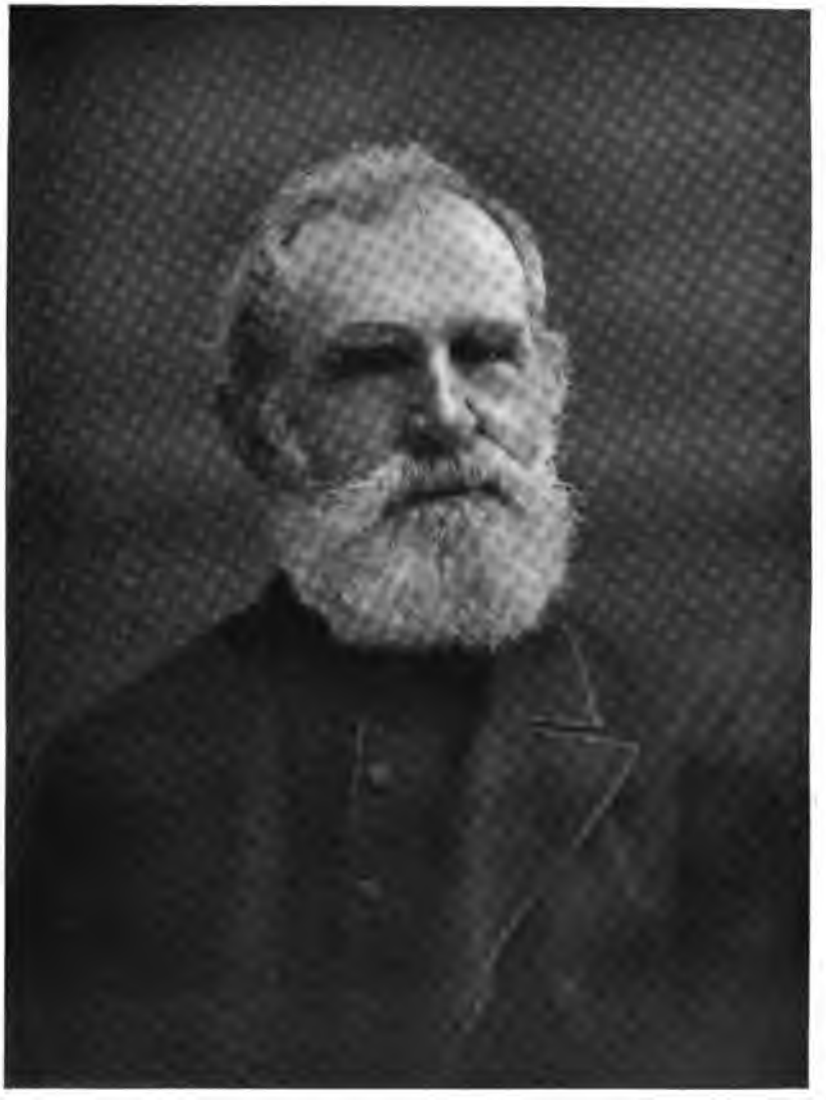

The Late Rev. JOHN MACKAY.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

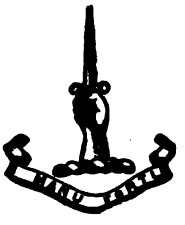
A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Glasgow.

No. 12. Vol. XI.] *SEPTEMBER, 1903.* [Price Threepence.

THE LATE REV. JOHN MACKAY.

Son of the Clan Historian.



THE Rev. John Mackay, Senior Colleague Minister of the United Free Church of Scotland, Cullen, died 19th July, 1903, at his residence, 32 Mansion House Road, Edinburgh.

He was born 16th June, 1815, two days before Waterloo, in which battle was present his eldest brother, Capt. William Mackay, who had already served in the Peninsula under Wellington.

Mr. Mackay's father, Robert Mackay, was a writer or solicitor in Thurso. He was born in 1766 and lived till 1847, and was a man of wide culture and of high character. Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, in his "Statistical Account of Caithness," includes him among the remarkable men that county has produced. He was ardently attached to the Clan whose name he bore, as is evidenced by the authoritative history of the Clan Mackay which he wrote, and published in 1829. The volume is noticed by Sir Walter Scott, who refers to its "ingenious author" in a foot-note to the "Fair Maid of Perth," where, in a courteous way, he disagrees with the Clan historian, as to the identity of Clan Chattan.

The Rev. John Mackay belonged to the Abrach branch of the Clan, and one of his most treasured possessions was the family tree prepared by his father, shewing his family's relation to the main stem, and going back to the 13th century.

Robert Mackay, the historian, married Barbara Campbell, and the subject of our sketch was the youngest of a family of thirteen. One sister, Mrs. Hyder Brown, aged 90, still lives, and is resident in London.

Rev. John Mackay in 1850 married Caroline Charlotte Patton, third daughter of Captain William Patton, of Devonshaw, Perthshire, and of the 12th Royal Lancers. Mrs. Mackay's grandmother was Mary Marshall, youngest daughter of Thomas Marshall, Perth, proprietor of Glen Almond, and her father was first cousin of Lord Glen Almond. A short time ago we had occasion to notice the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Mackay.

Mr. Mackay is survived by his widow and one daughter, Mrs. John Craig, Holly Grange, Bowdon, Cheshire.

In the death of the Rev. John Mackay, at the age of 88, a notable figure in the ecclesiastical history of the North passed away. He was a faithful minister and a courteous gentleman, and being of a kindly and genial disposition, was beloved and respected by all who knew him.

To the Church at Cullen Mr. Mackay was a devoted and faithful pastor, whose council was much sought, and whose kindness and hospitality were proverbial. He was one of the most unselfish and considerate of men, always bright and cheerful, and it was apparent to all who knew him that his Christianity permeated and ennobled his life.

He was justly proud of his Highland blood and lineage, and was in his heart of hearts a soldier. He dearly loved to escort his friends to Edinburgh Castle, where he could hear the sound that stirred him most, the skirl of the pipes, especially when played at the head of a Highland regiment.

It was a constant delight to his intimate friends to listen to his interesting recollections, told in lively and graphic fashion, of the early days when communication between Thurso and the outer world was carried on by sailing vessel or stage coach; then each little country town was largely self-contained and self-sufficient, and produced a type of character somewhat different from the product of the intermingling, quick-moving twentieth century, and for that reason historically interesting. It is much to be regretted now, that he could not be prevailed upon to have these reminiscencies recorded in book form.

Glenbolg. JAMES DUNNACHIE.

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COLLA CIOTACH MAC GHILLEASBUIG.*

LEIS AN OLLA MAC FHIONGHAIN AN DUNEIDEANN.

CHA mhòr ainmean a bu shiùbhlaiche am beul an t-sluaigh anns na h-Eileana Deasach o chionn dlùth air tri cheud bliadhna na ainm an diùlnaich so, ged nach b'ann do na h-Eileanan no eadhon do dh'Albainn a bhuineadh e gu dligheach. Agus anns na h-òrain-luadhaidh a chluinnear cho caithreamach ann an cuid de na h-Eileana Tuathach fhathast gheibhear gu tric "Com na céille, Mac 'Ic Ailein," "Leathanaich ruadh nan rò-sgeul," "Apuinn Mhic Iain Stiubhart," "Ailean na Sop," is "Colla Ciotach mac Ghilleasbuig" taobh ri taobh. Chunnacas Colla r'a linn an iomadh àite; agus b'esan aon de'n fheadhainn a chluinnteadh far nach fhaicteadh iad. Is éigin nach robh 'ainm neo-chumanta an Lunnainn, air neo cha sgrìobhadh *Milton* mar a rinn e. Chuir am Bard so a mach leabhar d'an d'thug e mar ainm *Tetrachordon*. Fhuaras coire do'n *tiodal*. Bha am facal cruaidh do'n teangaidh is searbh do'n chluais. Fhreagair *Milton:*

. . . . . Why is it harder, Sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

Tha an so againn ainm Cholla, ainm athar, a shloinneadh is fhar-ainm ann an aon sreath. Cha b'urrainn gu'n robh na h-ainmean annasach ann an Lunnainn 'nuair a sgrìobh am Bard. Their cuid gu'n d'fhuair Colla am far-ainm 'ciotach' a chionn gu'n robh e cho deas leis an laimh chlì, a' chiotag no a' chearrag, 's a bha e leis an laimh dheis, gu'n robh e ciotach coingeis, mar theirear; ach is dòcha gu'n robh am facal air a ghnàthachadh mar tha e a nis, agus gu'n d'fhuair Colla an t-ainm mar gheibh aon dhinn fhein leis an deise a' chiotag na an deasag. Cha do lean am far-ainm r' a chloinn, co-dhiù 's a' Ghaidhlig agus anns na crìochan far am b'eòlaiche Colla. Cha chluinnear an Colasa ach Alastair Mac Colla, Aonghus Mac Colla. Anns a' Bheurla chithear ainm Alastair Mhic Cholla Chiotaich fo iomadh cruth: *Colkitto, Colonel Kitto, Young Colkitto, MacColl MacKittish;* ach 's e *Burton* a chuir an dreach as neònaiche gu léir air—*Macdonald of Colkitto,* mar gu'm bu leòb fearainn Colla.

Thug Domhnall nan Eileanan, Domhnall Ghaireach, mar their sinn gu bitheanta, stròic mhòr de dh'Ile 's de Chinntìre d'a bhràthair, Iain Mòr, an Tainistear. Phòs Iáin Mòr banoighre nan Gleann an Eirinn, agus o'n àm sin theirteadh ri oighre Iain Mhòir, an Eachdraidh na h-Alba, Mac Dhomhnaill Dhun-naomhaig 's nan Gleann. 'Nuair a thilgeadh Tighearna nan Eileanan, thainig riaghladh an t-seann teaghlaich ainmeil gu crìch, agus thuit oighreachdan farsuing nan Domhnallach fo'n chrùn. Fhuair na Cinnchinnidh 's na h-uachdarain, air a' chuid a bu mhotha, am fearainn air an ais le còir o'n righ an aite na còrach a bha aca roimhe sin o'n Domhnallach. Ach cha d'fhuair oighre Iain mhòir còir sgrìobhta o'n Chrùn gu ceann iomadh latha. Lean an teaghlach ris na fearainn, co-dhiù ris a' mhor-chuid diubh, ach cha robh iad ach 'nan tuathanaich fo'n chrùn. Coltach ri cinn-chinnidh eile na Gaidhealtachd bha sliochd Iain mhoir 'n an daoine foghainteach; ach cha'n urrainnear a ràdh gu'n robh iad daonnan ro ghlic. Is ainneamh a chithear sealladh as muladaiche an Eachdraidh na chithear 's na h-Eileana Gaidhealach an déigh riaghladh nan Domhnallach. Leathanaich is Domhnallaich mu dheas; Domhnallach is MacLeoid, Mac Leoid is Mac Coinnich mu thuath, an sgòrnain a chéile. Bha gun teagamh Caimbeulach air cnoc an so, Gordanach air cnoc an sid, 'g an stuigeadh 'na chéile gu dian. Ach saoilidh mi gur suarach an dearbhadh air toinnisg Ceanncinnidh e bhi ro dheas gu freagairt fead ciobair, seòlta g' am bi e.

Fhuair Clann 'Illeathain còir an Ile, 's cha bu luaithe fhuair na bha iad fhéin 's na Domhnallaich am mullach nam meall. Bha a' chrìoch eadar an dà oighreachd aig Port-ascaig an Caol Ile, ach cò bu leis Port-ascaig? Is gann nach do chuir an da fhine as d'a chéile air Traighghruineart 's a' bhliadhna 1589, a' socrachadh na cùise so, Sir Seumas Domhnallach air ceann an dara feachd, Lachann Mòr Dhubhaird, bràthair a mhàthar, air ceann an fheachd eile. Thuit Lachann Mòr, is leònadh Sir Seumas. Rinneadh casgradh mòr air an da thaobh, gu sonraichte air Cloinn 'Illeathain. Bu duine taitneach Sir Seumas air doigh no dha. Bha modh is ionnsachadh aige nach robh ro chumanta r'a linn. Ach bha camadh 'na chrannchur. Cha robh ach droch cordadh eadar e fein is athair, duine dùr a bha duilich a bhi réidh ris. Bha tuasaid an Cinntìre, 's chasaìdeadh air Seumas gu'n do chuir e teine ri tigh mòr Ascamuil ged bha fhios aige gu'n robh athair 's a' mhàthair a stigh. Rinneadh greim air 's bha e nis fo ghlais an Duneideann.

Bha Ile 's Cinntìre gu mòr troimh chéile. Bha na Domhnallaich air an uideal, 's bha sùil chlaon aig Mac Cailein air fearann nan Domhnallach. Fhuair e cheana leòb nach bu bheag dheth; ach cha'n fhòghnadh sin. Bha ainm is cliù nan Domhnallach mòr air Tir-mòr 's anns na h-Eileanan, 'nuair nach robh na Caimbeulaich ach 'n an uachdarain ri taobh Loch-odha. Fhuair Mac Cailein a nis còir air Cinntìre air son a dhragha 's a dhùrachd a' cur as do Chloinn

*Leughadh am paipeir so do Chomunn na Gàidhlig an Lunnainn air an aona-la-fichead de'n Chéitein, 1903.

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Ghriogair. Ach b'e 'Ile ghlas an fheoir' seann dachaidh nan Domhnallach. Bha an t-eilean farsuing, torach; ach cha b'e sin gu léir a luach an sùilean Mhic Cailein. Biodh na Domhnallaich as, agus biodh Caimbeulach ann; 's an sin bhiodh fiughair ann an ùine ghoirid gu'm biodh cliù is iomradh an t-seann teaghlaich ghreadhnaich air dì-chuimhne, 's nach biodh ainm urramach an Earraghàidheal ach an Righ 's Mac Cailein.

Bha cairdean Mhic Dhomhnaill an Eirinn ag iarraidh Ile cho maith ris na Caimbeulaich. Ràinig aon diubh so Righ Seumas an Duneideann, 's chuir e tairgse stigh air son an eilean. Rinneadh moran de'n Eirionnach 's a' chùirt; rinn an righ ridire de Sheumas mac Shomhairle, ach cha d'thug e dha Ile. Beagan bhliadhnachan 'na dhéigh so, thug Raghnall Mac Shomhairle, bràthair Sheumais, tairgse air oighreachd mac bhràthar athar, agus fhuair esan aonta air Ile. Ach cha do thaitinn riaghladh an Eirionnaich ris na h-Ilich. Chuir iad gearan do Dhuneideann gu'n robh an t-uachdaran ùr 'g an sàrachadh le màl 's le mòd, le càin is cìs, 's le riaghailtean na h-Eireann, 'nuair a b'e an còir-san a bhi fo laghanna na h-Alba. Fhuair an gearan éisdeachd.

Is ann an cois Raghnaill Mhic Shomhairle a tha eachdraidh earbsach Cholla Chiotaich anns na h-eileanan a' tòiseachadh. Bha Cholla an dlùth dhaimh do Raghnall Mac Shomhairle 's do Shir Seumas Domhnallach. Bu thriùir bhràithrean Seumas Dhun-naomhaig 's nan Gleann, Colla nan Capull, agus Somhairle Buidhe. B'e Sir Seumas Domhnallach ogha 's oighre Sheumais Dhun-naomhaig; b'e Colla Ciotach ogha Cholla nan Capull; agus b'e Raghnall mac Shomhairle Bhuidhe. Tha an t-Urramach Deorsa *Hill* 'n a leabhar luachmhor air Clann Domhnaill Antruim ag innseadh dhuinn gu'n robh dà mhac aig Colla nan Capull, Gilleasbuig agus Raghnall; gu'n do chaochail Gilleasbuig goirid an déigh dha pòsadh agus nach d'fhag e duine cloinne ach Colla Ciotach; gu'n d' thainig Raghnall Mac Colla do Cholasa mar uachdaran, gu'n do thogadh Colla Ciotach mac a bhràthar leis anns an eilean; agus gur ann mar sinn a fhuair Colla Ciotach còir air Colasa. Foadaidh roinn de'n fhìrinn a bhi 's an t-seanachas so. Ach cha'n 'eil an roinn mòr. Bha Colasa aig Domhnallach nan Eileanan o'n chrùn fo'n aon chòir 's a bha na h-Eileanan eile aige. Ach b'e teaghlach de Chloinn Dhuibh-Shìth, no Clann-a-Phi mar their sinn a nis, a dh' oighrich an t-eilean fo na Domhnallaich. B'e Mac-a-Phì Cholasa Cléireach Comhairle, no Parlamaid, Ile. Cha'n 'eil dearbhadh gu'n robh sgriobhadh aig Mac-a-Phì air Colasa o na Domhnallaich. 'Nuair a thuit Domhnallach nan Eileanan thainig Colasa, mar a thainig Ile, air ais fo'n Chrùn, 's thainig Mac-a-Phì Cholasa mar a thainig Domhnallach Dhun-naomhaig gu bhi 'na thuathanach fo'n Righ. Thug Ban-righinn Mairi gun teagamh fearann teaghlach Dhun-naomhaig an Cinntire 's an Ile agus bailtean an Colasa do Sheumas Dhun-naomhaig, agus dh' fhaodadh esan, no oighre, am fearann sin a thoirt o Mhac-a-Phì nan togradh e, 's a thoirt do aon sam bith a thoilicheadh e. Ach cha'n 'eil dearbhadh gu'n d'thug, ach an t-atharrach. Fhuair an Domhnallach am fearann 's a bhliadhna 1545. Ach tha sgriobhadh air gu'n robh Mac-a-Phì an seilbh 's na bliadhnachan 1549, 1609, 1615. Ma bha Raghnall Mac Colla a' riaghladh an Colasa, 's ann leis an laimh laidir, 's cha'n ann le còir, cho fhad 's as léir dhuinn, a bha e a' riaghladh.

Bha Colla pòsda, a réir coslais, da uair. Tha Mr *Hill* ag ràdh, air ùghdarras leabharlàimh, gu'm b'e ainm a mhnatha Nic-a-Chathanaich no Nic-Neill. Tha naigheachd eile aig Mac-Mhuirich, seanachaidh Mhic-ic-Ailein. So a chainnt-san, air a h-atharrachadh gu Gàidhlig an là diugh: "Bu duine maith Raghnall Mac Ailein a réir na h-aimsire d'an robh e, duine fial, farsuing, cruadalach, carthanach. B'i a cheud bhean nighean Raghnaill Mhic Sheumais, Tainisde an Oirear a deas. Rug i mac maith dha, Aonghus Mor mac Raghnaill. Chuir e uaithe i, agus phòs i 'na dhéigh sin Colla Mac Ghilleasbuig. Agus is i bu mhàthair do chloinn Cholla,—Gilleasbuig agus Raghnall [Aonghus] agus Alastair, agus clann mhaith nighean a bha pòsda ri daoine uaisle maithe." Ma b'e an Raghnall Mac Sheumais Dhun-naomhaig 's nan Gleann, b'iad Colla 's a bhean oghachan an da bhràthar. Cha'n 'eil cunntas gu'n robh mac aig Colla d'am b'ainm Raghnall, ach bha gun teagamh mac aige air an robh Aonghus. Cha'n 'eil fios cinnteach againn cuin a phòs Colla, no mu aois a' chuid cloinne. Rugadh Colla e féin mu'n bhliadhna 1570, agus bha Gilleasbuig, am mac bu shine, aig aois duine 's a' bhliadhna 1623. Rugadh Alastair an Colasa, ann an Sabhall bàn Chill-Oran. Their na Colasaich gu'n do leum na claidheamhnan as an truaill 's gu'n do loisg na gunnachan leo fhéin an oidhche rugadh Alastair. Bha fiosachd aig a bhan-altruim, tha Mr *Kirke* a' deanamh iomradh oirre 'na leabhar mu na Sìthichean, agus dh 'innis ise gu'm fàsadh an leanamh gu bhi 'n a ghaisgeach treun iomraiteach, agus gu'm biodh a' bhuaidh leis gus an latha a shàthadh e a bhratach ann an Gocam-gò.

(Ri leantuinn).

CLAN MACKINNON.—The members of Clan Fingon at home and abroad will learn with regret the death of Mr. Andrew Mackinnon of the Commercial Bank, Glasgow, a clansman who from its inception took a very earnest interest in the work of the Society, and has been a vice-president for a considerable period. In business circles he was held in the highest respect.

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LOG OF THE "COLUMBA."

BY THE LATE J. F. CAMPBELL, OF ISLAY,

Collector and Editor of

"The West Highland Tales," "Leabhar na Feinne," &c.

[We have had the pleasure of perusing five volumes of unpublished letters by the celebrated Gaelic scholar, familiarly known to his countrymen as "Campbell of Islay." They are mostly addressed to his mother or other relatives, and date from 1857 to 1883. They contain a great mass of valuable and interesting information, particularly regarding Highland folklore, antiquities, and other kindred topics. The following, addressed to "my dear mother" gives an idea of the discursive and attractive nature of these letters. As each volume contains from 300 to 600 pages of closely written matter, the extent of this valuable collection may be inferred. The letters are dated from all parts of the globe, and are practically an exhaustive autobiography of "Iain Ileach's" life during those busy years.—Ed.]

Columba Yacht. Oban, Sept. 12, 1877.

How Oisean Lost His Youth.

THE story goes that Oisean, after all his people were exterminated, was enticed away by his mother, who was a deer, to the land of youth, where he abode for a time. He came back, but after about three hundred years. He came a strong man, as strong as he was when he went away. He came riding on a horse, with counsel not to set foot on the ground. He found the country changed. The people were strange and they were employed in building churches. He found a band of them struggling to raise a big stone to make the top of a church door, and being ashamed of their weakness he stooped from his saddle and raised the stone with one hand to its place. But the girths broke and he set his foot on the ground as he fell. Then he turned old and weak, and thenceforth he was the guest of Padruig who gave him little to eat and sang psalms, and clanged bells and made his life a burden. To Padruig, Oisean, the last of the Feinne, sang the ballads which I have gathered and somehow I felt remarkably like that old heathen in this land.

For many hundreds of years

Macdonalds and Campbells

fought for the lead in these Western lands; about two hundred years ago the Campbells took Islay by force, about 1725 our Campbells bought out the Campbells who drove out the Macdonalds, and now the whole lot are ousted and nearly forgotten. Blackie has written a book about

Celtic Literature.

I have printed a book of Celtic Literature; the genuine article is known only to a very few, and the book maker is "suffering from a surfeit of adulation" as he informed me yesterday. The strangers have it all their own way here out in the West.

Oban Gathering.

Here am I at Oban at a gathering, where I have been at gatherings ever since I can remember, but here I am almost alone, amongst new people with stores of stories about the ancestors of some of the new men which make me grin inwardly. I am as it were a ghost charged with hundreds of years of knowledge amongst a new people in an old place. My feeling is to protest against shams by wearing my worst Lowland clothes, but I suppose that I must follow the fashions and shew my white knees under a kilt like the rest.

I got Lorne to run me up to Loch Moidart to see the last possession of old R. I. M.

Caisteal Tioram,

and a small islet opposite to the ruin. He is ranked at £5—in the return of proprietors. I got upon a rock and made a big sketch of the place as well as I could, and that picture I mean to give to my old friend as soon as I get within reach of him. Ghosts do not fight according to Homer and Virgil and others, who know their ways.

A Reciter of Gaelic Ballads.

At Tobermoray on the 7th while Lorne and his men were working a big gun I went to seek William Robertson. In 1871 on the 6th of this month, I got him to sing me a great many of the ballads which now are printed from older authorities in my book. The reciter then said that he was 87. He now says that he is 92 and nine months. He does not seem much older; and as he was so after six years he was still weaving blankets. After some persuasion I got him started, and he sang me one of the songs which he sang before to the same tune and word for word. I set him going by singing the song wrong. That he could not stand, so he put me right. His woman kind fled from the terrible sin of a secular song. I have done all I can to send Blackie to him. He is going to Tobermoray to lecture about the Scotch Highlanders, to denounce shams. But if he does not go to listen to a reciter he will be a sham himself.

Gaelic Songs and Pianos.

As I was walking with Campbell the banker we passed a house of great neatness, garden and windows and all, from which floated the jangling of a piano. "Do you hear that?" said the banker. "I do," said I, "What of it?" "That's the man that won't let the people sing Gaelic songs, and he has a piano in his house himself.

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"The amadan," said I, and so I thought.

WESTERN ATHLETES.

The weather is better also, and presently we shall go on shore to see Dinnie beat all the Eastern athletes who have come here to shew these Westerns what strong men, such trained, can do amongst these degenerate descendants of the Feinne.

TIREE, MULL, AND INCHKENNETH.

For secular and physical matters this has been a very pleasant cruise. While Colin was on board he painted fish and occupied the whole of the available space with his contraptions. When he departed I introduced order and ever since we have been running into strange places and gathering knowledge. In Tiree we gathered stones of price and copied tombstones. In Mull we did the same. We went to Inchkenneth to do our Old Mortality work, and into Mac-Kinnon's Cave to see the place where Dr. Johnson went. I also went in neither nimbly nor swiftly, but slowly as became one who feels like Oisean—"The old warriors are growing heavy for walking." There was not much to see, chiefly darkness and glimmers of light from candles and sparks from magnetian wire burned by Lorne and Capt. Fred. I saw the MacTavish people, and an old lady of 87 whom you have made happy with a book of your own contriving. Duncan is now a great man, chief agent of a big bank in New York. John is coming home from Canada to be Free Church minister in Inverness. "Men may meet though hills do not," and we may meet who parted in Edinburgh when the Church split. We went to Staffa and to Iona, and there I met the Japanese MacVean.

A SACRED RELIC.

We afterwards called at the manse and saw the whole family. The mother shewed me a "leug," a rock crystal set in silver, which the old minister supposes to have been an ornament in the cover of a large Church book. I agree with him for I have seen many such stones in book covers in Moscow and Rome and elsewhere. I suppose that the sacred mystic magic healing power of a "leug" came from its sacred use. Possibly this may be a relic from Iona. Anyhow it is a leug and sacred. The old lady was born at Ardfeenaig.

A PIRATES' NEST IN MULL.

From the Ross of Mull we went to explore the Treshnish Isles off the end of Mull. One of these is called Kèon nu bourgh Mòr on the maps. It was a pirates' nest at some time, and it belonged to MacLeans and at some time or other it was bombarded by a gunship for two days, but in vain. Their cables were cut on the rocks and they had to depart. That which is to be seen now is a curious device of old walls built to protect the natural passages, by which only it is horrible to clamber up the cliffs. I never heard of the place and it had all the novelty of discovery for the lot of us. Where else we have been I may tell you when next we meet. Meantime I must go to land and see what I can do there.

SPORTS AND SAXON HIGHLANDERS.

Oh what a day it was yesterday! The games are held in a damp hollow surrounded by grey rocks of some height. On these rocks clustered people from a wide circle of country, arrived by steamers and other conveyances to see the fun. Below were those who paid and those who without paying had pluck enough to enter the bog. It was fine by fits and starts, but most of the time the rain came down with westland fury upon a testudo of umbrellas opened upon the tops of the rocks like a close crop of toadstools. Nobody cared for rain. They are used to it. When any great event was to come off the people below gathered in a thick crowd about the spot of interest. Old women poked umbrellas into my eyes, old men directed their drippings down my neck, young women trod on my toes, and as I could not contend with them I e'en covered my head with a waterproof and turned my back to the rain and smoked. I have seen Dinnie turn a tree heels over head many a time, and I have seen professionals dance, and I have heard them play the pipes. The natives seemed nowhere except on the hilltops. Mr. Smith of Caisteal Dorcha, and the Robinson of Gleann na Muic, and the Jackson of Beinn na Boclaich, and other Saxon Highlanders were there in kilts, and just enough of Campbells to make the thing genuine. But on the whole it was a great big wet sham and I was in a bad temper. The Evil One urged me to write that novel and to make game of Highland games, and fancy dresses, and sham tartans, and professional players, and all the clanjamfray.

A CAMPBELL CEILIDH.

It is a world of shams. It was rough weather at night and I went to bed instead of to the ball. If it is fine I will go to-night instead. There was an extraordinary display of tartans and white knees I am told, chiefly red tartans, and they danced much. Lorne invited Campbell of Inveratha, the representative of an old sept, to whom I told the story that you have. Kilberry was there, telling stories which made us laugh, and Colin came. So we were a genuine lot at dinner on board the Columba. Lord Mac-Donald is here in a yacht, and Tulloch. One of his men rowed us off yesterday and said, "The fifth wife is on board." He twinkled his wet eyes as he said it.

A YARN FROM CRINAN.

One of the stories is worth recording. A new

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telegraph wire runs by the Crinan Canal. A man who had been tasting rode along one windy night and heard the music of the wire. He got off his steed and danced furiously for a long time. At last being tired he paused and said, "I do not know if you be a fiddler or if you be a piper, but you play very bad time," and then he mounted and rode home.

Blackie in his white hair was in the thick of everything. The only pleasant sight thus remaining fixed in my mental picture book was a bevy of girls with black hair and grey eyes, dressed in rough dark homespun Campbell tartan, with raindrops on their dark eyelashes and pleasant rosy Highland-born faces. And now I must land. I mean to start to-morrow and arrive on Saturday sometime or other if I can get through the canal and catch a train. And so, Failte,

J. F. CAMPBELL.

DEATH OF MACDONALD OF GLENALADALE,

Prince Edward Island, Canada.

BY the death at Glenaladale, in Prince Edward Island, on 13th July, 1903, of John Archibald Macdonald of Glenaladale, there has passed away one who deserves some mention in any magazine so devoted to Highlanders and the Highlands as the *Celtic Monthly*. The seemingly short space of three lives connects this twentieth century with the '45, and the troublous times thereafter for the Clanranald and other families of the Western Highlands who were ever loyal to the Stuart cause. John Macdonald, 8th of Glenaladale, was born in 1744. His father, Alexander, then younger of Glenaladale, was one of the first to offer his services to Prince Charles, and on the estate of Glenaladale the standard of the Stuarts in that memorable rebellion was first unfurled. Alexander followed the fortunes of his Prince and fought in all his battles until the Prince escaped to France.

John Macdonald, 8th of Glenaladale, was educated at the Catholic Seminary of Ratisbon, and was known as one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time. In 1772 he sold the Glenaladale Estates in consequence of the persecution of the "creideamh a' bhata bhuidhe," or "the religion of the yellow stick," by which name was contemptuously known the attempt made by Macdonald of Boisdale to compel the Catholics of South Uist to adopt the Protestant religion, and with some two hundred of his Catholic clansmen from South Uist and Moidart, Glenaladale emigrated to Prince Edward Island. Here he had purchased two townships, 40,000 acres, and he settled his followers thereon, granting them long leases of farming lands. About ten years after his emigration he enlisted among his tenants a Company for the 84th or Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, then commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) John Small, and took a part against the revolted American Colonies in the Revolution. Captain John Macdonald of Glenaladale was offered the Governorship of Prince Edward Island, but being a Catholic he was obliged to decline this honour in consequence of the oath then required to be taken. Captain Macdonald died at Glenaladale, in Prince Edward Island, in 1811, leaving four sons and one daughter.

His eldest son, Donald Macdonald, was born 25th October, 1795, and was educated at the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst in England, and upon his return to Prince Edward Island he lived upon the Glenaladale estates, taking an important part in the political affairs of his Island home. He died about forty years ago, leaving three sons and three daughters.

His eldest son, John Archibald Macdonald, who has recently died, was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, in 1825, and was educated at Stonyhurst. He visited Scotland in his younger days and spent some time at the Glenaladale of his ancestors. Of the immense estate on Prince Edward Island owned by his grandfather only some 500 acres now remain in the family, as the remainder was forcibly taken by the Goverment about thirty years ago to be re-sold to the tenants. The 40,000 acres are now occupied by about 500 families, many of whom are the descendants of Glenaladale's emigrants. Glenaladale House, overlooking Tracadie Bay, is a very fine building, with many modern conveniences, and with the large outbuildings adjoining it, serves as a suitable abode for the prominent family occupying it. Mr. Macdonald was a gentleman of retiring disposition, attending to the management of his large farm, and taking no great part in the politics of his time.

He leaves, beside a widow, a family of six sons and three daughters, two of the latter being married in Montreal. The property will hereafter be managed by his son Frederick J. Macdonald, who is the eldest direct lineal male descendant of the "Clann Mhic Ian Oig," as this branch of the Clanranald was originally known, and he can properly be styled the 11th Glenaladale. At Glenaladale any visitor is sure of a genuine and true Highland welcome from Mrs. Macdonald and her charming family.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island. ÆNEAS A. MACDONALD.

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PIPERS TWO, OR A REAY COUNTRY MERRY-MAKING.

[In turning over some old papers and note-books recently, reminiscent of our youthful efforts in literary fields, we came across some effusions in verse, which have never appeared in print. After so many years they were of peculiar interest to us, and as they seem to be not altogether wanting in poetic merit, we take the liberty of printing two of them. "Pipers Two" is written in imitation of Robert Buchanan's well-known lines "The Wedding of Shon Maclean." We have still a lively recollection of the circumstances which inspired the poem. We were spending our usual holiday at Tongue, the charming capital of the Reay country in the far North, (how many years ago we will not venture to record!) when we were invited to a merry-making in the Reay Forest some twenty miles distant. A friend and myself took the short cut over the hills on a broiling hot day, arriving in time for a dance which lasted well into the morning; that forenoon we took the hill road again and arrived at Tongue in the afternoon, feeling little the worse of our exertions. Distance did not present many difficulties to us in those days! That evening we read Buchanan's poem for the first time, and delighted with the spirited measure it seemed quite an easy matter to write another in the same strain. The following was the result, but its merit is quite another matter of which our readers will be best able to judge. The two famous pipers are still hale and hearty, and "tune up" on all festive occasions. The lines on "Dunrobin" are a fragment. They were composed in the stormy days of the land agitation in Sutherland, and naturally, as the grandson of one of the victims of the great Strathnaver Clearances our sympathies were entirely with the people. There are changed days in Sutherland since these lines were penned.—Ed.]

Who has not heard of Seumas Beg,*
Of pipers not the least,
And Seumas Mòr† of brawny leg,
The soul of every feast?
From Bettyhill to fair Strathmore,
From Castle Dubh to Assynt Stoer,
In princely hall or earthen floor,
They played the pipes together,
In foul or fair, in sun or rain,
They proudly trod the heather.

One night, far up among the hills,
Beside the glens and mountain rills,
Within a parlour large and bright,
Lit up with lamp and warm peat light,
The lads and lasses, blyth and gay,
Were making merry holiday.
Then pipes were tuned, and Seumas Beg,
Of stature small, but giant leg,
His pipes on shoulder proudly bore,
And marched across the creaking floor.
And then was heard a joyous shout
As lads and lasses stepped about
To right and left, retire, advance,
And so went on the merry dance.

With hoochs! and cries of "faster still,"
The whirl went round like merry mill,
While broiling hot at every pore,
The piper quicker beat the floor,
And stronger, louder sounds the drone,
With eerie screech and dying groan,
While maidens fair, with laughing glance
Revealed how well they liked the dance.
And never since the world began
Was strife more fair 'twixt clan and clan;
The good Munros of ancient name
Renewed once more their gallant fame,
While Sutherlands and "Real Mackays"
Of stature small and larger size,
Went whirling round, the people say,
And cracked their thumbs at "Caberfeidh."‡
And Seumas Beg, now almost beat,
Was rocking wildly in a seat,
With cheeks aglow, and merry glance,
He strove to hurry on the dance,
But Nature could not stand the strain,
And piper James gave up the game!

Then luck I say to Seumas Beg
Who piped so well that day,
And Sandy too, of brawny leg,
And all that company gay.
May every blessing be their store,
Of water much, and something more,
And may they always beat the floor
In every sort of weather,
May they be there, in rain or shine,
When we all meet together.
He is a Saxon, green as grass,
Who ne'er could win a Highland lass,
That never heard of these pipers true,
With belted plaids and bonnets blue,
Who play so well together,
And rouse the spirit of the clans
When they play o'er the heather.

*Little James. †Tall James. ‡The Crest of the Mackenzies.

DUNROBIN CASTLE.

Dunrobin! oh, thy stately towers
Gleam rich and bright in summer hours,
When roof and spires reflect the light
Of mid-day's sun so warm and bright!
But, ah is me! around those walls
Where summer's sun so gaily falls,
A memory clings of long ago
When hearts were light with youthful glow—
A name of ill thou hast to bear
Which years of glory cannot wear,
Or cause to be forgot.
From thee went forth the dire decree
Which drove the clansmen o'er the sea
To lands which knew them not.
In future years this cruel wrong
Shall form the theme of tale and song,
And when the children round the fire
Hear of great storms and hardships dire,
Of battles fought and victories won
'Neath Arctic skies and Southron sun,
A sudden dread shall silence all
When Stafford's name shall then recall
The hardships which their fathers bore,
When they were driven from Naver's shore.

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The Martial Music of the Clans.

By Fionn.

XVI.—Clan Donnachaidh (Robertsons.)

THE name of this ancient Clan has long been associated with the music of Scotland. As early as 1460, Lilias Lamont married Charles Robertson of Lude and carried with her the famous Lamont harp, ancient even then, and now believed to be almost the oldest specimen of the Celtic harp or *clàrsach* extant. There was also at Lude till the beginning of last century the well-known "Queen Mary's Harp." The Rev. Donald Macintosh, compiler of the first collection of Gaelic proverbs published, who was born in 1743 and died 1808, has the following note in the 2nd ed. p. 199, "Harps were in use in the Highlands and Isles of Scotland from time immemorial, till the beginning of last century, and even later; for Mr. Robertson of Lude, General Robertson's great-grandfather, was a famous performer upon that instrument, and I have heard my father relate the following anecdote of him—

"One night my father said to Lude that he would be happy to hear him play upon the harp, which at that time began to give place to the violin. After supper Lude and he retired to another room, in which were a couple of harps, one of which belonged to Queen Mary. 'James', says Lude, 'here are two harps, the largest one is the loudest, but the small one is the sweetest; which do you wish to hear played?' James answered: 'the small one,' which Lude took up and played upon it till daylight." These two harps are now permanently exhibited at the National Museum of Antiquities in Queen Street, Edinburgh, and will repay inspection.

About the year 1650 Roderick Morrison (Rory Dall) the harper, accompanied the Marquis of Huntly on a visit to Robertson of Lude, on which occasion he composed a *port* or air, which, with other pieces, are yet preserved, called "*Suipear Cuirm an Leòid*"—Lude's Supper. To General John Reid (a sept name of the Clan Donnachaidh) we are indebted for the Chair of Music in Edinburgh University. He was an excellent musician and the composer of "The Garb of Old Gaul," sacred to "The Black Watch," of which he was Major.

One of the old tunes associated with this Clan is "*Teachd Chlann Donnachaidh*"—The Coming of Clan Donnachaidh, associated with the tradition of the Clan's appearance at Bannockburn, where it said they turned the tide of battle in favour of the Bruce. This tune was a favourite of Neil Gow's, and is said to be found in some old collection of music, but I have failed to trace it. The Salute of the Clan is "*Fàilte Thighearna Struthain*," which appears in Mackay's Collection of Piobaireachd. It is said to have been composed by a MacIntyre. The Perthshire MacIntyres were hereditary pipers to the Clan Menzies. The well-known *piobaireachd* "*An Ribean Gorm*"—or the Blue Ribbon, sometimes called "The Robertsons' March" is also a Clan tune. In David Glen's Highland Bagpipe Tutor this tune is called "The Blue Ribbon, or Scottish Streamer of Victory, 1314." Among other tunes associated with Clan Donnachaidh are "Jas. Robertson's Reel," "Jas. Robertson's Jig," "Robert Robertson's Favourite Reel," "Struan Robertson's Rant," (all in David Glen's Collection), and "Struan's Welcome Home." The tune called "The Athole Gathering" is also claimed as a Clan Donnachaidh tune. One of the best clan tunes is what is known as "*Till an crodh 'Dhonnachaidh*"—Turn the cattle Donnachie—the air of which has considerable resemblance to "Pibroch of Donald Dubh." The history of the origin of this tune is told as follows by Mr. Charles Ferguson in Vol. XIX. of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, in an interesting article entitled "Sketches of Strathardale":—

"A band of caterans from Rannoch having made several raids on Athole and Strathardale about 1531, the Earl of Athole resolved to pursue and punish them, so he gathered his own men, and the Clan Donnachie, under Struan, with the Strathardale Robertsons, under the Baron Ruadh, and they harried Rannoch, and carried off a great spoil. But on the approach of the Athole men the caterans retired to the Braes of Rannoch and hid there till all was quiet, when they returned and settled quietly for that season. But next summer (1532), they again returned, and raided Strathardale and Glen Tilt, upon which Athole, Struan and Straloch again went to Rannoch, and burned and harried the whole district from Bunrannoch to the Braes, and captured the whole band of caterans and hanged them, and beheaded their famous chief, Alasdair Dubh Abrach, at Kinloch Rannoch. In the "Chronicle" of Fortingall we have the following quaint notice of these raids: 'Rannoch was haryed the morne eftir Sant Tennennis day, in hairst, be John Erlle of Awthoell, and be Clan Donoquhy, the yer of God, MVc XXXI. And at next Beltane eftir that the quhilk was XXXII yer, the Brae of Rannoch was hareyd be them abowin evrythn', and Alexander Dow Abrych was heddyt at Kenloch Rannoch."

In these two raids on Rannoch, the Strathardale men were so active, and slew and burned

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and plundered with so much zeal and energy, that the Rannoch people never forgave them, so that there was a constant feud between the two districts to the end of the fighting days, and the men of Rannoch were the very last that ever came to lift a "creach" in Strathardale and Glenshee, more than two centuries after this. So pleased was the Earl of Athole with the Baron Ruadh's conduct on this occasion that he gave him more than his due proportion of the spoil, and also gave him a confirmation charter for his lands. It was when returning with the plundered cattle from this raid that the Clan Donnachie piper composed the very beautiful piobaireachd called "Struan's Salute," which has ever since been the Clan Gathering."

TILL AN CRODH 'DHONNACHAIDH.

KEY C. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

{ | d : r : m | s : s : l }
Till an crodh 'Dhonnachaidh,

{ | l : s : m | d : d : r }
Till an crodh 'Dhonnachaidh,

{ | d : r : m | s : s : l }
Till an crodh 'Dhonnachaidh,

{ | s : m : d | r : — : r }
'S gheibh thu bean bhòidh - each;

{ | d : r : m | s : s : l }
Till an crodh till an crodh,

{ | l : s : m | s : s : l }
Till an crodh 'Dhonnachaidh,

{ | d : r : m | s : s : l }
Till an crodh, 'Dhonnachaidh,

{ | s : m : d | r : — : r ‖
'S gheibh thu bean bhòidh - each.

{ | d : r : m | d' : t : l }
Till an crodh druimionn dubh,

{ | l : s : m | s : s : l }
Odhar dubh, ceann-ionn dubh,

{ | d : r : m | d' : t : l }
Till an crodh druimionn dubh,

{ | s : m : d | r : — : r }
'S gheibh thu bean bhòidh - each,

{ | d : r : m | d' : t : l }
Gheibh thu bean bhòidheach bheag,

{ | s : s : m | s : s : l }
Gheibh thu bean bhòidheach bheag,

{ | d : r : m | d' : t : l }
Till an crodh, till an crodh,

{ | s : m : d | r : — : r ‖
'S gheibh thu bean bhòidh - each.

{ | d : r : m | d' : t : l }
Gaol a' chruidh, gràdh a' chruidh,

{ | s : m : s | d' : r' : m' }
Gaol a' chruidh, gràdh a' chruidh,

{ | d : r : m | m' : r' : d' }
Gaol a' chruidh, gràdh a' chruidh,

{ | s : m : d | r : — : r }
Gaol a' chruidh mheall mi;

{ | d : r : m | d' : r' : m' }
Gaol a' chruidh, gràdh a' chruidh,

{ | s : m : s | d' : r' : m' }
Gaol a' chruidh, cheann-ionn dubh,

{ | d : r : m | m' : r' : d' }
Gaol a' chruidh cheann-ionn duibh,

{ | s : m : d | r : — : r ‖
Cheann-ionn duibh bhailg - ionn.

Mr. Stewart-Robertson of Edradynite published in 1883 a collection of dance music called "The Athole Collection." It is specially adapted for the fiddle.

A GATHERING OF THE CLANS AT DURBAN, NATAL.

WE have the following from a correspondent in South Africa: —"Last night the Caledonian Society gave a social evening, to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Campbell back to Durban, and I got a complimentary invitation. There was a big gathering, and Dr. and Mrs. Campbell received a very hearty reception as they walked behind the piper up the hall. Piper John M'Eachran from Islay blew his best, and really I have not heard the pipes played to better purpose. He had a great spread of prize medals on his breast. The singing was splendid, and the address and reply were both excellent and took well. The pipe tunes were appropriate — 'The Campbells are coming,' and 'Clan Donnachie has come.' Mrs. Campbell is a daughter of Mr. James Dunnachie of Glenboig, a prominent official of the Clan Donnachaidh Society. The green tartan of the Argyll Campbells blended well with the rich red of Clan Donnachaidh (Robertson)." The Caledonian Society of Durban is in a flourishing condition; it forms the rallying point for the Scottish people established in this loyal colony, and keeps alive a loving memory of their native land, or, in some cases, the land of their fathers.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

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IMPORTANT.

Subscribers are reminded that the contribution (4s. post free), for the new volume is now due. Volume XII. commences with the next issue. American and Canadian readers may send a dollar note, which is value on this side for 4s. Subscriptions should be sent at once to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 1 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

HECTOR MACDONALD MEMORIAL.

As it is intended to close this fund shortly, those of our readers who desire to contribute their mite should do so at once. A meeting of the committee representative of the Highland Societies will probably be held this month, when reports as to the sums collected by the various Associations will be given in, and an idea formed of the total sum subscribed. The form which the memorial will take will, of course, depend on the funds available.

We are indebted to Mrs. A. M. Cunningham, (*nèe* Mackay), Kilmalcolm, who collected locally the handsome sum of £6 18s., including the following subscriptions—Messrs. Peter Sutherland, 1 Rosebank Terrace, 5s.; Alex. Sutherland, 5s.; John Scott, Lyley Buildings, 5s.6d.; A. M. Cunningham, Gas Works Cottage, 5s.; W. Wood, Ardgowan, 5s.; David Larnock, Broomknowe, 5s.; James O. Scott, Edinburgh, 5s.; James Pattison, Drimnamona, 5s.; James A. Maclay, Glasgow, 5s. We have also to tender our thanks to the members of the Waitakie Gaelic Society, Kurow, Otago, New Zealand (per Mr. John Kelly, Secy.), who sent a donation of £5. Total sum now in hand is £42 16s.

THE WHITE ROSE.

THE rose my fathers fought for, ah! is withered now and sere,
And nothing but its fragrance lingers on from year to year.
They gave it of the best they had—the bonnie Highland rose!
But though watered with their blood, 'twas uprooted by their foes.

Oh! bonnie rose; oh! Highland rose,
They died for you in vain.
Yet they loved you still in death,
And blessed you in their pain.

Its snowy petals, gory-stained, are crumbling fast away,
The Stuart rose is doomed, though its mem'ry lasts for aye.
Around its name shall story cling, and love and hope and pride,
Oh! may its subtle fragrance evermore with us abide!

Oh! Stuart rose; oh! white, white rose,
Your death was not in vain!
And you died as you had lived,
Your honour without stain.

J. A. MACDONALD.

SCOTLAND YET!

My heart is on the heather'd hills
Where once the batt'ling clansmen died,
Where Freedom's in the breath which fills
The swelling sails on Jura's tide;
Again Dunvegan's ancient keep
Rises above me on the shore;
My fancy revels in the deep
Where Corrie-Rechan's surges roar!
Land of the bluebell, tremb'ling flower
Which draws its beauty from the skies,
What is the subtle, magic power
That in thy rugged bosom lies?

Atalanta, Ga., U.S.A. "MAC CHLOCH RIGH."

"HISTORY OF THE OUTER HEBRIDES."

BY WM. C. MACKENZIE.

This volume has just been published, and is undoubtedly a most valuable contribution to the literature of the Highlands. The gifted author has more than gratified the high expectations of his friends. It is a handsome volume of 623 pages, illustrated with a large number of beautiful full-page plates, reproduced from original drawings, old and rare engravings and photos. The price is only 12s.6d., and the *edition de luxe*, of which only 150 copies were printed, 21s. It is not surprising that the work is already almost out of print. The history of Lewis, Harris, Uist, and the Outer Isles, has been dealt with in a most exhaustive manner, while such subjects as antiquities, natural history, traditions, etc., all receive special treatment. Every source of reliable information has been thoroughly ransacked. Next month we hope to give a more adequate notice of this splendid work. Readers who desire copies should write at once to the "*Celtic Monthly*" Office, as only a very few copies are now left.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

BANQUET TO MR. JOHN MACKAY, C.E., J.P.

THE Gaelic Society of London gave a complimentary banquet in honour of Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, Chief of the Society, in recognition of his noble and life-long service in the cause of the Language and People of the Highlands. The banquet, which was presided over by the Right Hon. Lord Reay, LL.D., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., &c., Chief of the Clan Mackay, took place at the Inns of Court Hotel, and was in every way worthy of the occasion.

Mr. Mackay was presented with an illuminated Gaelic Address, of which we have pleasure in giving a photo-reproduction. The following is an English rendering of the Gaelic wording :—

"To the Honourable and Respected Highlander,

JOHN MACKAY, ESQUIRE,

On behalf of the Gaelic Society of London we desire to place on record the esteem and affection which we entertain for you as our Chief.

Not only have you been for many years, as you are still, a most loyal supporter of this Society, but your name is known and honoured in all parts of the world where Highlanders dwell, for the manner in which you so earnestly and steadfastly uphold the cause of the Gael, especially by assisting with your example and support those who labour for the revival and perpetuation of the Gaelic Language.

Our prayer is that you may be spared for many years to come to preside over us as Chief, and to further the cause of our language.

ALEXANDER CONNELL, President.
IAN MACKENZIE, Secretary.

ILLUMINATED ADDRESS PRESENTED TO MR. JOHN MACKAY, C.E., J.P., HEREFORD.

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THE FORTUNES OF AN EXILE.

BY I. K. RITCHIE.

Author of "In Love and Honour," "Dearer Far," etc.

Chapter I.

OH! yes; it was a sad parting. Not one saying good-bye for a time, with the spark of hope already kindled by thoughts of a joyous return, and a glad welcome, but it was tearing families away from the soil of their birth. Hundreds would soon be crowded into the emigrant ship already riding at anchor in the bay. There was weeping on the Barra shore. There were hearts breaking on Benbecula's coast, throughout all the Long Island there was woe and lamentation.

The murmur of farewell was everywhere. Old men wandered disconsolately round their humble turf-thatched dwellings, and while faith in Providence suggested the thought of the better fortune promised across the seas, there were tears in their downcast eyes. Within, housewives were tenderly gathering together their household gods. The real china jug, which had hung on the dresser for unnumbered years, and was still perfect as the day when it left the big store where the "guidman" had made its purchase to carry home as a present to his young wife after the fishing season on the East coast following that auspicious event, their wedding day. From one habitation must come the oak chair of home construction, and in which "grandfather" had always sat; from another the chest of drawers made from walnut wood washed up on the shore the year of the great wreck. Scarcely was there a single homestead but would unearth some treasure to be a world of trouble to convey in safety to the distant home, but ever a holy relic of a land, perchance, they may never see again. The youths and maidens mostly made pilgrimages to the "sheilings," and although not many words passed their lips, their hearts were full to overflowing.

It is true men were not compelled to leave that region of the tempest and the flood; but, beloved though it was, it was a bare and barren little world, which refused to support its over-populated valleys. A picture of peace and plenty had been skilfully drawn, the thousands of miles, by land and sea, which must be overstepped, had been lost sight of in the glowing prospect, and the helping hand outstretched to guide to the land of promise was grasped gratefully, hopefully, eagerly, timidly, according to the individual character of the recipient of bounty. That it was grasped at all was doubtless matter of much congratulation to the Legislature. Not so many years ago there had been a different tale to tell, when the emigrant ship had been forcibly filled by weeping women and angry men, who cursed the hands put forth to help them. The land had been weeded of its over-population, but the cries of the homeless rent the skies. How true it is that the estimate of our own happiness is largely gauged by comparison with the lot of others! If one finds one's self in better circumstances than one's immediate neighbour, truant gratitude makes some sign that it is not yet extinct; if greater good fortune than ours is the lot of our brother—presto! It is high time for us to shew ourselves aggrieved.

It was so with Ivan and Joanna MacNeil: they compared their fate with their neighbours, and they thought they had reason to commiserate themselves. They had been married four years, and had one little girl. Ivan was a hardy fisherman, but he had tried his hands at other things, and could equally well take part in building a boat or painting it; and when the priest's house had needed repairing he executed some stone work the best mason need not have been ashamed of. Both he and Joanna, like many of the inhabitants of the Southern portion of the Long Island, were Roman Catholics, and both very devout. They well-nigh worshipped their priest, Father Colinsay, and their little child Mary, was supposed to be an especial favourite with him.

With the MacNeils lived Joanna's aged and widowed mother, Mrs. MacLeod, and through her came their cause of self-commiseration at the present time. She was not strong enough, nor indeed had any desire to leave her native soil for a home beyond the seas, and so Joannna and her little girl were to remain behind with her at Loch Garra while Ivan went forth with the other emigrants to better his fortunes if he could. Perhaps Joanna would join him at some future time, but this was understood rather than definitely planned, for they could not make any change of that kind during old Mrs. MacLeod's lifetime. They looked into each other's eyes now that the hour of parting had come, and that look said as plainly as words could have done, while a hand of each unconsciously met on the head of the little child beside them, "We should have been quite happy if we were going together."

Mrs. MacLeod sat in her chair by the fire, out of which she could stir very little now, so crippled by rheumatism were her limbs, and her eyesight too was very poor. Happily her hands were comparatively very nimble, and they were never idle. She did the beautiful Shetland knitting which she had learned from her mother, a Shetland woman, and her handiwork was a marvel to her neighbours, while the ready sale of the dainty garments she made for a warehouse in Glasgow gave her the indepen-

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dence in her son-in-law's house dear to every proud and gentle spirit.

"Jo, my dear," she said, looking up at the trio on the long settle opposite her, unconsciously making a lovely group, "I'll be wishing you'd been a wee bit more of a scholar, and—and Ivan too," she added with subtle delicacy. "It will not be fery pleasing for your letters to be coming to you second-hand."

"Father Colinsay will not be minding the trouble, mother," Ivan said, "and Jo, she'll be sending her messages right enough through him, neffer fear."

"Mary must be the scholar ferry soon," said Joanna, stroking the little one's beautiful hair.

"Yes, we'll be getting the good schools now, mother," supplemented Ivan, "Times will be different from when Jo and I were young."

"It mayn't be so easy for you though, Ivan," resumed the old woman presently, "You'll not be having a good priest like Father Colinsay everywhere. May the good God be gracious to you, my dear!" she ejaculated.

"He will, mother," said Ivan. "He has given me the best little wife in the world, and her and your only fault is that you spoil me too much. Don't you be troubling yourselves about the letters. If anyone were to be tampering with mine, he'd hear of it, I swear!"

There came a gentle knock at the door, and Joanna went to open it. A young lady, with a happy, bright countenance stood on the threshold. "Oh! Miss Flora, you'll be coming to see us! How good of you!" Joanna exclaimed, "and you'll not be minding if we'll not be looking quite tidy, please."

"Oh, no!" came the laughing answer, "I never saw your untidiness go beyond other folks' order. I know what to expect."

"But then things are about to-day," said the young housewife, regretfully, as she cast a remorseful look on some of her husband's clothes not yet packed in his chest.

"Tut, tut, nursie dear! Remember I am emancipated from the schoolroom now!" and the newcomer gave her hand frankly to Ivan, patted little Mary's cheek and then went over to the gentle-faced old woman by the fire and kissed her.

"Oh! your beautiful work! How quickly it grows," she said. Then, as Ivan came forward with a chair for her to be seated, "Thank you; but I must not stay, for I know you are busy. I came to wish you "God-speed" on your voyage, Ivan, and ask you to take this little sketch to keep you in memory of Loch Garra, although I am sure you will not need anything to do that."

"My! it's your own doing, Miss Flora!" Joanna exclaimed, as her husband, slow of speech, but none the less impressed by the nature of the gift, gazed in silent admiration on the little framed picture in water-colours of his homestead's surroundings which Flora put into his hand.

"It will chust be wonderful!" he said, "only a real Islander like yourself could have been doing it like this! The very stones about the water, I will be seeming to know them all!"

Flora laughed merrily. "I am glad you like it," she said, "but you know I am only a wee wee bit of an artist yet. When you come back to Loch Garra you shall have something better," she promised.

"You'll be spoiling me, Miss Flora!" Ivan protested diffidently. "Everybody will be spoiling me, I think, whateffer."

"Then it's because you deserve to be spoiled; isn't it, nursie?" appealed Flora to Joanna. "It's only nice people who ever think they get more than they should; and the nasty, cranky ones who call out they never have enough, and everyone should take care they don't get one little bit more than can be helped. There, I've read you quite a lecture for your pretty speech; but indeed I did not mean it. Forgive me, Ivan! Good-bye; may you have good fortune—and God bless you in your absence from us."

"God bless you, Miss Flora. May His holy angels guard you!"

Chapter II.

Flora sped away from the MacNeil's house without trusting herself to look back. She knew if she did she would see Joanne and Ivan watching her out of sight with wistful eyes, wondering if they would ever again receive such another visit from her. Who could tell?

It was only five years since Joanna had left Dr. Macalister's house to marry Ivan, and he had not dreamt then of ever leaving the island. Then hard winters had intervened, bad harvests, and poor fishing seasons; the promoters of emigration had seen their time, and Ivan had always been ambitious, was perhaps more so than ever since there was little Mary to provide for. Many had said he had done wrong to marry Joanna, that she was no wife for a fisherman, that he would find she was extravagant and would ruin him. How far these wiseacres were in the wrong Time had fully proved. Joanna was thrifty, painstaking, and methodical, and had learned the great secret how life may be made sweet and bright and pure, though there be little of this world's wealth to ease its cares.

She had been Flora's handmaid for seven years, going into Dr. Macalister's service just at the time he had the misfortune to become a widower. Flora was only six years old then, and many a night had wept out little sorrows on the handmaid's breast which she would have

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shrunk from communicating to the more formidable governess-housekeeper who had been installed to rule the doctor's household. It was a glad day for Flora when, in her own words, she was emancipated from the school-room, for although successful enough in his choice of the teacher, her father was never quite happy in being able to supply a companion much in sympathy with the impulsive, warm-hearted Flora.

On the brow of the hill she paused a moment to gaze wistfully on the emigrant ship lying in a becalmed sea. Little boats were plying out and in between it and the shores. She loved the bare, barren land, the wide sweep of sea, the beautiful shell-strewn beach, the rugged hills were all dear to her, not so much for any intrinsic wealth of beauty they posessed, as because they represented to her the land of her birth; how much more then must these people of the soil from time immemorial be filled with bitter regret in leaving their beloved home, perhaps for ever!

"Is she not kind and sweet?" Joanna was saying, regarding the figure on the hillside.

"Ay," assented Ivan, heartily, "and she will be growing a fine, pretty young lady too. Do you know, Jo, I wass thinking I would like our little one to be chust as dainty and nice when she's as big; we've only the little one, and please God, I'll be making riches for her. When I come back to Loch Garra, Jo, or you come out to me, I hope we'll haff a home to be proud of."

"And thankful for, Ivan dear," Joanna whispered. "Whether we'll be having riches or poverty, it iss best for us. God is always good."

"And you'll not be minding about the letters, Jo, dear?" Ivan said presently. "It iss a pity we're not having a bit more of the schooling between us, as your mother says. She has a fine, thoughtful mind, your mother. I've been often marvelling what a clever woman she would have been if she'd had the schooling! Mind our Mary will be getting early to her book, Jo."

"I will, Ivan," Joanna promised, "I'll be thinking she'll be quick at the learning, too, if God will be pleasing to spare her."

"I'll be thinking that myself," Ivan responded, "eh, little woman?" and he stooped to lift and kiss the wee maiden who was toddling in and out between her parents at the door and her grandmother inside the house.

Little Mary, for answer, buried one chubby hand in her father's wavy red-brown beard, and with the other made pretence to cuff his ears, in imitation of a favourite game of his own with her, while he professed to be insulted and indignant, and threatening to call "granny," went indoors; Joanna admiring them both, and wiping away a few stealthy tears, followed.

As Flora made her way along the hillside, Father Colinsay advanced, raised his hat and paused. He was a man about five-and-thirty, rather short and inclined to be stout. His complexion was pale, his thin lips met in an unpleasantly hard line, and he had a habit of averting his eyes from any with whom he conversed. Flora disliked him exceedingly, but meeting him occasionally at her father's table she had to shew him civility. The Macalister's were not Roman Catholics, but the Doctor was a very hospitable man, his views on Christian toleration were very broad, and thanks to him, social unity and good feeling between the different sects reigned throughout the wide district in which his powerful influence had sway.

Flora's dislike of Father Colinsay had a singular origin. It was the fact that her quick, girlish instinct had given her an idea of his sentiments towards herself. In violation of his vows and calling he loved her, and the bare suspicion of such a possibility was enough to breed distrust and contempt in Flora's breast. "In his position I should have left Loch Garra," she said, but he had never contemplated such a step. Dr. Macalister's home was a pleasant one to visit, he went as often as he was asked or could make excuse for a neighbourly call, and if he could have won Flora away from the faith of her forefathers he would not have scrupled to do it.

"Quite a lively scene for our little bay," he said, as Flora relapsed into silence after returning his salutation.

The words jarred painfully on her ears, breaking in on her sympathetic thoughts of the emigrants. "I think, under the circumstances, it can scarcely be called a lively scene," she said, coldly. And seeing he had been indiscreet, he exclaimed, "How true your interpretations always are! It is a pretty picture, but alas! too suggestive of tears and parting to be anything but a sad sight to look upon. The echo of farewells will be in our ears for many a day."

But neither did this speech satisfy Flora. It had not the ring of true sympathy, and any base counterfeit of a noble passion was worse than callousness to her.

"I trust it may be the way to better fortune for them," she said, and held out her hand.

"I shall see you again presently," Colinsay remarked with a smile, as he turned away. "I met your father just now going off to the country, and he asked me to dine at your house to-night. I wonder sometimes that Fraser does not become jealous of me," he added with self-satisfied consciousness.

"Surely he may be credited with greater charity than that!" Flora retorted, and turned away, leaving Colinsay to regret he had made

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another bad stroke. Why was it, he mused, that he could never meet Flora without sustaining a kind of moral shower-bath which gave him a "rubbed-the-wrong-way" sort of feeling most exasperating to one wishful to think well of himself.

Mr. Fraser was the Parish Church minister at Loch Garra, Dr. Macalister's own spiritual pastor, a man five or six years Colinsay's junior, quiet, studious, and even-tempered; too lazy, his enemies averred, ever to exert himself in such active service as would bring him advancement in the Church, and addicted to the habit of delivering fine sermons which were not his own.

How false was this calumny no one knew better than Dr. Macalister; he could apprise Fraser at his true worth, and no one was welcomed more heartily to his house; but Fraser was not much of a society seeker: he had two young sisters living with him at the manse to whom he played the part of parent, brother and guardian in one. Perhaps it was more than could be expected that he should care to meet Colinsay as frequently as the Doctor gave him opportunity, but if so, no one else had ever suspected the jealousy Colinsay had suggested. Like Macalister, he was a very peace-loving man, and the priest had at least a generous rival, if as a rival he chose to regard him.

(To be continued.)

THE CLAN MUNRO.

SIR,—I am not aware whether it is the reticence of our Clan or otherwise that has hitherto kept us from having a general meeting of our own, but, in view of the approaching season, the following lines may in part help to kindle the requisite enthusiasm:—

The "Caledonia," brave and bold,
From Scotland's mountains stern
Sprung not, as we are sometimes told
From warlike sons of Erin.

Of a distinctive Northern race
We sons of Scotland sprung,
Who don the Celtic garb with grace,
And speak the "mother tongue."

Of that distinctive clan brigade
'Tis ours, among the few,
To wear the tartan and the plaid,
And "fly" the Eagle too.

In many lands our name is seen,
And on Columbia's shore
A mighty space of "prairie green"
The name of Munro bore.

And though on Conon's lovely side
The pibroch now is still,
Our chief looks up with glowing pride
To Wyvis' stately hill.

D.S.M.

ARE THE BENZIES A SEPT OF CLAN MENZIES?

SIR,—I obserse James S. Benzie writing about this in the *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. X., p. 130, and in reply state that without more confirmatory evidence this matter, I am afraid, must lie. The writer ventures to suggest say Bane, which being aspirated in the genitive becomes MacBhean. Beann is the Gaelic for mountain. One of the ancient Scottish kings is Donald Bàn, and all those called Bain or Bayne, which if lengthened becomes not unlike Benzies, must have obtained the name from a fair-featured ancestor. There is an opinion among several of the Clan MacBean that they are a branch from the Camerons, a division of whom fought with Lochiel, as their kinsman, in 1745. It is certain that the MacBeans in all general expeditions, and other transactions, ranked under the banner of the Mackintosh as their superior. The Bains or Baynes of Tulloch, an old and respectable family in Ross-shire, like several other Highland septs, never prefixed Mac to their name. The armorial bearings of the MacBeans are quarterly, 1st, or, a lion rampant, gules; 2nd, argent, a dexter hand apaumee, gules; 3rd, argent, a dagger in pale proper; 4th, a galley with sails furled, sable, all within a bordure of the last. Crest, a demi cat, gules. Motto, "Touch not the cat bot a glove." The Suaicheantas, or badge of distinction, is that of the great race of which they are a portion. Lus nam Braoileag, red whortle berry, vaccinium vitis idoea. (M'Ians "Costume of the Clans.") M'Vean is another way of spelling MacBean. It is well known that the name Menzies has been long associated with Aberdeen and district, and the writer thinks that Mr. D. P. Menzies would find it an exceedingly fruitful task of enlightening "*Celtic Monthly*" readers with biographies of Menzies' connected with Aberdeenshire. The "Scottish Notes and Queries" would alone supply him with valuable assistance in compilation. As regards the name Benzies I believe the Clan Menzies Society would gladly take them under their wing. The world knows the pride that Scotsmen take in Clan matters, and one can but repeat that poem by Lady Jane M. Manners entitled—"The Highland Tartan."

DEAR to each Highland soldier's heart
The tartan of his clan,
Symbol of glory and of pride
To every Highland man,
Whether he dwell 'mid Atholl's hills,
Or whether the winding Tay,
By Birnam's glens and forests fair,
To ocean winds its way;
Or nearer to the Northern star,
Where snows the mountains cram,
And towering over silvery lakes,
Stern peaks of granite fram.

In every country, far or near,
Where Highland men are known,
The tartan plaid is greeted still
With homage all its own.
Still to the pibroch's stirring strains
On many a foreign shore,
The Highland clans press nobly on
To victory, as of yore.
True to traditions of the past,
True to their ancient fame,
May Caledonia's children add
Fresh glories to her name.

Aberdeen. ROBERT LAWRANCE.

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SEA HUNGER.

SHEUMAIS MACAOIDH lay upon a pile of pungent ragged rope on the little stone quay at Achnaleen, gazing idly and dreamily over the sea which ran greyly against the buttresses beneath him, struck them with a loud and hollow report, then, angry at the rebuff, foamed back in bubbling, seething turmoil.

A day for far-reaching thoughts, this; a sky, heavy with swelling clouds, a wind restless and bitter, a sea troubled and streaked with white. No sun-glow brightened the landscape, no colour shone in the world, nothing but the dull neutralities whose monotony struck a chill into the young man's mind. What prospects were there in such a place for a youth with stirring ambition and vague dreams of a golden future? Around him were the remnants of the old and isolated Celtdom—the generation of conservatism in all—and many of the younger men of his acquaintance had, as the Gaelic phrases it, "taken the world for their pillow." Canada was the adopted mother of many a friend of his, Australia had claimed not a few, while over all the south of Africa were spots of hallowed memory, whence letters speaking of strange things once came, whither now sped the thoughts of widow and orphan. These were doing, or had done, something worthy of mention; but he was a mere idler, dreaming away his empty days in one of the world's sluggish back-waters. He felt the horizon of Achnaleen narrow, its interests trivial, and its future barren and hopeless.

The Gloom and the Spirit of Wandering, these are the two fates of the Celt, and Sheumais felt the strange thrill of the latter's enticements, although up to that time nothing of the mysterious shadow of the former had settled upon his mind. The old half-believed, half-hated fatalistic doctrine of his fathers could by no means reconcile him to spending his days in the wearisome, aimless round of village affairs. Was not every inhabitant of that grey strath overshadowed by the everlasting hills, a familiar feature of every day? Few strangers came into the strath and no one felt more keenly the limitations of the scattered clachan than young Sheumais, in whose veins ran hotly the blood of ambition and hope.

"It was all very well for the old folks," he muttered, savagely hurling pebbles into the watery swirl below him, "but we are not St. Kilda people, we want motion and interest. Everything is small here and . . . even the hills are the same from one year's end to the other . . . and the sea for ever restless . . . like myself, sure, in that. I shall be having the *dubhachas* if I stay here; the Celt, poor devil, must move with the times. 'Let us follow in the footsteps of our fathers'; very well, let us land ourselves in poverty and unhappiness, bullied by the English and ill able to lift up our heads. No, no . . . pah! the glen life is stale." And thus he brooded, pacing the rough stone quay.

In vain the summer bloomed rosily, and the autumn glory of the heather spread a purple mantle over the moors; these things had not their wonted fascination for him, and slowly he led his aged parents to understand that life in that lonely place was losing its charm for him, that the yoke of old things galled his straining shoulder.

As he lay awake in the dim and shadowy grey of dawn, or the deeper silences of midnight, he was ever hearing through the open window the ceaseless rhythmic song of the sea calling, calling, rising and falling with the subtle breathing of the summer-ocean. To an Islesman such a voice though familiar is irresistible, and yet as Sheumais tossed upon his bed or cooled his heated brow at the window, it was not the haunting music of the sea that he heard, it was the busy roar of far-off cities and the outside world, faint as the hum of the bee amid the heather, yet distinct and clear as the vibration of the dragon-fly's wing. To him the sea sang luringly not of itself but of the Beyond.

. . . . . .

London Bridge at noon-tide; the dull, airless noon of a suffocating day in the mock summer that tantalizes London in a jaded August. A bewildering maelstrom of foot passengers—a never-ending jolting of 'buses and vans—the feverish haste of hansoms — the snorting of motor cars. Everywhere bustle and turmoil; the ceaseless striving for Self and Now. Over all a brazen sky obscured by a thin grey veil of smoke from countless belching chimneys, the air choking with heat and poisonous with dust and the foul smells of the riverside.

Sheumais MacAoidh—now James Mackay, in a black coat and clerk in a merchant's office, leaned upon one of the parapets gazing wearily at the swinging of the greasy waters under the bridge. Caught in the seething crowd of humanity, he had been cast up not unwillingly at the edge of the whirlpool and found a moment's rest beside a knot of sailor-men who, pipe in mouth, criticised the sordid fringe of barges and steamers that hugged the grimy, noisy riverbank. But James Mackay saw none of the details of the busy scene. All was run into a vague blurr and he was conscious of an aching pain at his heart.

"You will be feeling lonely, mate," said a voice in his ear, gruff, but with a clear Highland intonation that was as wine to the self-exiled lad. But his only answer was a strange sob, for on the wings of memory came back the softened tones and weird beauties of his far-off home.

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The ugly river, the hideous hurrying crowd, the drifting smoke and fumes vanished, and as in a mirage he beheld the loch and hills, the white ribbon of road, the royally-clad moor of Home. And ever the homely sound of the lapping waves was in his ear, the bitter-sweet music of the sea that made his heart like water. Then he felt the unspeakable sweetness of the evening—saw the glories of the sunset over the pulsing waters—heard the very clucking of the heavy oars as the boats pulled ashore in the sea-loch. He laid his head on his folded arms and the hot tears rained upon the cold, unsympathetic stone parapet.

"'Oh, why left I my hame?'" gibed a passer-by, with a painfully correct diagnosis of the cause of his grief.

But a stout and oily German sailor standing by was of a kindlier nature.

"Gott in Himmel," he said, spitting over into the river, "what a place this London is!"

"Aye," said the Scot who had first broken silence, wondering why a sudden haze seemed to obscure his vision, "it's that."

"Come, my boy," continued the Teuton, addressing the lad, now half-ashamed of his tears, "do not any more weep. We haf all left our homes like you far away. You haf the 'Heimweh'—we too, at times."

"It iss not only . . . home," commented the Scot.

"No?"

"No, it iss the sea-hunger, as we say." And he and his fellow-countryman clasped hands in silence.

"Yes," said James Mackay at length, smiling April-like, "it is the sea-hunger."

COINNEACH DUBH.

THE MACLEANS OF CROSSAPOL.

SIR,—In the *Celtic Monthly* for October, 1901, Mr. H. A. C. Maclean makes the following statements:—"Mr. Sinclair says on page 419 of his 'Clan Gillean' that Hector, eldest son of Donald of Coll, was the progenitor of the Macleans of Gallanach. Where, pray, did Mr. Sinclair get this information from? He does not deal so kindly with others." I got my information from an intelligent, honest, and worthy man. I got the tradition given in confirmation of it from the same man, and I got it from him as an old tradition. The words "He does not deal so kindly with others" clearly imply that I dealt unkindly, and consequently unjustly, with the Macleans of Crossapol. It was impossible for me to accept Mr. Maclean's views respecting the origin and importance of the Macleans of Crossapol. At the same time I had no feeling of unfriendliness either towards himself personally or towards the Macleans of Crossapol.

There were a few typographical errors in my article on the Macleans of Crossapol. They were chiefly confined to dates, but the dates in which they occur are all given correctly in the Clan Gillean. Perhaps I should state that "or Ewen from Garbh" should be "or Ewen from John Garbh," and that "Ulrick" should be "Muck."

Mr. Maclean asserts that I am in error in describing John Garbh as the Eighth Maclean of Coll. Would he kindly do myself and others the favour of proving that I am in error? He assures us that the John Maclean who was in Crossapol in 1642 could not have been his ancestor because he is referred to in such an unceremonious manner as John Maclean *in* Crossapol. His ancestor, he affirms, would have been described as John Maclean *of* Crossapol. Be that as it may, the Neil Maclean who was in Crossapol in 1773 was a tenant under the laird of Coll, and to the farm occupied by him had no claim which he could convey to his heirs. Mr. Maclean takes pains to "inform" me that the Neil who was in Crossapol in 1773 was never known as Neil Og. I did not say that he was. I have some letters, however, from a few intelligent and honourable men in which it is strongly affirmed that he was the son of Allan son of Neil Og. I never knew until I read Mr. Maclean's letter in the July number of the *Celtic Monthly*, that the tombstone of Neil Maclean, tacksman of Crossapol in 1773 is in the graveyard at Crossapol, and that it shews that Neil was born in 1712. I did not know when he was born. I knew, however, that his wife was about sixteen years of age when they were married, and that their eldest child was born in 1752. From these two facts I came to the conclusion that Neil was born about 1724, and if I am not very much mistaken Mr. Maclean wrote me that he agreed with me as to the probable date of Neil's birth. When he affirms that I gave 1724 as the actual date of Neil's birth he is mistaken. I admit, however, that according to the stone which is in the Crossapol burying-ground, I was in error in stating that Neil was certainly born not earlier than 1724. I made a bad guess with regard to the date of his birth. It is some comfort, however, to know that the guess made by his own descendant was just as far astray as mine.

A few years ago the daughters of Col. Hugh Maclean of Coll signed a paper in which they acknowledged that "to the best of their belief, from old family tradition and from evidence laid before them," the representative of the Crossapol family was the senior male representative of the family of Coll. This acknowledgment was made in all sincerity and friendliness. Before it is possible, however, to regard it as evidence, weak or strong, there are two questions that require to be answered. The first question is, "Where and from whom did Col. Hugh's daughters hear the old family tradition referred to? Did they hear it from their father or from one of their brothers? As I understand the words used in their acknowledgment, the old family tradition and the evidence were laid before them at the same time. The second question that requires an answer is this, "When Col. Hugh's daughters signed the paper referred to, did they know that the representative of the Macleans of Muck was in existence? It is to me possible, indeed altogether probable, that they were under the erroneous impression that the Macleans of Muck were extinct in the male line.

Mr. Maclean makes the following statement in his letter:—"Seannachie who wrote his history of the

Clan in 1838 gives the Crossapols as the last in the order of cadets of the Coll family; therefore he considered them the nearest." I am myself liable to commit pen-slips. This fact makes me think that Mr. Maclean may have a touch of the same failing. Seannachie does not give the Crossapols as the last in the order of cadets; he gives the Macleans of Gallanach as the last in order. I presume, then, that Mr. Maclean, strictly adhering to his own mode of reasoning, will admit that Seannachie considered the Macleans of Gallanach the nearest to the Coll family.

Mr. Maclean assures us that he can prove from the minutes of the Coll Session Book, valuable slips of paper in his possession, and trustworthy traditions, that the Neil Maclean who was in Crossapol in 1773 was the son of Hector, son of Hugh, son of John Garbh. It is possible that he can prove that Neil was the son of Hector, and that he can even prove that Hector was the son of Hugh, son of John Garbh. I shall be thankful and glad to see him proving beyond the possibility of doubt all that he professes to be able to prove. But before he can be accepted as chieftain of the Macleans of Coll he has to prove something more than that he is descended from John Garbh in the legitimate male line. My own opinion is and has been for a long time, that the Macleans of Crossapol are descended from a natural son. My reasons for this opinion I may perhaps give in a future article. They may be very weak or they may be fairly strong.

Belfast, P.E. Island. (Rev.) A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

THE MACLEANS OF CROSSAPOL.

SIR,—I observe that "Hector A. C. MacLean" claims that he and his younger brother are the only male descendants living, of that Neil MacLean who was tacksman of Crossapol in 1773, and whom your correspondent is still endeavouring to connect with the main stem of the Coll family tree. As a matter of fact I am one of the said Neil's male descendants, and there are others also. Then, perhaps, owing to ignorance of Gaelic and its idioms, he has fallen into error regarding the use of the words "of" and "in." "Of," in official documents, whether English or Latin, denoted the proprietor; "in," the tacksman or tenant. Officially, therefore, the correct designation of a tenant of Crossapol would be, Maclean "in" Crossapol, not "of"; unofficially, Maclean, Crossapol, without either word. This being so, the use of the word "in" as applied to the John MacLean, Crossapol, of 1642 by no means would betoken that he was not your correspondent's ancestor, especially as it is stated a little further on, that Crossapol had been "in possession" of the family for nearly 200 years. In Gaelic there would be no ambiguity. "*Tighearna*" is applied to the proprietor, and "*fear*" to the tacksman or tenant, even if a son or other relative of the proprietor. At the same time the use of the word "of" would be quite correct when applied to the family as a whole, in order to indicate the branch to which they belong; as for instance, "The MacLeans of Crossapol."

C. S. MACLEAN,
Maj.-General.

July, 1903.

AN ELEGY.

THE moon has risen in the East, a broken moon and pale:
All day the mirk was round the sky with a steadfast raging gale:
The sea, unbroken surf, had rolled resounding on the shore,
And the drowning cry of the fishermen was lost in its awful roar.

There's an infant in yon creaking cot—an infant fatherless:
There's a mother by the cradle side—a young wife husbandless:
There's a father and a husband in a dreary, drifting grave,
Where the sea-mew whirls with piercing wail, and the wild sea-billows rave.

Blythe was his look and warm his hail at parting, yestermorn:
With swallow flight his sprightly craft across the tide was borne—
She stood and saw it wane and dip to a fleck of the flowing main,—
Thro' her tears she saw it wane and dip—but she saw it never again.

There's an infant in yon creaking cot—an orphan crying wild:
There's a mother by the cradle side—she heareth not her child;
Nor the heavy lashing of the main, nor the crashing of the gale—
Pale is the moon in yon tatter'd cloud, but her face has a ghastlier pale.

She was only a fisher's daughter, and only a fisher's wife,
But she'd been an old man's comfort: she had been an old man's life:
She was only a fisher's daughter—but well had she play'd her part;
She was only a toiling fisher's wife—but she gave him all her heart.

There's an infant in yon creaking cot—a tiny infant, dead:
Like the mother by the cradle side with her cold hand on its head:
Like the father, the young husband, in his dreary ocean grave,
Where the sea-board winds weave their wistful dirge across the moaning wave.

. . . . . .

There are rude thatched huts by the sea-shore, or steep on the scarped ben,
Far from fashion and society—but the homes of sterling men,
Of noble men and women whose worth their hard toil hath shown—
Honest of life, and pure in love they have built where they are not known.

But the race that heard not their story triumphant shall thrive thro' their strength,
Thus the mind of independent cast doth clasp its mead at length:
Thus the hearts that glow with a mother's love re-live where love is true,
And the men who pass a man-like nerve shall weld the whole race anew.

RANALD MACDONALD.

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HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY.

THE TALE OF OMERON CAMERON.

THE turbulent and disorderly state of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland occupied the attention of James I., and, after concluding a truce with England in 1431, he turned his attention to these celebrated and remarkable districts. The Lords of the Isles were then in their glory, and maintained a dignity, importance, and independence, often rivalling that of the sovereign, and often opposed to his authority. One of these numerous battles between the Crown of Scotland and those fierce Island chiefs occurred in 1431. Donald Balloch, a near relation of the then potent Lord of the Isles, enraged at what he considered the pusillanimity of the chief in submitting to the King's authority, collected an army in the Hebrides, and, disembarking in Lochaber, ravaged that district in the most relentless manner. To check his ferocity, and defend the western coast, Allan, Earl of Caithness, and Alexander, Earl of Mar, marched with a considerable force, and met the Island warrior at the ancient Castle of Inverlochy, near Fort-William, in the county of Inverness.

A bloody conflict ensued, in which the royal troops were completely defeated. Such was the fury of the attack, that the superior discipline of the Lowlanders gave way before the battle-axes and broadswords of the men of the isles. The Earl of Caithness was slain, sixteen of his personal attendants, and many barons and knights were left dead on the field, while the army was almost annihilated. The Earl of Mar escaped with the utmost difficulty, and was compelled to betake himself to the mountain fastnesses of the district, for safety and protection.

Few particulars of this battle are recorded by the Scottish historians beyond the fact itself, and the results. Buchanan merely says of it that the Hebridean leader "having been informed that his opponents were straggling disorderly, and without encamping regularly, or setting watches, silently landed his men during the night, attacked them unexpectedly, and made a great slaughter." But the battle is chiefly remarkable for a beautiful and romantic traditionary story, which of itself might be made the subject of an interesting imaginative tale. The Earl of Mar escaped in the dark without any attendants, and in the course of his flight came to the hut of a poor Highlander named Omeron Cameron. The Highlander was ignorant of the rank of his visitor, but received him with the utmost kindness. There happened to be no provisions in the hut, and, on discovering the state of his larder, he told his wife that he had resolved to kill the *maol odhar*, or *brown humble cow*, to provide food for the stranger. "What!" exclaimed his wife, "Kill our only cow, our own and our little children's principal support?" Omeron, however, was deaf to her remonstrances, and resolved to observe the rights of hospitality, regardless of the future exigencies of his family. He killed the cow; the tenderest parts of the animal were roasted, and abundance of *innirich*, or Highland soup, was prepared to conclude the repast. The whole family and their guest ate heartily, and the time was spent in singing and in telling tales before a cheerful fire. The Earl forgot, in this humble Highland cot, his disasters, and even that he was liable every moment to be discovered and put to death by the victorious Islandmen—a fate which his kind entertainer and his family would also encounter. When it became necessary to retire to rest, Omeron brushed the hearth, spread the hide of the cow over it, and desired the Earl to lie down. The Earl wrapped his plaid about him, and slept soundly on the hide, and Omeron's family betook themselves to a corner in the same apartment.

On the following morning, after a hearty repast, the Earl prepared to depart, and he asked Omeron Cameron if he knew whom he had sheltered and entertained. "You are probably," said the poor Highlander, "one of the King's officers; but, whoever you may be, you came here in distress, and here it was my duty to protect you. To what my cot has afforded, you are most welcome." "Your guest," replied the Earl, "is the Earl of Mar, and if hereafter you fall into any misfortune, fail not to come to the Castle of Kildrummy." "My blessing be with you, noble stranger," said Cameron, "and if ever I am in distress you shall soon see me."

The royal army was soon reinforced, and the Macdonalds, finding it hazardous to attempt a second encounter, withdrew to their insular retreats. Donald Balloch, their leader, fled to Ireland, to avoid the vengeance which he was certain would be awarded to him. But, before they left Lochaber, they got notice that Omeron Cameron had sheltered the Earl of Mar, and this poor Highland Eumænus was compelled by them to leave his native district. Omeron remembered the Earl's invitation, and, with his wife and family, made his way to the Castle of Kildrummy, in the Braemar district of Aberdeenshire, which was then the principal residence of the Mar family. The Highlander, poor and fatigued, appeared at the gate of the baronial castle with his wife and little ones, and demanded admittance with a confidence which ill-corresponded with his dress and

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obvious condition. The keeper informed him rudely that the Earl was at dinner, and could on no account be disturbed. When Omeron found this Cerberus inexorable, deaf to all his entreaties, and ridiculing his story of the Earl's invitation as a fable, he became clamorous and indignant. His arrival was at length announced to the Earl, who, when he heard it, started from his seat, and exclaimed in a kind of poetical stanza—"I was a night in his house, and fared most plentifully, but naked of clothes was my bed. Omeron of Breugach is an excellent fellow!" Omeron was introduced to the assembled guests and retainers in the great hall of the castle, and was received with the welcome he deserved. When the Earl of Mar was informed of the treatment he had received, he gave him a "four merk" piece of ground near Kildrummy Castle, and it is said that there are still in that neighbourhood a number of the descendants of Omeron Cameron, though the castle and estate have passed from the family of its ancient proprietor.

The Earl of Mar, of whom this traditionary story is told, was Alexander Stuart, illegitimate son of Alexander, Earl of Buchan, fourth son of King Robert II. His first public appearance was at the head of a band of robbers in the Highlands, and, having cast his eyes on Isabella Mar, Countess of Mar in her own right, he stormed her Castle of Kildrummy, and either by violence or persuasion he prevailed upon her to marry him. It appears from the subsequent conduct of the Countess that she had no great aversion to him. The Earl died without issue in 1435. His colleague, the Earl of Caithness, who fell in the conflict at Inverlochy, was Allan Stuart, the second son of Walter Stuart, Earl of Atholl, second son of King Robert II., by his queen Euphemia Ross.

WANGANUI CALEDONIAN SOCIETY.

"OUR ANCIENT ALLIES, THE FRENCH."

THE 20th Annual General Meeting of this Society was held in Foster's Hotel, Mr. R. C. Bruce, president, in the chair. There was a large attendance. Resolutions were adopted expressing the deep sorrow of the members at the lamented death of Sir Hector Macdonald, and gratitude to the French Press for their chivalrous attitude in connection with the sad event. The meeting hoped "that the magnanimity of our ancient allies will not be forgotten by the Caledonian race in the years which are to come." Mr. Bruce read a letter from Mr. Frank Adam, Siam, author of "What is my Tartan," in which he stated that in wearing the Highland dress, the shoulder plaid should be worn over the belts. Mr. R. K. Simpson was elected president, and the retiring president, Mr Bruce, was awarded a hearty vote of thanks, followed by the chorus of "He's a jolly good fellow," which was sung enthusiastically by the members.

M'QUISTIN OR M'EYSTEIN.

IN reply to the "Southern Cross," I am afraid there is not much information can be given regarding the above mentioned surnames. Dr. MacBain, Inverness, who has made a special study of Highland surnames, the results of which, it is hoped, he will place before the public in permanent form, remarks as follows, regarding the surname referred to: "Hugh represents the now obsolete name of *Aodh* (as in *M'Aoidh* or Mackay) the Old Gaelic *Aed*; but the usual representative of Hugh is *Uis dean*, or *Hùisdean*, which is undoubtedly itself borrowed, partly from the Norse Eystein, a very common name among the Norsemen. In the documents of the 15th and 16th centuries, Hucheon usually represents *Uis dean*. The latter is also given by the Dictionaries as representing Eugene, but the proper Gaelic of this name is *Eòghan* or Ewen." It may be added that from the fact of the Macdonalds of Sleat having descended from Hugh I. of Sleat they are now known as *Clann Huistein*. Gregory in his "History of the Western Highlands of Scotland" p. 61, remarks, "The descendants of Hugh, (of Sleat) who increased very rapidly, in the sixteenth century, were known as Clan Huistein, or children of Hugh, and sometimes as the Clandonald *north*. Their appellation of Clandonald arose probably from this circumstance, that six successive chiefs of this clan, after John, the son of Hugh, bore the name of Donald; and the addition *north*, indicating their residence in Skye and North Uist, was adopted to distinguish them from the Clan Ian Vor of Isla and Kintyre, who were also called Clandonald. Since the extinction of the direct line of the family of the Isles, in the middle of the 17th century, Macdonald of Sleat has always been styled in Gaelic "*Macdhòmhnuill nan Eilean*"—or Macdonald of the Isles. The surname Houston is probably from *Uisdean* or *Hùistein*.

FIONN.

THE MOTHERS.

A mother sits by the low turf blaze
In a far-off Highland sheiling,
Crooning the songs of her childhood's days,
With her mem'ry backward stealing.
She thinks of the morn her laddie went
Out from the dear old Highland glen,
Thinks of the laddie his country's sent
To right the wrongs of countrymen.

. . . . . .

Full many a thousand leagues away,
In the stir of an African farm,
A stern-faced mother has knelt to pray
That her youngest be kept from harm.
Dead lies her man in a rocky cleft—
Slain on that grim Colenso day.
But freely she gave the best she had left—
And smiled when he rode away.

. . . . . .

"But side by side in the moon's white light
They slept in the same soft ray,
The hush and the peace of an Afric night
Surrounding them as they lay."

J. A. MACDONALD.

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